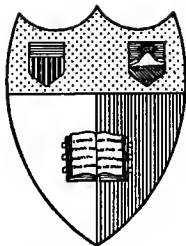


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DEATH OF ST. PETER MARTYR.—BY TITIAN.
Formerly in the Church of St. John and St. Paul, Venice

WONDERS OF ITALIAN ART

BY

LOUIS VIARDOT

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1886

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MOTHER AND CHILD. -BY GUERCINO.

WONDERS OF ITALIAN ART.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

By a fatality always to be deplored, no work of the Grecian painters remains to the present day.

In spite of the ravages made by time and many generations of barbarians, Architecture and Sculpture have left monuments numerous and magnificent enough to enable us to judge of the state of both these arts in Greece. The master-pieces of two thousand years ago continue to excite at once the delight and despair of the student. We can still see the ruins of the Parthenon ; of the temple of Theseus ; and of the temple of Neptune at Pæstum. The museums of Italy are full of beautiful relics of Greek statuary. At Paris are the *Venus of Milo*, *Diana the Huntress*, the *Gladiator*, the *Achilles*. Munich possesses the marbles of Ægina, and London those of Phidias from the Parthenon. But Painting, using more fragile materials, has not been able to survive the tempests which entirely engulfed ancient civilization, and threw

back the human mind, like another Sisyphus, from the heights it had attained, to the humble commencement of a new road, which it has had to remount by a long and painful way. The painting of the ancients is, strictly speaking, absolutely unknown to us, but we can arrive at some estimate of its merits by evident analogies and indications.

And firstly, Painting occupied, in the esteem of the people of antiquity, the same place that it now holds, relatively to other arts, in public opinion; and the names of Apelles, Zeuxis, Parrhasius, Polygnotus, Aristides, Pamphilus, Timanthes, Nicomachus, are no less great, no less illustrious as painters than those of Phidias, Alcamenes, Polycletus, Praxiteles, Myron, Lysippus, as sculptors, no than those of Hippodamus, Ictinus, and Callicrates, as architects.

This high esteem in which the ancient painters were held by their contemporaries is shown again clearly in the value which their works commanded. If it be true that a marble statue, made by an inferior artist, was worth currently 480*l.* sterling, \$2,400 gold, in that Rome where statues, as Pliny says, were more numerous than the inhabitants, where Nero brought five hundred, *in bronze*, from the temple of Delphi alone, and from the soil of which had been dug—in the time of the Abbé Barthélemy—more than seventy thousand; if it be true that for the *Diadumene*, Polycletus was paid a hundred talents (21,600*l.* or \$108,000 gold), and that Attalus in vain offered the inhabitants of Cnidus to pay all their debts in exchange for the

Venus of Praxiteles,—the other productions of high art, of which Athens acquired a monopoly, must have risen to a value which in our days can scarcely be believed. From the uniform testimony of Plutarch and Pliny, who would have been contradicted if they had asserted falsehoods or exaggerations, Nicias refused for one of his pictures sixty talents (12,960*l.*, or \$64,800 gold), and made a present of it to the town of Athens; Cæsar paid eighty talents (17,280*l.*, or \$86,400 gold), for the two pictures of Timomachus, which he placed at the entrance to the temple of Venus Genetrix; a picture of Aristides which was called the *Beautiful Bacchus*, and the *Diadumene* of Polycletus, were each sold for one hundred talents (21,600*l.*, or \$108,000 gold); and when the town of Sicyon was laden with debts which its revenues were not sufficient to pay, the pictures which belonged to the public were sold, and the produce of these works sufficed to pay the amount.

Enough has been said to show that the painting of the ancients was held by them in equal esteem with their sculpture and their architecture; it follows that the excellence of the remains of the two latter arts proves, at the same time, the excellence of the former. Certainly, if in future ages our civilization were to perish under fresh invasions of barbarians, and that, to make it known to a new civilization born in after ages, there only remained parts of St. Peter's at Rome and of the Venetian palaces, with some of the statues which adorn them—would not the men of those future times—seeing in what esteem we hold

Raphael, Titian, Rubens, Poussin, Velasquez, Rembrandt—think that the works of these painters, although destroyed, must have been equal to the works still preserved of Bramante and Palladio, of Donatello and Michael Angelo?

But there also remain to us some descriptions of pictures in default of the pictures themselves; and yet more than this, some fragments of ancient paintings have been found, which confirm this reasoning and leave no doubt as to the excellence of the art which these precious remains represent. Passing over the detailed eulogies of Cicero and Quintilian, we have the descriptions which Pausanias gives of the paintings in the Pœcile at Athens, and of the Lesche of the Cnidians at Delphi; those which Pliny gives of the pictures of *Venus* and of *Calumny*, by Apelles, and of *Penelope*, by Zeuxis, and that which Lucian gives of *Helen the courtesan*, also by Zeuxis. The painted vases, improperly called Etruscan, but which are really Greek in manufacture as well as in style, must be included among the actual remains of ancient pictorial art. Such again are the arabesques in the baths of Titus, discovered under the church of San Pietro in Vincula, at the time of the excavations ordered by Leo X.; the frescoes found in the sepulchre of the Nasos; in the pagan catacombs; and more recently the frescoes of Herculaneum and Pompeii, which, although merely decorations of ordinary citizens' houses in little towns, fifty leagues from Rome, are of great importance. There are also monochrome

designs on marble and stone, for example, *Theseus killing the Centaur* and the Ladies playing at the game of *talus* (huckle-bones), wonderful compositions, traced on marble with a red pigment, which Pliny calls *cinabris indica*, both in the museum at Naples.

Examples of Greek and Roman mosaics also remain; amongst others the beautiful mosaic found at Pompeii in the "house of the *Faun*," so called because it had already yielded the charming little *Dancing Faun*, the pride of the cabinet of bronzes: both are in the same museum at Naples. This mosaic, the most important vestige of the painting of the ancients which has come down to us, cannot be otherwise than the copy of a picture; probably of one of the Greek pictures brought to Rome after the conquest of Greece, not impossibly of one by Philoxenus of Eretria, a pupil of Nicomachus, who is, indeed, known to have painted for King Cassander, one of the battles of Alexander against the Persians. The mosaic formed the pavement of the *triclinium* (dining-room) in the "house of the *Faun*." Surrounded by a sort of frame, it contains twenty-five persons and twelve horses, of nearly the size of life, and thus forms a real historical picture. It certainly represents one of the battles of Alexander against the Persians, and probably the victory of Issus, for the recital of Quintus Curtius (lib. III.) agrees perfectly with the work of the painter.

If the original picture, of which this mosaic was a copy, were of Greek origin, the painter and historian must have drawn from the same traditions; if

of Roman origin, the artist must have described on his canvas the details given by the historian of Alexander.

A study of the various remains to which reference has been made, shows first, that the painters of antiquity knew how to treat all subjects, mythology, history, landscape, sea-pieces, animals, fruit, flowers, costume, ornament, and even caricature; and also that, while treating great subjects and embracing vast compositions, they knew how to attain a perfect order, a happy arrangement of groups, various planes, foreshortenings, chiaroscuro, movement, action, expression by gesture and by countenance, all the qualities in short of high painting, which the people of modern times have usually denied to the ancients.

From Athens let us now pass to Rome.

Ashamed of being in all matters of taste the disciples of the conquered Greeks, the Romans boasted of having a national school of painting, although the ancient religious law of the Latins was, like that of the Hebrews, hostile to images. Their writers pretended that about the year 450, A. U. C., a member of the illustrious family of Fabius, surnamed Pictor, who derived his name from his profession, had executed paintings in the temple of Health. They cited also, in the following century, a certain dramatic poet, named Pacuvius, a nephew of the old Ennius, who had himself painted the decorations of his theatre; as did also, a hundred years later, Claudius Pulcher.

It is related, besides, that Lucius Hostilius exposed, in the Forum, a picture where he had represented himself advancing to the assault of Carthage, which obtained him so much popularity that he was named consul the following year. All this appears as doubtful as the tales of Livy about the foundation of Rome. What is certain is that, when they penetrated as conquerors into Greece, the Romans showed neither taste for nor knowledge of the arts. They began, like true barbarians, by breaking the statues and tearing the pictures. At last, Metellus and Mummius stopped the stupid fury of the soldiers and sent pell-mell to Rome whatever they found in the temples of Greece, without, however, having any true idea of the value of these precious spoils. This Lucius Mummius, who placed in the temple of Ceres the celebrated *Bacchus* of Aristides, was so ignorant, that after the siege of Corinth, he threatened those who conveyed to Rome the pictures and statues taken in that town, that if they lost the pictures, they must replace them !

The Romans, imitating their neighbors the Etruscans, whose industry and arts they borrowed, became great architects, and especially great engineers ; they constructed roads, highways, bridges, aqueducts, which, surviving their empire, still excite our astonishment and admiration. But their only knowledge of the arts of painting and sculpture was through the works of the Greeks. Still more : at Rome itself there were scarcely any artists but the Greeks, who had gone, like grammarians and schoolmasters, to

practise their profession in the capital of the world. It was a Grecian painter, Metrodorus of Athens, who came to Rome to execute for the triumph of Paulus Æmilius the paintings which were carried in procession after the victorious general, and which Livy calls *simulacra pugnarum picta*. Transplanted out of their country, reduced to the condition of artisans, the Grecian artists had no longer at Rome those original inspirations which independence and dignity alone can give. They formed there a school of imitation, which could not but alter and deteriorate. Architecture, being necessary to the great works commanded by the emperors, was everywhere held in honor, as was also Sculpture, which provided the new temples with statues of the deified Cæsars. But Painting, reduced to decorate the interior of houses, became in some sort a domestic art, a simple trade.

At the same time that the Romans prohibited their slaves from becoming painters, they disdained to recognize the art as worthy of being followed by themselves. It is true that amongst their painters is mentioned a certain Turpilius, belonging to the equestrian order; but he lived at Verona. Quintus Pedius, the son of a consul, is also cited; but he was dumb from his birth; and to enable his family to allow him to learn painting as an amusement, the express permission of Augustus was required. The painter Amulius, who has left some reputation, worked without taking off the toga (*pingebat semper togatus*; Pliny), in order not to be confounded with

foreigners, and to preserve the dignity of a Roman citizen. The consequent decadence of the art of painting was glaring. By degrees the Romans came to prefer richness to beauty, the precious metals to simple colors. Pompey exhibited his portrait made of pearls; and Nero proposed to gild the bronze *Alexander* of Lysippus; after having caused himself to be represented in a portrait one hundred and twenty feet high. In short, Painting, losing all nobility and all character, was reduced to the decoration of the interior of houses, in a style in accordance with such degradation. "Ludius," says Pliny, "invented the charming art of decorations for the walls of apartments, where he scattered country houses, porticoes, shrubs, thickets, forests, hills, ponds, rivers, banks, in a word, all that the fancy of any one could desire." Pliny also praises the trivial works of a certain Pyreicus, who painted shoemakers' and barbers' shops, asses, kitchen utensils, &c., no doubt in imitation of Ctesilochus, the inventor of burlesque among the Greeks. To approve of such subjects was to show how far the decay had already spread.

Thus things went on to the reign of the Antonines, who attempted to restore some vigor and dignity to the arts. After Marcus Aurelius, the evil increased, the decay became more serious, the end approached. Constantly-recurring civil wars, military disasters, internal troubles, risings in the provinces, the resistance to the barbarians who were attacking the provinces, the general confusion; in

short, all the scourges let loose upon the world in the years which immediately preceded the ruin and dismemberment of the Empire, were far from calculated to reanimate taste, to raise fallen art, or to restore it to its brilliancy and power. Here, then, we must no longer occupy ourselves with its transformations, its phases, its fashions of art, but with its very existence. We must inquire if this decay amounted to abandonment or total extinction ; and ask if it be true that there is here in the History of Painting an immense lacuna, bounded on one side by the death of ancient art, on the other by the birth of modern art.

CHAPTER II.

PAINTING IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

AT the close of the last chapter we spoke of the gulf which apparently separates modern from ancient pictorial art. It may perhaps be possible, by taking up the links of the broken chain of tradition, to trace a connection, however slight, between the two periods.

Constantine removed the seat of the empire from Rome to Byzantium, precisely at the period to which we have come. This great event obliges me to divide the history of art into two parts. We shall follow it first in the Eastern Empire, until the taking of Constantinople; then we shall find it once more in Italy. Whence it had come, thither it had returned.

After having placed Christianity on the throne, Constantine set himself to decorate his new capital—to make it another Rome. He built churches, palaces, baths; he carried objects of art from Italy, and he was followed by the artists to whom proximity to the prince and the court was a necessity of existence. As it had happened at Rome under Augustus, who boasted of having found a city of brick and left it of marble, so architecture quickly grew at Byzantium to

be the first of the arts. Painting, although occupying an inferior position, was not abandoned. The Emperor Julian, to show at once his tastes, his talents, and his success, caused himself to be painted crowned by Mercury and Mars; we know, too, that Valentinian, who prided himself on his caligraphy, was also a painter and sculptor.

To revenge themselves for the Pagan reaction attempted by Julian the Apostate, the Christians began to destroy, in blind fury, all the vestiges of antiquity anterior to Christ—temples, books, and works of art. “Eager to destroy all that might recall Paganism, the Christians,” says Vasari, “destroyed not only the wonderful statues, the sculptures, the paintings, the mosaics, and the ornaments of the false gods, but also the images of the great men which decorated the public edifices.”

Under the Emperor Theodosius the Great, in the fourth century, the fatal sect of Iconoclasts (breakers of images) arose. This was the signal for a fresh destruction of statues and ancient pictures. However, if the Theodosian column—the worthy rival of that of Trajan—testifies to the cultivation of the arts of design, the writings of St. Cyril, who lived in the time of that emperor, furnish irrefragable proofs of it. In the sixth of the ten books which he wrote against the Emperor Julian, one chapter has for its motto: “Our paintings teach piety” (*nostræ picturæ pietatem docent*). In it he entreats painters to teach children temperance, and women chastity. In his book against

the *Anthropomorphites*, the same St. Cyril supports the opinion of the artists of his time, who believed they must make Jesus "the least beautiful of the children of men." It is remarkable that on this question—whether our Blessed Lord should have in His images the beauty that charms and recalls His celestial origin, or the deformity which the extreme humility of His mission among men seems to require—the Church has never decided. The Fathers, as well as the Schoolmen, have always been divided on this point. The opinion that Jesus should not be beautiful, sustained by St. Justin, St. Clement, St. Basil, and St. Cyril, was then most generally received. Celsus, the Pagan physician, triumphed at it. "Jesus was not beautiful," said he; "then He was not God." The most eminent of the Fathers, St. Gregory of Nyssa, St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, and St. Chrysostom, vainly sustained the contrary opinion. Vainly again, in the twelfth century, did St. Bernard affirm that, as the new Adam, Jesus surpassed even the angels in beauty. The greater number of theologians, down to Saumaise and the Benedictines, Pouget and Delarue, in the last century, reproached painters with having taken too much license in ascribing physical beauty to Him of whom the Prophet Isaiah said, "He hath no form nor beauty that we should desire Him."

In any case the writings of the Fathers suffice to prove that Christian paintings were then very common. They usually assumed allegorical forms. Jesus

was represented, as well as His mission and sacrifice, under the features of Daniel in the den of lions ; of Jonah swallowed by the whale ; of the Good Shepherd carrying back to the fold the lost sheep ; even of Orpheus charming the animals ; of the submissive lamb ; and of the Phoenix rising from its ashes. It was the Council of Constantinople, held in 692, which ordered artists to abandon emblems, and to return to the painting of Sacred History. Taste, however, continued to change more and more, to the detriment of painting. That only was considered beautiful which was rich. When marble seemed too poor a material for sculpture, when statues were made of porphyry, of silver, of gold, they could no longer be contented with pictures on canvas stretched on frames. Painting existed, no doubt, for it is stated that the portraits of the emperors were sent into the provinces at their accession ; as it happened, for example, with Eudoxia, the wife of Arcadius, when she took the title of Augusta, in 395 ; and Theodosius II., who erected, in 425, a sort of university at Constantinople, personally cultivated painting, like Valentinian. But the more brilliant mosaic, often formed of precious materials, was preferred for the decoration of temples and palaces. Later—at the time of the sanguinary disturbances which accompanied and followed the reign of Zeno—painting was prostituted to the lowest employment to which it could descend, serving to trace those coarse and strange figures used as talismans, abraxas, and amulets of all sorts, which had become fashionable amongst a superstitious people.

It is known that Justinian ordered great works in architecture. He caused a new temple (St. Sophia) to be erected to Divine Wisdom, by the architects, Anthemius of Tralles, and Isidorus of Miletus, and was called, like Adrian, *Reparator orbis*. It was at this period, and precisely on the occasion of these architectural constructions, that the complete triumph of mosaic over painting took place. Procopius says positively, that to ornament certain rooms of the emperor's palace, they employed, instead of fresco or painting in encaustic, brilliant mosaics in colored stones, which commemorated the victories and conquests of the imperial arms. From that time mosaic was held in honor, and dethroning true painting, it became especially the art of the Greeks of the Eastern Empire. With them taste had become utterly depraved, and their works, as well as their actions and character, showed an utter debasement of mind. Architectural art, corrupted by oriental taste, was no longer anything but a confused prodigality of capricious ornaments. Statuary, no less degenerated and strange, created only small images in metal, or even mixtures of metals; and painting itself became merely a working with enamels and precious stones, with chasings in gold and silver.

After Justinian, the bitter theological quarrels led to civil wars; and whilst Mahomedanism, itself iconoclastic, grew up almost in the vicinity of the holy places, the sect of the Iconoclasts, still increasing, finished by ascending the throne with Leo the Isauri-

an (726). The other Leo, the Armenian, and Michael the Stammerer, joined themselves to the same party, which carried their proceedings against their opponents to such a point, that Theophilus, the son of Michael, caused a monk named Lazarus to be burned, in 840, as punishment for having painted sacred subjects. At last Basil the Macedonian, an enemy to the iconoclastic party and its excesses, re-established in 867 the worship of images, and restored to the arts their free exercise. It seems that either old artists must have been preserved from the proscription—which, indeed, had only alighted on religious images—or new artists must have speedily arisen; since historians tell us that Basil, the greatest constructor of edifices after Constantine and Justinian, had in his palaces so many pictures representing the battles he had gained and the towns he had taken, that the porticoes, the walls, the ceilings, and the pavements were covered by them. Delivered from the Iconoclasts, the arts of design could take breath again, and continued unchecked to the time of the Crusades, at the end of the eleventh century.

Every one knows that these great armed migrations threw Europe as much on Constantinople as on Antioch or Jerusalem; and that in 1204 the capital of the Eastern Empire was carried by assault by the Crusaders, under Baldwin of Flanders. In the sack of this town the *Jupiter Olympus* by Phidias, the *Juno of Samos* by Lysippus, and other great works of antiquity, perished at the same time with a number

of works of art which a fashion in bad taste had laden with precious ornaments. But after the brief division of the Grecian empire between the French and the Venetians, and after the establishment of the Genoese and Pisans in the Bosphorus, when a more regular state succeeded to the disorders of conquest, the communication of ancient Greek art to the western nations commenced. The monuments of that art were then much better preserved at Byzantium than at Rome, which had been so many times sacked by the barbarians. At the same time with the ancient, a new art was also communicated, that of the modern Greeks, who had their architecture, their statuary, their frescoes, and their mosaics. Then, after the expulsion of the Crusaders and the destruction of their ephemeral empire, Michael Palæologus, who raised for one moment the Greek empire, also restored some life to the fine arts, and amongst them painting was not forgotten.

This prince had his principal victories depicted in his palace, and placed a portrait of himself in St. Sophia. After Michael, the empire was occupied almost exclusively with resistance to its enemies until the time of Mahomed II., who carried Constantinople by assault, on the 29th May, 1453. Arts and letters then alike took refuge in Italy, where we shall resume their history from the reign of Constantine the Great.

Between the translation of the seat of empire to Byzantium and the taking of Rome by Odoacer and

the discontented mercenaries in A. D. 476, there is little to relate beyond the attacks and the invasions of barbarians. We must then start from their conquest of Rome. It is known with what frightful disasters this was accompanied, and how many inestimable objects perished in the reiterated pillages that Rome had to undergo. During the short rule of the first hordes from the north, a deep slumber seemed to have fallen on all the works of intellect, and the only productions of this sad period which can be considered as in any way belonging to painting are some mosaics serving as pavements in the halls of the bath-rooms.

At last the Goths appeared, drove out the nations which had preceded them, and founded an empire. Their appearance in Italy was a deliverance, as it was also in Spain, for in both peninsulas they showed the same mildness of manners, the same spirit of justice, order, and of conservation. Unfortunately for Italy, their rule was of shorter duration there than in Spain. The great Theodoric—great at least until his old age—who had attached to himself Symmachus, Boethius, and Cassiodorus, stopped the ravages as much as he could, and took every care to preserve the monuments of antiquity. “Having had the happiness,” to adopt his own expression, “to find at Rome a nation of statues and a troop of bronze horses,” he had several buildings erected to receive them. We are surprised to find this barbarian recommending the imitation of the ancients to his architect Aloisius, whom he had made a *count* (*comes*), and whom he called *Your Sub-*

limity, and especially urging him, by a rare instinct of good taste, to make the new buildings agree with the old ones. His worthy minister, Cassiodorus, himself cultivated painting, at all events that of the time. He relates in his "*Epistolæ*," that he took pleasure in enriching the manuscripts of the monastery he had founded in Calabria, with ornaments painted in miniature. Beda, who had seen these figures and ornaments of the manuscripts of Cassiodorus, says, that nothing could be more carefully executed or more perfect. Unfortunately all these works afterwards perished, and nothing of this period has been preserved to us but mosaics.

The Goths, "closely resembling the Greeks," says their historian Jornandes, did not long stand against the civil wars which broke out after the death of Theodoric, the attacks of the Romans from Byzantium, conducted by Narses, and those of the fresh tribes which precipitated themselves across the Alps from the north.

In the middle of the sixth century, the Lombards, under Alboin, made themselves masters of Italy. The dominion of these new conquerors was continually disturbed by intestine quarrels, and contested by the exarchs of Ravenna, acting as lieutenants of the emperor at Constantinople. In such a situation, when feudal anarchy was beginning to people Italy with petty tyrants, the arts could be but feebly cultivated. However, the king, Antharis, who had become a Christian to please his wife Theodelinda, as Clovis

had at the prayers of Clotilda, caused churches to be built or repaired, which he decorated with sculptures and paintings. Then Theodelinda herself, when a widow and queen, founded the celebrated residence of Monza, near Milan. We find in the writings of the Lombard Warnefridus of Aquileia, known by the name of Paul the Deacon, a minute description of the paintings in the Palace of Monza, which recorded the exploits of the Lombard armies. From these pictures, which were before his eyes, he described all the accoutrements of his fellow-countrymen, or rather of his ancestors, for he lived two centuries later. Luitprand continued the work of Theodelinda. An enemy to the Iconoclasts, he began, by the advice of Gregory III., to decorate the churches with frescoes and mosaics.

The removal of the imperial court, in the first place, and then the rule of the barbarians—now become Christians and devotees—had given great importance to the bishops of Rome. Under cover of the long wars between the Lombard kings and the exarchs of Ravenna, the popes founded their temporal power, acquired territory, and became sovereigns. This circumstance was fortunate for the arts, which found in them natural protectors, and Rome, restored by the papacy, became the centre and the capital of art. In spite of the approach of Attila, whom St. Leo stopped at the gates of the holy city—in spite of the pillage to which Genseric, less awed than the fierce king of the Huns, delivered it—we see the suc-

cessive labors of the popes for the restoration of Rome begun and continued. Before leaving that ancient capital of the world, Constantine had built the old St. Peter's, the old St. Paul's, St. Agnes, and St. Lawrence. The popes decorated these churches magnificently, and we may mention principally the great work of St. Leo, who caused the whole series of popes from St. Peter to himself to be painted on a wall of the basilica of St. Paul. This work, begun in the fifth century, has lasted to our own day, having been spared in the great fire which destroyed the greater part of that edifice in 1824; and Lanzi justly quotes it in proof of the assertion with which he begins his book: "That Italy was not without painters, even during the dark ages, appears not only from history, but from various pictures that have resisted the attacks of time. Rome still retains some of very ancient date." ¹

In the *Liber Pontificalis*, Anastasius the librarian, or whoever else may be the author of that book, gives a very complete detail of the sculpture, the carving, and the works in gold and silver in the churches founded by Constantine. As for the paintings, of which he also speaks, they have all perished, except the mosaics and frescoes in the Christian catacombs. But Anastasius speaks of a new kind of painting, which was just becoming fashionable, in those times when metals alone were considered valuable; I mean painting in embroidery, that is to say, worked with gold and silver threads on silk stuffs. He

speaks among other things of a chasuble of the Pope Honorius I. (625), the embroidery on which represented the *Deliverance of St. Peter* and the *Assumption of the Virgin*.

The art of embroidery had been brought from the East by the Greeks of Byzantium. It was known to the ancient Greeks, even from the earliest times, as is evidenced by the tapestry of Penelope, wherein figures were represented in different colors. It was also known to the Romans, according to Cicero's allusion when reproaching Verres with his thefts in Sicily ("neque ullam picturam, neque in tabula, neque *textili* fuisse"). In the time of St. John Chrysostom (fourth century), the toga of a Christian senator contained as many as six hundred figures, which made the eloquent orator say with grief, "All our admiration is now reserved for goldsmiths and weavers." It was especially in Italy that the art of embroidery gained ground. It is enough to mention the famous tapestry of the Countess Matilda, that celebrated friend of Gregory VII., who reigned over Tuscany, Modena, Mantua, and Ferrara, from 1076 to 1125, and who by her donations so largely added to the "Patrimony of St. Peter."

When Charlemagne, after having destroyed the Lombard kingdom, was crowned at Rome the Emperor of the West, there was a moment of great hope for the arts. What might not have been expected from the powerful protection of a prince who understood—though without possessing it—the advantages

of science, who collected around his person the Lombard Paul the Deacon, Peter of Pisa, Paulinus of Aquileia, the English Alcuin, and his pupil Eginhard? But continual military expeditions left him too little leisure to permit him to give an impulse to arts which would have required his whole care and time. Charlemagne only caused some bas-reliefs, mosaics, and illuminated manuscripts to be executed for his much-loved church of Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle). But the popes, tranquil in Italy under his protection, took the part he could not fulfil. Adrian I., who praises in his letters the works of painting ordered by his predecessors, caused the poor whom he fed to be painted on the walls of St. John Lateran; and his successor, Leo III., had the "Preaching of the Apostles" represented in fresco in the gallery of the *triclinium* at the palace of the Lateran, the vaulted roof of which was decorated in mosaic.

The division and the weakening of the empire of Charlemagne tended to the aggrandisement of the popes, whose policy always was to foster disunion in Italy in order to profit by it. But as this division increased, their own power became more frequently attacked and their reigns more turbulent. The great schism of the East, the numerous anti-popes, the long quarrels of Gregory VII. and the emperor Henry IV., from which arose the factions of the Guelphs and the Ghibelines, from these causes sprung up such sanguinary and prolonged troubles, that for the second time we find the cultivation of the arts inter-

rupted. There is, between the ninth and eleventh centuries, that is to say during the period of the grossest ignorance and thickest darkness of the middle ages, a complete blank, of which no memorial is left us. In this period we can only find, in the way of painting, the works of some cenobites who illuminated their missals in the peace and obscurity of the cloister. There was then, as the annotators of Vasari (MM. Jeanron and Leclanché) judiciously remark, "less an ignorance of the works of antiquity, of which so many remains still existed, than a general weariness of the ancient science, an insurmountable apathy for its requirements, a perpetual indifference to its formulas."

It was in the eleventh century, after that terrible year 1000, which it had been generally expected would bring the end of the world, during that period when,—favored by the ever-reviving quarrels between the emperors and the popes,—the Italian republics, Venice, Florence, Genoa, Pisa, and Siena, were in process of formation, and when the Normans regaining Sicily from the Arabs, were establishing an empire in the south of Italy, that we see clearly how to take up the links of the traditional chain, and find the first symptoms of the future revival. It is to this time that the different images of the Virgin, which have been attributed to St. Luke, the paintings also in the vaults of the *Duomo* of Aquileia, of *Santa Maria Prisca* at Orvieto, the *Madonna delle Grazie*, and the *Madonna di Tressa*, in the cathedrals

of Siena, all belong. At the same period, and even before the Crusades, an intercourse was begun between the artists of the Eastern Empire and those of Italy. This had become very important to the latter after such a long interruption in the practice of art. Many Greek paintings were then brought from Constantinople and Smyrna, amongst others a "Madonna," which is at Rome in Sta. Maria in Cosmedin, and another "Madonna" in the *Camerino* of the Vatican, which is said by Lanzi to be the best work of the Byzantines in Italy, both in regard to its painting and its state of preservation. It was also in the eleventh century that the Venetians sent for Grecian workers in mosaic, to whom we owe the large old mosaics in the singular and quite oriental basilica of St. Mark's at Venice. Other Grecian workers in mosaic were invited to Sicily, in the twelfth century, by the Norman William the Good, when he built his celebrated cathedral of Monreale.

Then at last national art awoke in Italy, and after the long period of obscurity which we call the dark ages, the first streaks of light were seen announcing the dawn of a new civilisation soon to arise on the world. And yet this was not because the country was either peaceful or prosperous. The quarrels of the Emperor Otho IV. and the Pope Innocent III. had revived the hatred of the Guelph and Ghibeline factions. Under Frederick II., the league of the Lombard towns, the claims of Gregory IX. and Innocent IV., kept up the incessant war between the

empire and the papacy. But in the midst of these conflicts, not only of words, but also of arms, and in which every one wished to prove that he had right as well as might on his side, intellect had thrown off its drowsiness, and the human mind once more moved forward. Notwithstanding his reverses, Frederick II. contributed much to this movement. He was a clear-sighted prince, learned for his period, and had gathered around him a polite and elegant court. King of the Two Sicilies, as well as emperor of Germany, he almost constantly resided in Italy. He composed verses in the vulgar idiom, and caused a number of Greek or Arabian books to be translated into Latin. He erected several palaces, which he delighted in decorating with columns and statues. The medals of his reign are of a style and finish till then forgotten since ancient times. Lastly, he had books of his own composition illuminated with miniature paintings, the execution of which he himself directed and superintended. The princes of the house of Anjou followed his example, and the popes would not yield to the emperor in art any more than in the rest of their pretensions. The sovereign pontiffs of this age, Honorius III., Gregory IX., Innocent IV., Nicholas IV., caused the porticoes and the immense galleries of their churches to be ornamented with frescoes and mosaics.

By a result scarcely perhaps to be expected, even the agitation of the period fostered an increased growth of all the sciences, and also especially of art

The republics, the free cities, the small states, all the fragments of divided Italy, in everything disputed pre-eminence with each other. Each wished to triumph over its rival by the importance of its establishments and the beauty of the works of its artists. Again, the rulers whom the greater number of these states had chosen, or those who had raised themselves to be masters, considering themselves each a new Pericles, and forestalling the Medici, wished, whilst they flattered the vanity of their fellow-citizens, at the same time to occupy their attention and to satisfy their wishes. We can understand what this double sentiment, this double want, must have produced. From it there resulted indeed vast cathedrals, sumptuous monasteries, palaces, and town-halls. From the same cause sprung up a universal taste, a spirit of emulation, a passionate ardor, all the stimulating qualities of a noble labor performed publicly, which, while it seeks, is at the same time rewarded by the public approval. When in 1294 Florence decreed the erection of her cathedral, the podesta of the seignory was enjoined "to trace the plan of it with the most sumptuous magnificence, so that the industry and power of man shall never invent and undertake anything vaster or more beautiful; inasmuch as no one ought to put his hand to the works of the community with a less design than to make them correspond with the lofty spirit which binds the souls of all the citizens into one single, united, identical will." Who is it that holds in that distant age such magnifi-

cent and haughty language? Is it not surely Pericles giving orders to Ictinus and Phidias for the erection of the temple to the virgin daughter of Jupiter? No, it is simply the seignory, the community of Florence;—but Florence is the modern Athens.

CHAPTER III.

PAINTING AT THE TIME OF THE RENAISSANCE.

IT was in Tuscany, the ancient Etruria, the first teacher of Rome, that the regeneration of art began. Nicholas, a sculptor of Pisa (Nicola Pisano), by studying with care the bas-reliefs on an old sarcophagus, in which the body of Beatrice, mother of the Countess Matilda, had been laid, and which represented the chase of *Meleager* or of *Hippolytus*, discovered and recognized the style of the ancients, which he succeeded in imitating in his own works. He is called *Nicola dall' Urna*, on account of having made, in 1231, the beautiful urn or sarcophagus of St. Dominic at Bologna. If we look back at the coarse sketches of bas-reliefs by which, half a century before, a certain Anselmo, called, however, *Dædalus alter*, had celebrated the retaking of Milan by Frederick Barbarossa, we perceive how far this first restorer of art had advanced. After Nicola Pisano came successively his son Giovanni, his pupil Arnolfo, his brothers Agostino and Agnolo of Siena, then Andrea Pisano, then Orcagna, and at last, at Florence, Donatello and Ghiberti.

“Painting and sculpture,” says Vasari, “those two sisters born on the same day and governed by the same soul, have never made a step the one without the other.” Painting, then, must closely have followed the movement which Nicola of Pisa and his successors had given to art. Cimabue was born in 1240, and Vasari, who found it convenient to open his History with the name of the old Florentine master, says that in his time the whole race of artists was extinct (*spento affatto tutto il numero degl’ artificii*), and that God destined Cimabue to bring again to light the art of painting. There is, in these words of the Plutarch of painters, who endeavors to raise so high the first of his “Illustrious Men,” a manifest exaggeration, contradicted by all that remains to us of that time. When Cimabue came into the world, the Pisans had already a school, formed by the Greek artists whom they had brought from the East with the architect Buschetto, when they raised their cathedral in 1063. There are still to be seen in this *duomo* several old paintings of the twelfth century; and it is known that in 1230 Giunta of Pisa executed some great works in the church of Assisi, where Père Angeli, the historian of that basilica of the Franciscans, wrote the following inscription: “Juneta Pisanus, ruditer Græcis instructus, primus ex Italis artem apprehendit circa an. Sal. 1210.”

The works of Giunta, although hard, dry, and destitute of grace, yet show, as Lanzi says, in the study of the nudes, in the expression of grief, in the adjust-

ment of the drapery, a real superiority over the Greeks, his contemporaries. Ventura and Ursone of Bologna painted in the beginning of the thirteenth century; Guido of Siena, about 1221; Bonaventura Berlinghieri, of Lucca, about 1235; the first Bartolomeo, of Florence, who is believed to have painted the highly venerated Annunciation, still in the church of the Servi, about 1236; and lastly, at the same period, Margaritone of Arezzo, who first painted on canvas, as Vasari himself allows. "He extended," he says, "canvas on a panel, fastening it down with a strong glue made of shreds of parchment, and covered it entirely with plaster before beginning to paint." Thus Margaritone united the three processes of painting, panel, canvas, and fresco. Cardinal Bottari, whom Vasari cites in support of his assertion, simply says of Cimabue, "that he was the first who left the Greek style of painting, or who at all events went further from it than others." Hence we may conclude that, as might have been expected, there was a progress in the tradition of art, not a new creation, and Cimabue's merit, as a disciple of the Greeks and yet superior to his masters, as Bottari well calls him, is sufficiently great without being styled, at the expense of truth, the inventor of painting.

The fourteenth century was no less agitated than its predecessor. The popes, forced to leave Rome, and transporting the seat of the Church to Avignon; Joanna I. of Naples and her four husbands overturning Southern Italy; the Guelphs and the Ghibelines

fighting even in the streets of Venice and Genoa, republics which should have had no share in their strifes; during that obstinate war between the empire and the papacy, the smaller states given up to civil discord and ephemeral tyrants, and moreover attacking and absorbing one another; Pisa obliged to submit to Florence, and Padua to Venice; the emperors under the necessity of selling franchises to cities, titles and honors to military leaders; such is the abridged history of this strange century, full of noise, of agitation, and passion.

However, in the midst of this turmoil a steady progress was being made in the realms of intellect. Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, by settling the Italian language and rejecting obsolete idioms, opened the way for the whole of modern literature. The learned Greeks, flying from Constantinople, were beginning to take refuge in Italy. Whilst Leontius Pilatus, the guest of Boccaccio, explained and diffused the knowledge of the tongue of Homer and Plato, Greek artists brought over the knowledge of new modes of working, and communicated them to those who, as d'Agincourt justly observes, "had always existed in Italy." Such was that Andrea Rico of Candia, the freshness and brilliancy of whose coloring has led to the supposition that, before the discovery of oil-painting, he had employed some mixture of wax to fix and brighten his colors in encaustic. Art in advancing assumed a position of greater dignity. Included hitherto as parts of the ordinary trade corpora

tions, painters now—Italian and Greek—first attached themselves to the architects and sculptors, and then succeeded in forming a separate corporation, governed by its own statutes, under the name and patronage of St. Luke, whom tradition calls the first Christian painter.

The statutes of the painters of Florence are dated in the year 1349; those of the painters of Siena, 1355; and the other schools followed their example. Then, whilst lords, princes of the church, and even sovereigns, no longer disdained to have personal, and often intimate relations with artists, great poets, as Dante, himself an artist, and Petrarch, who had his manuscripts illustrated, spread everywhere their fame. Thus, before the end of the century, a crowd of painters are seen following in the steps of the eminent masters, Cimabue and Giotto, of whom Dante had sung in his "*Divina Commedia*." Buffalmacco, the two Orcagnas, Taddeo Gaddi, Simone Memmi, Stefano of Verona, Gherardo Starnina, Andrea di Lippo, continued and brought the art forward from the point where Giotto had left it.

At last the fifteenth century dawned, and art advanced towards perfection. The popes, who had returned to Rome in 1378, had resumed their works of embellishment. Martin V., Sixtus IV., Benedict XI., Urban VIII., and especially the learned Nicholas V., who first conceived the idea of the new St. Peter's, freely ordered works of architecture, statuary, and all kinds of painting, then practised in fresco, in mosaic,

in illumination, and finally, as soon as the invention became known, in oil.

The emperors now retained but a nominal dominion in Italy, and the expedition of Charles VIII. to Naples, lasting only one year, was merely a passing flash of foreign rule in the midst of an age in which Italy remained more thoroughly Italian and more free than in any other.

This period is characterised by a rising emulation among the different states of which Italy was then composed, each endeavoring to excel its rival in the empire of art, which recalls those ancient times when the Peloponnesus, Attica, Greece proper, the Isles of the Archipelago, and the towns of Asia Minor, disputed the pre-eminence in high art. At Milan, the Visconti, the Sforza, particularly Ludovico il Moro, whose court was called *Reggia delle Muse*; at Ferrara, the house of Este; at Ravenna, the Polentani; at Verona, the Scala; at Bologna, the Asinelli; at Venice, the doges; and lastly, at Florence, the family of the Medici, from Giovanni and Cosmo I. to Lorenzo the Magnificent, father of Leo X.; all these secular princes carried on this noble strife of emulation with the popes. The sciences were also called in to the assistance of art, and fresh discoveries helped it forward. In the beginning of the century (from 1410 to 1420), the brothers Hubert and Jan van Eyck, of Bruges, if they did not invent oil-painting, at least first showed its real value. Engraving on wood and copper followed the invention of printing, and thence-

forth insured immortality and wide diffusion to the art of drawing, as printing had done to letters and to science. The *groteschi* (the fragments of ancient decorative painting found in the excavations or *grotte*), copied, imitated, and multiplied by Squarcione and Filippo Lippi, strengthened those lessons of correct taste and the knowledge of true beauty which the remains of the statuary of the ancients had given. Lastly, physics and mathematics, which had led to the discovery of a new world, and soon afterwards led to that of the great laws of the universe, lent a fraternal support to the arts. It was indeed by the help of geometry that the illustrious architect, Brunelleschi, Piero della Francesca, and Paolo Uccello, created in a manner the science of perspective.

Art was now cultivated with so much passion, and admired with such sincere enthusiasm, that it was employed in everything, and became as common as bread and air. Painting was no longer confined to the decoration of temples, of palaces, and public buildings; it penetrated also the houses of citizens and artisans, even for domestic objects. Men painted the walls of their apartments, their movable furniture, and their chests for clothes; they painted shields for war and the tournament, and the saddles and harness of horses. In Tuscany and the Roman states no girl was married without having received her wedding presents in a *cassone*, or large chest, painted by some master,* or without having a good picture, not merely

* Giotto, Taddeo Gaddi, Simone Memmi, and Oreagna did not disdain to paint these *Cassoni*.

among her treasures, but as part of her dowry, and mentioned in the marriage contract. What a long list of great painters unrolls itself before us in this the fifteenth century! Masolino da Panicale, who sensibly improved *chiaroscuro*; the two Peselli, the two Lippi, Fra Giovanni Angelico da Fiesole, Bartolomeo della Gatta, Benozzo Gozzoli, who painted in two years an entire wing of the Campo Santo in Pisa; Masaccio, surpassing all who preceded him; Antonello da Messina, who went to Flanders to discover the secret of Jan van Eyck, and taught it to the Italians; Andrea del Castagno, Andrea del Verocchio, the two Pollajuolos, Francesco Francia, the Bellini, Ghirlandajo, and Perugino. After them, and towards the close of the fifteenth century, we find at the same time Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Giorgione, Titian, Raphael, Correggio, Fra Bartolomeo, and Andrea del Sarto. At the opening of the sixteenth century, art in all its branches had obtained in Italy the highest possible degree of perfection; and we have long since passed the limits of our subject, which only embraces historically the traditions by which modern painting is connected with ancient art.

But it is not only in Italy that this chain of tradition is found. It is to be traced everywhere, as well in the north as in the south. The art of the middle ages is not, any more than the Italian art of the renaissance, of spontaneous growth. It is not a tree without roots, a child without ancestors, another *proles sine matre creata*. Like Italian art, it derived

its origin from the Byzantines, who had preserved, though not without modifications, the ancient art of Rome and Athens. There is no doubt of the fact that, in the times of the Iconoclastic emperors, in the eighth century, some Byzantine artists took refuge in Germany, as others did in Italy, and that the sovereigns in their palaces, the bishops in their cathedrals, the abbots in their monasteries, eagerly employed these foreigners. Others came in the train of the Greek Princess Theophania, who married Otho II. in the following century. It is also beyond doubt that the successors of Charlemagne, who was crowned Emperor of the West at Rome, frequently brought from their states in Italy to those in Germany, artists educated in the Byzantine schools of Venice, Florence, or Palermo. Otho III., for example, had for his painter and architect an Italian named Giovanni, who could only have been a pupil of the Byzantines established in Italy. From the eleventh century, when the Venetians and Normans of Sicily sent for Greek mosaic-workers to embellish their oriental basilicas of St. Mark and Monreale, all the arts in Germany, architecture, sculpture, and painting, became Byzantine.

At the time of the crusades, the intercourse with the East became more active, and the models more common. The nobles, and the monks who followed their standards, brought back into every part of Europe Byzantine paintings, valued by them as objects of luxury as well as devotion, and notably ¹ see

Greek Madonnas, so long looked upon as the work of St. Luke. Germany kept up this intercourse both with the Greek empire—through its frontier provinces and the trade on the Danube—and with Italy, where the ever-recurring quarrels of the popes and the emperors lasted until the end of the thirteenth century.

German art of the fourteenth century was then, like Italian art, founded on that of the Greeks of the Eastern empire, and, like Italian art, it soon asserted its independence. It had already thrown off the traditional symbolism of Greek religious art, and had aimed at the free imitation of nature in the full independence of the artist. The German paintings of the fourteenth century are still called Byzantine; but merely because, before the invention of oil-painting, artists employed the Byzantine processes of painting on a gold background, and in distemper, with encaustics to brighten and preserve the colors. However they are free from the shackles of symbolism, and enjoy all the liberty which, as we shall presently find, the great Giotto and his disciples had obtained in Italy.

It was in Bohemia that the first German school appeared, under Theodoric of Prague, Nicholas Wurms, Thomas of Mutina, and several others, united into a brotherhood in 1348, by the Emperor Charles IV., the author of the Golden Bull. This primitive Bohemian school had only an ephemeral existence; it was crushed almost in the bud. But on the banks

of the Rhine, at Cologne, between Germany and Flanders, a school was soon afterwards formed which, from one stem, sent forth the two great branches of Northern art. The greater number of the masters who composed the school of Cologne at the period when artists were still only artisans are unknown. Three names only have escaped the general oblivion : that of Philip Kalf, none of whose works are known, and who represents no particular style, and the much more celebrated names of Meister Wilhelm (about 1380) and of Meister Stephan (perhaps Stephen Lotbener, about 1410). It is from these that we shall trace the German schools to the East, and the Flemish-Dutch schools to the West.

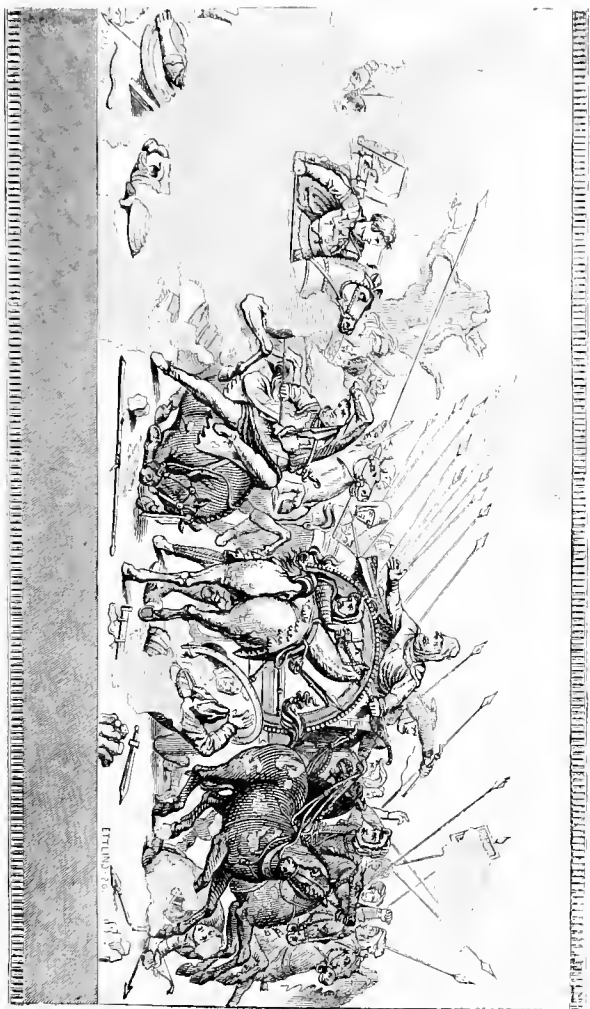
Having succinctly traced the history of art in general through the events and changes of political revolutions, it remains for us to trace the particular history of the various material processes which form the links between ancient and modern art. This history, written with the same brevity as the other, but offering more interest and variety, will complete the demonstration which I have undertaken to furnish.

There are three principal kinds of painting which have come down to us by tradition from the ancients, and the cultivation of which, although sometimes interrupted, has never been really abandoned : mosaic, illumination, and painting properly so called, whether in fresco, distemper, or in oil.

PAINTING IN MOSAIC.

I have, I believe, proved that mosaie was really the link connecting the two epochs of painting, ancient and modern, and that this branch of art suffered the least from alteration and interruption; that, transported from Italy to Byzantium, it was carried on there with more success than any other kind of painting, and that the Greeks of the Eastern empire, in their turn, constantly furnished the Italians with models, not only at the period of their expulsion from the Bosphorus and their return to the West, but during the whole of the intermediate time.

Working in mosaic is very ancient, as ancient as painting itself. It was cultivated by the Greeks, who taught it to the Romans. The latter employed it so much that it became at once an object of art and of domestic use. It was at first a simple pavement, called, according to its material and design, *opus tessellatum*, *opus sectile*, *opus vermiculatum*. In the latter style, by the use of vitreous pastes, the Romans succeeded in imitating paintings, making copies of pictures, and pictures themselves. According to Pliny, they adorned the pavements, the vaults, and the ceilings of their dwellings with mosaics; and Cæsar, according to Suetonius, carried mosaics with him in his military campaigns (*in expeditionibus tessellata et sectilia circumtulisse*). These were the *opus tessellatum* and the *opus sectile*, which latter M. Quatremère calls *marqueterie de marbre*. Some mo-



BATTLE OF ISSUS,

A Mosaic discovered at Pompeii.

saics of antiquity found in excavations, having been thus preserved in the bosom of the earth from the devastations of men and of time, suffice to teach us to what a degree of perfection the ancients carried this branch of art. Such is the mosaic of Hercules at the Villa Albani, that of Perseus and Andromeda in the museum of the Capitol, that of the Nine Muses, found at Santi Ponci, in Spain (the ancient Italica, founded by the Scipios), and also the one, previously mentioned, of the Battle of Issus, at Pompeii.

The Grecian artists of the Eastern empire made mosaic work their principal study. In their hands and in their time it became the most highly prized style of painting; they carried into it the false taste of the period, which mistook the rich for the beautiful, and mixed gold with everything. Mosaics were made at Constantinople by slipping under the pieces of glass gold and silver leaves, enamels and precious stones.

As for the cultivation of mosaic in Italy after the destruction of the Roman empire, memorials left from all ages prove that it was never abandoned or interrupted. In the primitive churches of Rome and Ravenna there are still found mosaics of the fourth and fifth centuries, amongst others those in Santa Maria Maggiore at Rome, which represent the siege of Jericho and other scenes from the Old Testament. The mosaics in St. Paul's church beyond the walls belong to the sixth century, as do also the mosaics in the churches of Torcello, near Venice, and of Grado

in Illyria, where the patriarch of Aquileia had fixed his residence about the year 565. To the seventh and eighth centuries are to be attributed several Madonnas, also St. Agnes, St. Euphemia, a "Nativity," and a "Transfiguration." To the ninth belongs the famous mosaic of the *Triclinium* which St. Leo caused to be added to the Lateran palace for the celebration of the Agape. This mosaic represents Charlemagne, in the midst of his court, receiving a standard from the hands of St. Peter. Until this period it is difficult to distinguish between the work of Italian artists and that of the Greeks. There is no doubt that during the time between the invasion of the barbarians and the tenth century there were many mosaics executed in Italy by Italians, but there is no doubt, also, that a great number were done by Greeks.

After the tenth century, the darkest period of the middle ages, the work of the Grecian artists in Italy is no longer conjectural but historical. In the eleventh century, under the Doge Selvo, the Venetians brought over some Greek mosaic-workers to decorate their Basilica of St. Mark, the construction of which had been commenced by the Doge Orseolo towards the close of the preceding century. Their principal works were the "Baptism of Christ" and the celebrated "Pala d'oro." This wonderful work of art, which still remains, forms a kind of *reredos* over the high altar of the church. It was made at Constantinople, and subsequently enlarged at Venice. It is

composed of gold and silver plates coated with translucent enamel. It represents various sacred events narrated in the gospel of St. Mark, surrounded by symmetrical ornaments, among which are introduced semi-barbarous Greek and Latin inscriptions. There are both on the inside and the outside of the same basilica a number of other mosaics of the same period and by the same artists. After the taking of Constantinople by the Crusaders (1204), the Greek mosaic-workers in Venice founded in that city a corporation and a great school, which soon extended itself to Florence, where it flourished until after the time of Giotto, and furnished artists to the whole of Italy.

It is also to the eleventh century that the two large mosaics in the old church of St. Ambrose at Milan belong, one of which represents the Saviour seated on a golden throne, having St. Gervasius and St. Protasius at his side; the other, an event in the life of St. Ambrose. About the same time (1066), Didier, abbot of Monte Casino, sent for Greek workers in mosaic to execute embellishments—of which portions still remain—for that celebrated monastery. When, a hundred years later, the Norman William, surnamed the Good, built his famous church of Monreale, in Sicily, he employed, for the interior decorations, Greek mosaic-workers, whom he could easily find in Palermo without sending to the East for them. In fact, when the Normans took possession of Sicily under Tancred de Hauteville, at the end of the tenth century, they found a number of Greeks, who had

been settled in that country ever since its conquest by Belisarius under Justinian. As for the mixture of arabesques with Byzantine paintings in the Siculo-Norman churches, they are evidently imitated from the works of the Arabians, who had remained masters of Sicily for two hundred and thirty years until the Norman conquest, and who have left many memorials in that country.

During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries all the mosaics executed at Rome were the work of Florentines, pupils of the Greek school at Venice. We may mention among the principal works of that time, and by those artists, those in Santa Maria Maggiore and in Santa Maria in Trastevere, both of which represent the Assumption of the Virgin. In the beginning of the fourteenth century, after Andrea Tafi and Fra Mino de Turrita, the Sienese painter Duccio began to bring mosaic pavements into vogue. On this account Vasari calls him the inventor of *painting in marble*. It was continued by his pupil Domenico Beccafumi, who was also a painter and worker in metals. At the same period the decorations of the ancient façade of Santa Maria Maggiore were executed by the Florentine Gaddo Gaddi, a pupil of Cimabue, himself a disciple of the Greeks, whom he had seen paint in Santa Maria Novella. At length Giotto constituted himself the restorer of this mode of painting by composing his famous mosaic of the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes," usually called the "Navicella," in which we admire, not only the well-

arranged colors and the harmony of light and shade, but also a movement—a feeling of life and action which was unknown to the Greck workers in mosaic. After Giotto, and from the time of his pupil Pietro Cavalli, the conventional type of the Byzantines was more and more abandoned. They had confined themselves to putting in the figures evenly on a background devoid of perspective, and had made mosaics simply architectural decorations; but now the art followed the progress of painting step by step. Several fine works were executed in the fifteenth century under the Popes Martin V., Nicholas V., and Sixtus IV., even in small towns like Siena and Orvieto, and, towards the close of the century, the brothers Francesco and Valerio Zuccati of Treviso began the magnificent modern decorations of St. Mark. These are no longer the stiff, motionless, conventional images of the Byzantines; true painting is to be found in them, with all its qualities and effects. The Zuccati executed these mosaics in the same way that frescoes were then done, by means of colored *cartoons*, furnished by the best artists, among whom were included Titian himself, Giorgione, Tintoretto, and Palma.

At a somewhat later period we have Giuliano and Benedetto of Maiano, uncle and nephew, who—both architects—brought into fashion the art of marquetry, the continuation of mosaic, and carried it to the highest degree of perfection; Alesso Baldovinotto, a painter in mosaic, who taught his art to Domenico Ghirlandajo, Michael Angelo's master; Mariani, the

architect of the Gregorian chapel; the Cristofori, who boasted of being able to produce on glass cubes as many as fifteen thousand varieties of tints, each divided into fifty degrees, from the very lightest to the darkest; and lastly, the Provenzale, who brought into the face of a portrait of Paul V. one million seven hundred thousand pieces, the largest of which was not the size of a millet-seed. (*Annotations sur Vasari*, par MM. Jeanron et Leclanché.)

We must also mention the famous copies of the "Transfiguration," from Raphael; of "St. Jerome," from Domenichino; of "St. Petronilla," from Guerino, etc.; works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which now occupy in St. Peter's the places of the original pictures transported to the museum of the Vatican. The authors of these well-known mosaics carried their art to such a state of perfection as to rival all that a painter can do with the colors on his palette, even to imitating the transparency of the sky and water, the difference between the beard and hair of men, the fur and feathers of animals, the materials and colors of clothes, and the expression of faces, in short, to copy all the refinements of drawing and all the charms of coloring. If in future ages, and among the calamities of a fresh invasion of barbarians, the original pictures were to perish, these admirable mosaics, as durable as the building which contains them, would be sufficient to teach the men of a later age what painting was at the greatest period of Italian art, and what those masterpieces were

that are here copied with so much fidelity and completeness.

PAINTING IN MINIATURE, OR ILLUMINATION OF
MANUSCRIPTS.

If it be true that the pictorial representation of beings and objects preceded written language, we might carry back the art of painting on manuscripts to a very distant age, as the first manuscripts must have been, like hieroglyphics, nothing but a series of objects represented by drawing. We will not, however, lose ourselves in such remote antiquity, we will merely take up the art when it was separated, by the brilliancy and arrangement of the colors, from the simple ornaments which had been at first traced either with a pointed pen on tablets covered with wax, or on papyrus and parchment with a reed dipped in ink.

After the sacred and symbolical writing of the Egyptians, we must look to ancient Greece for the origin of this mixture of painting and manuscript. Pliny says expressly that Parrhasius painted on parchment (*in membranis*). There is no doubt that the "Natural History" of Aristotle, which was written under the patronage of Alexander, combined pictorial representation with the text. There must have been books of this kind in the library of the Ptolemies, at Alexandria, since under the seventh of these princes (him who is called Euergetes II.), a *painter* was attached to the royal library.

Again, the *volumina*, which Paulus Æmilius and Sylla caused to be borne before them in triumph among the spoils of Greece, could have been nothing but these rich manuscripts. At Rome, where the example of the Greeks was followed, there are positive memorials of the mixture of painting with writing. It is spoken of in the *Tristia* of Ovid (Eleg. i), and in Pliny in Book xxviii. It is also known that Varro added portraits to the "Lives of the Seven Hundred Illustrious Persons," which he wrote. Vitruvius had combined designs with the descriptions contained in his treatise "*de Architectura*," designs which, unhappily, have not come down to us. Seneca also says that people liked to see the portraits of authors with their writings; and Martial seems to allude to this custom when he thanks Stertinius, "who wished to place my portrait in his library" (*qui imaginem meam ponere in bibliotheca sua voluit.*) (Lib. ix., præf.)

It is known that, by a special provision, the rescripts of the emperors were traced in gold and silver letters on sheets of a purple color. From this, the imperial scribes received the name of *chrysographi*. The same method was adopted for the sacred books, and also for certain secular writings, which the public veneration had surrounded with a kind of religious homage. Thus the Empress Plautina gave her young son, Maximin, as soon as he could read Greek fluently, a Homer written in golden letters, similar to the decrees of the emperors. This custom was very ancient.

At a later period, after simple embellishments had been employed, that is to say, illuminated capital letters, margins adorned with designs, and arabesques surrounding the text, painting at length was introduced into the manuscripts. There was then, as Montfaucon explains (*Palæog. Græca*, lib. i, cap. viii.), a class of copyists who became real artists. Usually two artists worked at the same manuscript, the scribe and the painter; and to the latter we may accord this title, since he himself claims it, as is shown by one whom Montfaucon cites, who signed himself *Georgius Staphinus, pictor*.

After the establishment of the Christian religion, and especially after its final triumph under Constantine, this art of illumination seems to have been used exclusively for the Scriptures, the writings of the Fathers, and liturgical works. We can trace it, as we have already done the art of mosaic, first in the lower empire and then in Italy. Illuminating manuscripts soon became the common occupation of the anchorites, with whom the Christian countries of the East were quickly filled, and who gave to the West the example, together with the precepts of the monastic life. In the fifth century there was an emperor surnamed the *Caligrapher*, because of his taste for illumination. This was Theodosius the younger, grandson of Theodosius the Great. At a later time we find Theodosius III., who was dethroned in 717. occupying his leisure time, when he had become a simple priest at Ephesus, by writing the Gospels in

golden letters, and embellishing them with paintings. During the triumph of the Iconoclasts there was a time when illumination was only carried on in secret, and the emperors caused a number of these illustrated books to be burned. But afterwards the taste returned more strongly than ever, and assumed all the ardor of a long-repressed religious feeling. In the ninth century, Basil the Macedonian and Leo the Wise applied themselves to revive the art of illumination. It was in the same century that the Emperor Michael sent to the Pope Benedict III. a magnificent copy of the Gospels, enriched with gold and precious stones, as well as with admirable illuminations by the well-known pencil of the monk Lazarus. In the tenth century the East made a still more important gift to the West—the famous *Menology* of the Emperor Basil II., which, a long time afterwards, came into the possession of the Duke of Milan, Ludovico Sforza, then into that of Paul Sfondrati, who made a present of it to the library of the Vatican, from whence Benedict XIII. took it in order to publish a fac-simile. This *Menology* was a kind of missal, which contained prayers for every day in the first six months of the year, and also four hundred and thirty pictures, representing a number of figures of animals, temples, houses, furniture, arms, instruments, and architectural ornaments. The greater part of these pictures—very curious for the illustration they afford of the history of painting, as well as for the light they throw on the habits and costumes of the period—are

signed by their authors, Pantaleo, Simeon, Michael Blanchernita, Georgios, Menas, Simeon Blanchernita, Michael Micros, and Nestor.

The custom of illuminating books lasted without interruption, in the East, to the time of the last emperors—the Palæologi; and since the *Menology*, there are magnificent illuminated manuscripts of all periods, even of that which immediately preceded the taking of Constantinople by the Turks. One, of the eleventh century, in the library of the Vatican, contains drawings of surgical operations. This reminds us of the Arabs, who, not being able to embellish their manuscripts with paintings properly so called, and being reduced, as in their mosques, to simple ornaments, added drawings to the text of their scientific treatises. There are, for example, at least thirty different instruments represented in the manuscripts of the book of Al-Faraby, entitled “Elements of Music,” from which the Maronite Miguel Casiri has translated several passages in his *Bibliotheca Arabico escurialensis*.

We have already seen in Italy the first kings of the Ostrogoths encouraging illumination, and Cassiodorus, the minister of Theodoric, becoming a calligrapher in Calabria. In the ninth century an abbot of Monte Casino, the Frenchman Bertaire, spread the taste for illumination in the south of Italy; whilst at Florence, many monks had made themselves celebrated in the art of illuminating manuscripts. Vasari mentions several of these in the course of his book.

Many real painters, some of them celebrated, did not disdain to use their pencil in illumination. Both Cimabue and Giotto had been thus occupied in their youth. Dante, a little later, mentions Oderisi, of Gubbio, and Franco, of Bologna—

. Onor di quell 'arte
Ch'alluminare è chiamata in Parisi—

who must have enjoyed great renown, since he represents them as expiating in Purgatory the pride with which their skill inspired them. It was Simone Memmi, of Siena, who painted the illuminations in the Virgil of Petrarch, preserved in the Ambrosian Library at Milan; and in the fifteenth century, when this art of illuminating attained perfection, there flourished at Naples the famous Antonio Solario, surnamed the Zingaro (the Gipsy), and at Florence, Bartolomeo della Gatta, who devoted himself to the same work. Under these two masters René of Anjou, count of Provence, studied the art of illuminating whilst disputing the crown of Naples with the princes of Aragon. Last came the illustrious Fra Angelico da Fiesole, who left in Santa Maria del Fiore (the cathedral of Florence) two enormous volumes filled with illuminations painted by his hand, and of whom it might be said, even before the execution of his admirable pictures and monumental frescoes, that he had attained a very high position in the art of illuminating. At the end of the fifteenth century valuable illuminated manuscripts were executed for the Sforza,

the Gonzaga, the Sicilian princes of the house of Anjou, those among the kings of Aragon who were also kings of Naples, for the dukes of Urbino, Ferrara, Modena, for Matthias Corvinus, king of Hungary, Henry V. of England, René of Provence, and for the Medici and the popes. Amongst others we may distinguish the illuminations of a certain Attavante, otherwise unknown, those of Liberale of Verona, and especially those of the celebrated Dalmatian, Giulio Clovio, who was buried with great pomp in San Pietro in Vincula.

For further details on this subject, we must consult the *Histoire de l'Art par les Monuments*, by Seroux d'Agincourt. He makes known by descriptions and plates the most celebrated manuscripts of different centuries to be found in the library of the Vatican, which now contains not only the library of the popes, but also those of the electors Palatine, of the dukes of Urbino, and of Queen Christina of Sweden. We shall rest in the conviction that, if these illuminations are not of equal excellence with frescoes and pictures, they have at least been better preserved, and hence, like mosaics, are memorials of periods of which every other painting has been lost, and are of great value in marking and in proving the traditional succession of art.

PAINTING IN FRESCO, IN DISTEMPER, AND IN OIL.

We have no means of learning what were the usual processes of painting among the ancients. Neither examples of their paintings properly so called, nor the

treatises of Parrhasius and Apelles on the theory of painting, remain to us; and the written descriptions are too incomplete and uncertain to enlighten us much about pictures which have long since perished. Although Pliny relates that there were two schools, the *Greek* and the *Asiatic*, and that the Greek was divided into Ionic, Attic, and Sicyonic; although he speaks of a very fine black varnish which Apelles put on his works when completed, and which, while giving lustre to the colors, preserved them from dust and damp; although, further, he inquires, without however answering the question, who was the inventor of encaustic, of painting by means of wax and fire; all this teaches us but little of the processes employed by the painters of antiquity. The mosaics, even if copies of paintings, teach us nothing more on this subject. We are then reduced to the paintings on walls found in excavations, which are improperly called frescoes, and which may have differed as much from the paintings on canvas or wood as, in modern times, frescoes differ from easel-pictures.

The fragments of Egyptian painting preserved in the subterranean caverns of Thebes and Samoun, those of Assyrian painting which adorned the sculptured slabs of Nimroud and Khorsabad and also the remains of Grecian or Roman painting found in the catacombs, in the baths and ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, are paintings in distemper, a sort of body color executed on a prepared plaster, with which the wall was covered. It is indeed easy to recognize the fact that this painting does not mix with

the layer of lime, plaster, or alabaster, like real fresco, and that it may be effaced either by scraping or even by washing, without injuring the surface upon which the pencil of the artist has been employed. But whatever the painting of the ancients may have been, it is certain, that until the employment of oil-painting, and during the whole intermediate time, painters only used fresco and distemper, or sometimes encaustic. Fresco-painting, employed in the decoration of edifices with a view to its remaining as a part of the architecture, is that which is executed on a single layer of lime still fresh (*fresca*) and damp, so that the colors with which this layer remains impregnated, dry at the same time as the material itself, and become a part of the plaster of the wall. Vasari calls this manner of painting "the most masterly and the most beautiful, because," he says, "it consists in completing in a single day that which in other manners may be retouched at one's pleasure." Is not this to take the vanquished difficulty as an advantage? Painting in distemper (*a tempera*) is done on a movable frame of wood or canvas, which forms the picture, with colors mixed in an adhesive substance—gum or the white of an egg beaten up; painting in encaustic (*a fuoco*), on a layer of wax covering the canvas or panel. These explanations being given, it must be understood that until the invention of painting in oil, by the term *painting* or *picture* will be indicated simply a work in distemper or in encaustic.

The works of ancient painting having all been

destroyed, it is not astonishing that a great part of the works of intermediate ages should have experienced the same fate, and that we should find it necessary to have recourse to mosaics as well as to illuminations in order both to prove and to mark clearly the gradual progress of art.

We have already seen that immediately after the victory of the Christian religion over paganism, the new churches were filled with pictures. Between the time of Constantine and the eighth century the rage for painting was carried to an extreme. The walls of the temples and palaces were covered both inside and out, as were also even the fronts of simple houses. The church of St. Mark at Venice may still give us an idea of Byzantine profusion. It was an excess to be regretted, as affording the Iconoclasts some justification for their opposition to all sacred art. But after this Iconoclastic interval, painting was again restored to honor. All the emperors from the ninth to the twelfth century continually employed painters to represent not only their victories but also their hunting exploits, and Constantine Porphyrogenitus, himself a painter, found in the exercise of this talent an alleviation of his misfortunes after his fall from the throne. The custom of representing history in pictures was followed by the courtiers, who decorated their dwellings with paintings of the warlike deeds of their prince. A relation of Manuel Comnenus is mentioned as having been disgraced for neglecting thus to flatter the emperor; and the father of Manuel,

John Comnenus, on his death-bed (1143), said to him, "In the present critical position of the empire, an active, enterprising prince is required, and not one who will supinely remain in his palaces like the *mosaics and paintings which cover the walls*." In the thirteenth century the emperor Michael caused the principal achievements of his reign to be painted, and especially the triumph which, in 1221, after the custom of the Roman consuls, he decreed for himself. Unfortunately the Turks, great destroyers of images, in obedience to the precepts of the Koran, soon effaced all the decorations they found in Constantinople; and we know the Greek works of the eastern empire only by fragments collected in western Europe.

These fragments serve to show that the bad effects of the Iconoclastic heresy long survived the period of its ascendancy (726-867), as by an exaggeration of severe simplicity, the drawing of the nude was for a time entirely proscribed, and the human figure invariably represented as clothed from head to foot.

But the same cause which for a time depressed art in the East, had a contrary effect in Italy, inasmuch as many artists, forbidden to exercise their profession in their native country, sought refuge in the West, and settled in great numbers in various parts of Italy, especially in that part termed Magna Græcia. They were eagerly received by their compatriots, who, since the campaigns of Belisarius and Narses, had dwelt in Sicily and Naples; by monasteries, such as that of Monte Casino, where the celebrated abbot

Didier offered them an asylum; and by several cities, where they founded schools of mosaic and painting. Elsewhere, the maritime establishments of the Venitians, the Pisans, and the Genoese, in the isles of the Grecian archipelago and on the shores of the Bosphorus, kept up continual relations between Italy and Greece. Objects of art, especially pictures, became one branch of their commerce. At the period of the crusades, the nobles and the monks whom they had led to the Holy Land brought back these Greek pictures as memorials of their conquest and as objects of luxury or devotion. It was then that those pictures of Christ, strangely called *acheiropoietes*, because it was believed that they had not been done by human hands, were spread over Europe, and also those Byzantine Madonnas, which are called *Virgins of St. Luke*, usually black or brown, because of the words of Solomon, *nigra sum sed formosa* (I am black but comely). These pictures the Greek generals had caused to be carried in front of the imperial armies against the Mussulmans, to indicate that the Virgin Mary was their conductress.

From the foundation of these Greek schools in Italy arose a mixed school, which replaced the primitive Italian school, and which, in its turn, was replaced by the school of the Renaissance, again become purely Italian. There were, therefore, in the general history of art, three principal intermediary periods, from the ancients to the moderns: one of them Greek in Greece and Italian in Italy;

the second, Greco-Italian, the time of mixed painting the third, entirely Italian. Curious specimens of purely Greek painting have been preserved in different countries. For example, in Italy, some Madonnas, by Andrea Rico of Candia, who flourished in the eleventh century, and a great composition which represents the *Obsequies of St. Ephrem*. This picture, in distemper and on wood, was painted at Constantinople about the same period by Emmanuel Transfurnari, and brought into Italy by Francesco Squarcione, that old master who founded at Padua the school which produced Andrea Mantegna. It is in the *Museum Christianum* of the Vatican library, and is considered one of the best specimens of purely Grecian painting. Its colors, heightened doubtless by some glazing, are so bright that many have believed it painted in oil—a manifest error. The later Greek paintings, until the thirteenth century, show a sensible decadence even in form. We no longer find anything but *triptychs*, pictures in three parts, a principal one in the centre, with two wings which close over it. This shape remained in fashion a long time, not merely amongst the Russians, who embraced the Greek confession, but also in Catholic countries, and especially in Flanders.

In Italy—as soon as we arrive at this thirteenth century, and authentic memorials allow the history of art to be written with exactness—we see the imitation of the Greeks, and the servile copying of their works, practised by Italian artists. It is to be traced

in everything, from the ornaments of manuscripts, and the embroidery of the sacred vestments, to mosaic and poetry. It is seen in the arrangement of compositions, in the attitudes of the figures, in the drawing of every object, in the colors used, and in the manner of using them. The Italians, who did not yet know how to blend colors into each other, or to produce shade, and who knew none of the secrets of *chiaroscuro*, were content to paint by hatching with their pencil, following the operation which they called *tratteggiare*, the simply placing of lines side by side. The earliest well-known artists in each of the three most ancient schools—Giunta of Pisa, Guido of Siena, and Cimabue of Florence—were little more than imitators of the Greeks. We have already mentioned the frescoes painted in the church of Assisi by the Pisan, Giunta, dated 1210. Let us take the most important of them, the *Crucifixion*, in order to point out the imitation. It is a very large composition, of fine and noble conception, but in it the personages are symmetrically arranged, grave and motionless, as in Greek compositions, always in strict submission to the rules then universally followed by painters. The coloring, much inferior to that of the earlier examples, is composed only of yellowish and reddish tints, which, standing out from a dark background, indicate the flesh and the draperies. A thousand minor details besides disclose the Grecian origin of this picture; thus, the figure of Christ is fastened to the cross by four nails, and His feet are placed on a large tablet, serv-

ing as a support, according to the constant custom of the Greeks; the angels also are clothed in long garments, and their bodies terminate in empty clothing, under which nothing indicates either legs or feet, they end *in aria*, as Vasari says, another feature wholly Byzantine.

After Giunta of Pisa comes Guido of Siena. He improved the style of painting imitated from the Greeks, but still continued to copy it. It is enough to mention his great picture in the church of St. Domenico, at Siena, which bears the date 1221. In the painting of the Virgin, the Child, and the choir of angels grouped on a gold background, it is impossible not to recognize the style, the forms, and all the peculiarities of the painters of Byzantium.

After Giunta and Guido comes Cimabue of Florence. He was also an imitator of the Greeks, more intelligent and skilful than his predecessors doubtless, but still not emancipated from the school of his masters, and having neither independence nor originality. Let any one examine his famous Madonna, religiously preserved in Santa Maria Novella, at Florence; that picture which Charles I. of Anjou went to see in the studio of the painter—that picture in honor of which a public fête was given, as though to welcome in it the full revival of art. An examination of the frescoes of Cimabue in the church of St. Francis at Assisi, or the *Vierge aux anges* which is in the gallery of the Louvre, will convince the spectator, that although superior to Guido of Siena, and

still more to Giunta of Pisa, Cimabue yet is not, as Vasari terms him, the first of Italian painters, but,



MADONNA AND INFANT CHRIST.

From the picture by Cimabue, in Santa Maria Novella, at Florence.

according to the opinion of d'Agincourt and Lanzi, the last of the Greek painters.

It is to Giotto (Angiolo, Angiolotto, Giotto), son of Bondone, born at the village of Vespignano, in 1276; it is to this little shepherd-boy, whom Cimabue found drawing his sheep on the sand with a pointed stone, and whom, out of charity, he took as a student—it is to Giotto we must ascribe the honor of having founded the modern Italian school, and the still greater honor of having been the true promoter of the Renaissance in all the arts. A painter, sculptor, architect, engineer, worker in mosaic and illuminator, embracing, in short, all the arts known at that time, Giotto served as a model to the whole of Italy, through which he travelled from Avignon—where he had followed the Pope Clement V.—to Naples, where he had worked a long time for Robert of Anjou, surnamed the Wise. At Lucca he made the plan of the impregnable fortress of the Giusta; at Florence he raised the Campanile; at Rome he executed his celebrated mosaic called the *Navicella di San Pietro*. But it is the art of painting especially which is most deeply indebted to him. Called from Padua to Rome by the Pope Boniface VIII., Giotto, by a happy inspiration (*per dono di Dio*, as Vasari says), freed himself entirely from the imitation of the Greeks, and copied only from Nature. Without being less elevated, his treatment of the subjects was more varied, more animated, and more appropriate. His drawing became simple and natural, without conventional forms, or types settled beforehand and rigidly adhered to; his coloring also improved, and showed tints at once true and more

deep and varied. He revived the forgotten art of portrait-painting; he first dared to employ foreshortening and perspective; he carried draperies to a perfection which remains unsurpassed; he found *expression*, to the great astonishment of his contemporaries, who might have said of him as Pliny of the Greek Aristides, "He painted the soul and expressed human feelings." This painting, which the men of that time called *miraculous*, was indeed real painting—art escaped from the trammels of servitude. Giotto also improved the materials and the technical processes of his art, as the preparation of colors, and of the wooden panels and canvas. On viewing the principal works of Giotto, dispersed over the whole of Italy—for example, the series of pictures called the Life and Death of San Francesco d'Assisi—we recognize how much he surpassed his immediate predecessors; in his pictures we see Italian separating itself from Greek art; we understand and repeat the magnificent praises heaped on him by Dante, Petrarch, Pius II., and Poliziano, who makes him say: "Ille ego sum per quem pictura extincta revixit" (I am he through whom extinct painting has again lived).

The progress of art in independence did not relax under the numerous pupils whom Giotto left; Taddeo Gaddi, his favorite pupil; Stefano Fiorentino, who approached nearer the true and real, from whence he acquired the significant though singular name of the *Ape of Nature*; Simone Memmi, of Siena, sung by Petrarch, for whom he painted the



JESUS STRIPPED OF HIS VESTMENTS.—BY GIOTTO.

portrait of Madonna Laura ; Pietro Laurati, Ugolino, Puccio Capanna, Pietro Cavallini, Buonamico Buffalmacco, etc. The progress became more marked and the separation from the Byzantines more complete, when Andrea Orcagna painted his great fresco of "Hell" in Santa Maria Novella, in Florence, and, in the Campo Santo of Pisa, his celebrated and singular picture of the Last Judgment, in which we trace the ideas and descriptions of Dante. The Italian movement spread and grew with the frescoes of Gherardo Starnina, and with the works of the different masters which every town in Italy produced, as if eager for the development of the restored art. There were at one time Franco and Vitale, of Bologna ; Giovanni, of Pisa ; Coll'Antonio del Fiore, of Naples ; Tommaso and Barnabeo, of Modena ; Lorenzo, of Viterbo ; Carlo Crivelli, Marco Basaiti and the two Vivarini, of Venice ; Squarcione, of Padua ; Mefozzo, of Forli, who was called the inventor of foreshortening ; the great Fra Giovanni, of Fiesole, whom the public voice named *Fra Angelico* ; Paolo Uccello, of Florence, inventor of perspective ; Pietro della Francesca, who improved this science by the application of geometry, etc. We come thus to Masaccio, at the end of the fifteenth century, to the *Golden Age*.

Until now we have only spoken of painting in fresco or in distemper ; we now come to the last term of tradition, and to true modern art—oil-painting.

We do not in the least know if this art was pos-

sessed by the ancients. Nothing authorises us to believe that they used it, and that the employment of oil in the preparation of colors had been merely abandoned during the mournful period of the dark ages, and thence forgotten through the breaking of the chain of tradition, to be found once more with the other discoveries of the Renaissance. According to the generally received opinion, it was the brothers Hubert and Jan Van Eyck, of Bruges, who, in the commencement of the fifteenth century, found out the secret of oil-painting. No one seriously contests the fact of their having done so, and even the Italians Vasari and Lanzi confess that the painters in their country learnt the process from the Fleming, John of Bruges (Jan Van Eyck). It does not however follow that the invention was at first so perfect that no one was able to improve upon it, or that no one could have paved the way by preceding experiments. It has indeed been proved, by quotations and formal testimony, amongst others by the treatises of the painter-monk Heraclius in the tenth century, of the German monk Roger, surnamed Theophilus, in the twelfth, and of the Italian Cennino di Andrea Cennini, in the thirteenth—that the brothers Van Eyck had rather the merit of a practical application of the process than that of the invention itself.

Lanzi seems to have explained perfectly well what was really the invention of the illustrious Flemish painter. There is no doubt that, much before his time, the use of oil was known in painting; but the

manner of employing it was imperfect, being very slow and difficult. According to the old method only one color could be placed on the canvas or the panel at a time, and to add a second, it was necessary to wait until the first had dried in the sun, which was, according to the same Theophilus, "too long and tiresome for figures." It is easy then to understand why distemper and encaustics were preferred. John of Bruges, who at first did as other painters, having one day, as tradition says, placed one of his pictures to dry in the sun, the wooden panel burst from the excessive heat. This accident induced him, with the help of his elder brother, to seek some means of drying his colors alone and without artificial help. He tried numerous experiments with linseed oil, and succeeded at last in making a varnish, which, according to Vasari, "once dry, no longer fears water, brightens the colors, renders them more transparent, and blends them admirably."

From the dates of the most ancient works of Jan Van Eyck, preserved at Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp, we may conjecture that he made or completed his discovery between 1410 and 1420. But at this period communication was difficult, especially between the countries of the North and those of the South. It was only about the year 1442, that the king of Naples, Alphonso V., received a picture by John of Bruges (Jan Van Eyck), since lost, but believed to have been an *Adoration of the Magi*. It is known that another picture by Van Eyck came to the duke of Urbino,

Frederick II., and another—a St. Jerome—to Lorenz de Medici. The sight of them caused general admiration, and it was not long before the technical methods employed were discovered and practised throughout Italy.

According to Vasari, a certain Antonello of Messina having seen the picture at Naples, set out for Flanders in the hope of penetrating the secret of these new processes. He obtained the knowledge he sought by giving a large number of Italian drawings in exchange. He could not have learnt it from Van Eyck himself, as has long been thought, as we now know that he died in 1441, but it was doubtless from one of his pupils, possibly from Rogier Van der Weyden, who is called Roger of Bruges. On his return to Italy, where he soon became celebrated, Antonello of Messina communicated his discovery to his intimate friend Domenico Veneziano, who after having executed several works at Loretto and Perugia, established himself at Florence about the year 1460. Without being a great artist, Domenico found in his secret a means of incontestable superiority. He excited the astonishment of the public and the jealousy of his rivals. The most formidable of the latter was Andrea del Castagno, a man of great talent but, says Vasari, of a low and ferocious character. Through a pretended friendship he persuaded Domenico to teach him his secret; then, in order to possess it alone, he assassinated the unfortunate Venetian. This atrocious crime, of which many innocent people were suspected, remained un-

punished. Andrea del Castagno only revealed it on his death-bed. But, as if in expiation of the infamous way in which he had obtained the secret of Domenico, he made no mystery of it, and announced it openly at the same time that he proved its truth by his works.

Recent research has thrown great doubt on the whole of this account by Vasari; indeed, the crime alleged against Andrea del Castagno has been disproved by the discovery that Domenico Veneziano survived him four years.

During the last quarter of the fifteenth century, the art of painting in oil was practised by all the great masters of the time, including Pollaiuolo, Ghirlandaio, Perugino, and Andrea Verocchio. They transmitted it to their illustrious disciples, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael, who not only form the last link in the chain of tradition, but at the same time indicate the highest point which art could reach.

Here then, the proofs I had undertaken to furnish, and which I think complete, naturally terminate; a traditional chain of evidence attaches the painting of the moderns to that of the ancients. But I foresee one serious objection. It will be said, "In speaking just now of Giotto, you announced that he depicted *expression*, which made his works such a subject of wonder to his contemporaries, and you added: 'This was indeed true painting.' You should then have proved the tradition not merely in the material processes of the art of painting, in its cultivation or even in its existence, but also in that superior part which

you call *expression*. Has that come down traditionally from the Greeks to ourselves?"

To this question I unhesitatingly reply in the negative. No, the highest quality of painting has not been transmitted from the Grecian artists to those of the Renaissance. Dying with the former, it disappeared entirely during the whole intermediate period, literally to revive with the latter. But I must add, that this quality, being individual and belonging personally to the artist, could not be transmitted by tradition, which can only hand down to posterity certain material processes and peculiarities in style of the different schools. It is exactly this which forms the radical difference between the sciences and arts. The sciences can be transmitted entire, and he who possesses any knowledge of mathematics, may easily become possessed of all the knowledge collected from Euclid to Laplace. The arts can only be communicated through personal qualities, and Raphael himself could only impart to his pupils the knowledge of his method. The secret of being himself died with him.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ITALIAN SCHOOLS.

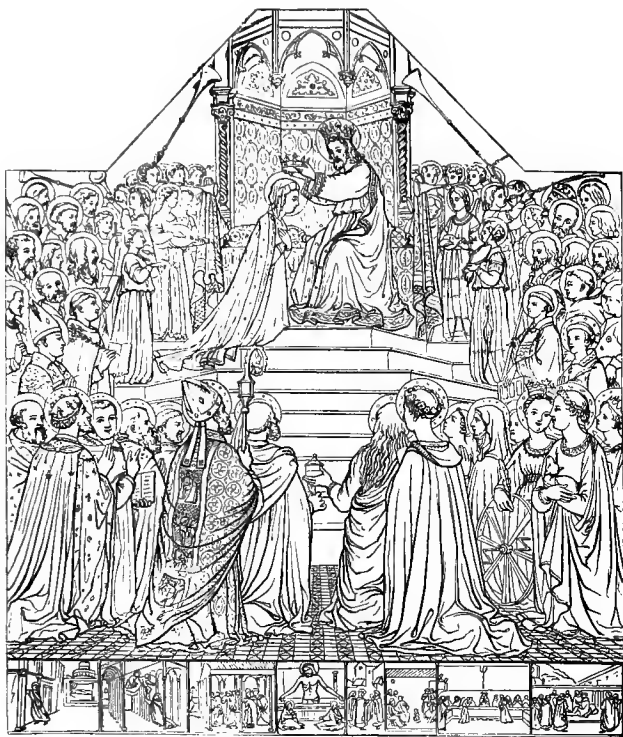
IN a history of modern art, Italy incontestably claims the first rank. At the period of the Renaissance, notwithstanding the aspirations of Dante, renewed by Machiavelli, Italy was not united, but was divided into a number of states; every state had its own school, and hence every school requires a separate history. We shall conform to this necessity by following the usual division, and shall begin with Florence; for in a history of Italian art it is to Florence that the first rank as incontestably belongs.

TUSCAN OR FLORENTINE SCHOOL.

We have just seen that the Tuscan Giotto (1276-1334) was the great promoter of the revival in all the arts. After him, the most illustrious name found in the annals of Tuscan painting is that of the monk Guido di Pietro, born in the town of Vecchio in 1387 (he died at Rome in 1455), who took the name of Fra Giovanni da Fiesole when he entered the order of Dominicans in that town. Public admiration gave

him, however, even during his life, the title of *Fra Beato Angelico* (as Morales, in Spain, was called the *Divine*), for having so admirably expressed on canvas the ardor of Christian feelings and the ecstasy of the blessed. "His figures are souls only," says, with justice, M. du Pays. Modest, simple, pious, charitable, sober, and chaste, Fra Angelico set a good example in virtue as well as in talent. He refused the archbishopric of Florence, and caused a poor monk in his convent to be nominated by Nicholas V instead of himself. A very laborious and fertile painter of altar-screens, frescoes, pictures, and illuminations, he never painted without a special prayer, nor commenced any work without the permission of his prior; and he never retouched any of his works, saying that God wished them as they were. After Fra Angelico, his pupil Benozzo Gozzoli alone remained faithful to strictly religious and mystic art, without any intermixture from pagan antiquity.

The date of the birth and death of Fra Angelico show sufficiently that he painted in distemper, for he could only have known oil-painting at the close of his life, at an age when an artist no longer changes his processes. Among the best of the numerous works he has left is his *Descent from the Cross*, which is to be found in Florence, not in the Museum of the Uffizi, or in that of the Pitti palace, but in the Academy of the Fine Arts, opened in 1784 by the grand duke Pietro Leopoldo, and which contains a rich collection of the curiosities of Italian art between its infancy



CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN.—BY FRA ANGELICO.

In the Museum of the Louvre, Paris.

and maturity. But there is in the Louvre one of the finest works of the Angelic Painter. The *Coronation of the Virgin* is a large composition which contains more than fifty figures, and is surrounded besides by seven medallions, in which the miracles of St. Dominic are represented, he being the patron saint of the convent for which the picture was painted. It is of this noble work that Vasari says, "Fra Giovanni surpassed himself in a picture . . . in which Jesus Christ crowns the Virgin in the midst of a choir of angels and saints . . . so varied in attitude and expression, that one feels an infinite pleasure and delight in regarding them. It seems as if the happy souls can look no otherwise in heaven; for all the saints, male and female, assembled here, have not only life and expression most delicately and truly rendered, but the coloring of the whole work seems done by the hand of a saint or angel like themselves. As for myself, I can affirm with truth that I never see this work without finding in it something new, nor can I ever satisfy myself with a sight of it, or have enough of beholding it." This *Coronation of the Virgin*, about which Auguste Schlegel has written a whole volume, and which M. Paul Mantz rightly calls "an enormous miniature," was placed for a long time in the church of San Domenico at Fiesole, and in some degree worshipped as a holy relic of its saintly author.

The son of a poor shoemaker comes afterwards in the list of great names (1407-1443), Tommaso Guidi da San Giovanni, better known as Masaccio (the

sloven). He differs entirely from the monk of Fiesole. His figures are not souls, but real bodies, firm and exact in their contours and in their movements. Masaccio drew in the style of Michael Angelo, and with his force. Unfortunately, dying young, he left few works. Amongst all the museums of Europe, that of Munich alone possesses works of Masaccio,* a *Monk's Head* in fresco, a *St. Antony of Padua*, in distemper and on wood, and the portrait of the painter, wearing the red cap of the Florentines, like Dante and Petrarch. Even at Florence, the museum of the Uffizi can only show an astonishing *Head of an Old Man*, painted by Masaccio on a tile. It is at the church del Carmine in that town that we can study and admire him. It is there that his great frescoes are to be seen; the *Raising of a Dead Child by St. Peter*, and the *Martyrdom of St. Peter*. The mural pictures in the chapel of the Brancacci, also by Masaccio, formed a common study for all the masters born or residing at Florence, from the time of Fra Angelico to that of Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Andrea del Sarto. What higher praise could we give than the names of such voluntary disciples?

In the hasty sketch which the limits of our book impose on us, we can only find room for the highest artists, universally known and celebrated, and recognised as the divinities of painting. When we come

* In the National Gallery is his own portrait by himself (No. 626.)



THE CALLING OF SAINT PETER AND SAINT ANDREW.—BY MASACCIO.
In the Church of the Carmelites, Florence.

to the middle of the fifteenth century, the period immediately preceding these "divinities of art," and which was that of their teachers, we are obliged to make a selection only from among these masters, so especially great through their pupils; and, passing by with regret Filippo Lippi, Antonio Pollaiuolo, Lorenzo da Credi, who exercised an influence over the whole school, Andrea del Verocchio, who formed Leonardo da Vinci, and Domenico Ghirlandaio, who formed Michael Angelo, we halt at Perugino, the master of Raphael.

Pietro Vanucci (1446-1524), of Perugia, whence he derived his surname, came to Florence when very young, and so poor, that he slept in a chest for lack of a bed. But he made himself known, and won such *éclat*, that he was soon in a position to open a school, where the father of Raphael, Giovanni Sanzio, brought him his child; the modest painter and wise father not considering himself capable of instructing or worthy of directing such precocious genius. Perugino counted also among his disciples Pinturicchio, Il Bacchiata, Lo Spagna, Gerino de Pistoia, and that Andrea Luigi of Assisi, surnamed *l'Ingegno*, who at eighteen years of age was, according to Vasari, called the rival of Raphael, but who became blind before he had attained the age for great works, or rather, as documentary evidence seems to indicate, who left art for civic employment.

Perugino was one of the first painters sent for to Rome by Sixtus IV., who entrusted him with a part

of the paintings to decorate the chapel which bears the name of that pontiff (the Sistine). He has left in it one of his largest and most beautiful frescoes, *St. Peter receiving the Keys*. In Florence there is in the Pitti palace a magnificent *Entombment*; at Rome, in the museum of the Vatican, a *Resurrection*, in which he has, it is said, introduced his much-loved pupil, while still a youth, under the form of the sleeping soldier, and himself under that of the soldier who is running off in fear; and at Naples there is in the Museum degli Studi an *Eternal Father* between four cherubim. For a long time the Louvre possessed only a simple sketch by Perugino, the *Combat of Chastity and Love*, painted in distemper, although dated 1505, because, as Perugino himself says in the letter sent with it, a picture by Andrea Mantegna, to which his was to be a pendant, was painted by the same process; a remarkable proof of the persistent employment of distemper long after the generally-spread knowledge of oil-painting. But the Louvre now boasts paintings more worthy of Perugino, as a *Nativity*, a *Virgin in Glory worshipped by St. Rosa, St. Catherine, and Two Angels*, and lastly, a *Madonna and Child between St. Joseph and St. Catherine*, remarkable for the reverential style, the charming grace, and the exquisite color.

If however we wish to know Perugino well out of Italy, we must see his pictures in Germany and in England. And first, there are at Berlin two *Madonnas* with a landscape background. Notwithstanding

the care taken to assign them to Raphael when still in the school of Perugino, there seems no doubt to me that they are both the work of Perugino himself.

At Vienna, at the Belvedere Gallery, Perugino holds the first place in the Roman hall; his *Madonna between St. Peter and St. Paul, St. Jerome and St. John the Baptist*, dated 1493, is one of his largest and most admirable compositions. It is to be regretted that it should have been cleaned and touched up so often. Munich is still richer than either Vienna or Berlin. It possesses a half-length *Madonna* standing out from a clear sky; a *Virgin kneeling between St. Nicholas and St. John the Evangelist, and adoring the Infant Saviour*, and the *Appearance of the Virgin to St. Bernard*; two angels accompany the mother of the Saviour, and two saints are with St. Bernard. These three remarkable works, in perfect preservation, and of large size for easel-pictures by Perugino, attain the utmost excellence of his style, so sweet, so tender, so certain to soften and to charm the beholder. The *Appearance of the Virgin to St. Bernard* is a surpassingly beautiful picture, and Raphael himself has, in the simple religious style, achieved nothing finer. It is before the paintings of Perugino that we see clearly how much a pupil owes to his master, and that the truth of the saying is verified, that great geniuses are only a complete summary of their forerunners and contemporaries.

In London, the National Gallery can show with pride a picture which Vasari declares to be a chef-

d'œuvre of the old master of Perugia. It is a triptych : in the centre is the Holy Family ; to the left, the Archangel Michael in full armor ; to the right, the archangel Raphael holding the young Tobit by the hand. Vasari is right ; it would be difficult to find in all the works of Perugino anything superior to this. It is in perfect preservation, and unites in itself every kind of beauty. Several parts of this triple picture—for example, the young Tobit, or the group of the Madonna and Child—resemble the earliest works of Raphael to such a degree that many have supposed that the master must have been helped by the pupil, who would be thus in part the painter of this masterpiece. I do not think so ; it appears to me that it is the work of Perugino alone. It is however probable that this picture belongs to a more advanced period of his life, when Perugino, who survived his pupil four years, might have profited by his example, and improved his primitive style under the influence of Raphael. Vannucci would thus have ceased to be the master of Raphael, and have become his disciple. This mutual help, this mutual teaching, producing a reaction in style, is often seen in the history of art ; and at the same time the same phenomenon—if we may so call it—was taking place at Venice between Bellini and Giorgione.

We have now come to the great Leonardo da Vinci (1452–1519), the natural son of a notary of Vinci. A painter, skilful draughtsman, and even caricaturist, a sculptor and architect, an engineer and



THE VIRGIN AMONG THE ROCKS (*Vierge aux Rochers*)

BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

In the Museum of the Louvre, Paris.

mechanician, learned in mathematics, physics, astronomy, anatomy, and natural history, a good musician, making verses with the facility of an improvisatore, writing well on every subject which interested him, expert also in all the exercises of strength or skill, in short a universal genius, and "all-powerful in everything," Leonardo da Vinci devoted to painting a small share of his time and labor. He moreover finished his works with the care, patience, and love of a modest and even timid artist, of one who is never completely satisfied with himself, who dreams of and seeks passionately after supreme beauty, who longs, as Vasari says, "to heap excellence on excellence and perfection on perfection." Leonardo traced in this line the rule for his labors as for his conduct.

Vogli sempre poter quel che tu debbi.

These two reasons would be sufficient to render the works of this master as rare as they are precious. Unfortunately several of those which he left have nearly perished from the effect of time.

In Paris are but five paintings by his hand, although da Vinci spent the four last years of his life in France, and ended, at Amboise, almost in the arms of Francis I., his prolonged life, filled with so many different labors. In the half-length portrait of St. John the Baptist, the saint is represented as resembling rather a young, delicate woman, than the rough preacher of the desert, the ascetic feeding on locusts. But, as this same fault of effeminacy is found in the

St. John by Raphael, which is in the Tribune of the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, it is evident that the conventional ideas of the Baptist were not, at that period, in accordance with those we gather from the Gospel narrative. The Madonna called the *Vierge aux Rochers*, already much decayed, will soon be known only through engravings and copies. The authenticity of this Madonna, as a work of Leonardo, is denied by some connoisseurs, and it is generally supposed that a portion only is by his hand. *St. Anne, with the Virgin and Child*, though an authentic work and really a fine one, is in some parts little more than a sketch, and has suffered much injury; it is, I confess, more precious from the delicacy of the work than from the dignity and nobility of the style. We may even venture to find a little fault with the strange affectation of the attitudes and arrangement. There remain two portraits of women. One is called *La Belle Ferronnière*, because it is thought to represent the last mistress of Francis I., the wife of that iron merchant (*ferronnier*) who avenged himself so cruelly for the wrong done him by the king. It is from the title assigned to this portrait that ladies have given the name *ferronnière* to a jewel worn in the centre of the forehead and fastened by a ribbon behind the head. Others suppose this portrait to be that of a duchess of Mantua, or of the celebrated mistress of Ludovico Sforza, Lucrezia Crivelli. It seems certain that this cannot be the portrait of the *Ferronnière*, inasmuch as Leonardo da Vinci, who came into

Fraunce weak and ill, did not paint a single picture in that country, while Francis I. died in 1547, that is to say, twenty-eight years after da Vinci. The fifth picture by Leonardo in the Louvre, and the authenticity of which is beyond doubt, is known as *La Belle Joconde* (Monna Lisa, the wife of Francesco del Giocondo). This portrait, at which it is said the painter worked for four years without having finished it to his own satisfaction, is rightly considered one of the chefs-d'œuvre of this master and of his style. We may find in Vasari the loving description and the high praise he bestows on this picture; "rather divine than human, as lifelike as nature itself . . . not painting, but the despair of other painters." "This picture attracts me," adds M. Michelet (*la Renaissance*); "it fascinates and absorbs me; I go to it in spite of myself, as the bird is drawn to the serpent." "La Joconde" is worthy of representing to us this great man, who, taken merely as a painter, unites anatomical knowledge to that of chiaroscuro, and the study of reality to the genius of the ideal, who preceded Correggio in grace, Michael Angelo in force, and Raphael in beauty.

There is nothing very remarkable by Leonardo da Vinci in the German galleries, if we except one of the two Madonnas in the gallery of Prince Esterhazy, now at Pesth. The Holy Mother is here placed between St. Barbara and St. Catherine, and is holding the infant Jesus, who is taking a book from the table. At the bottom of his dress are these words: *Virginis*

Mater. Yet it is not St. Anne: the painter doubtless meant to say *Virgo Mater*. A more serious fault may be found with it; namely, that the three female heads are singularly alike. And yet this half length group, which reminds us by its excellent arrangement of the fine *Holy Family* we shall presently speak of in Madrid, is almost equal to that painting in importance and beauty. This picture is much injured, but has not been restored; and certainly the marks of age and the havoc which time has produced are more respectable than unskilful and sacrilegious restorations. Not more fortunate than the galleries of Germany, the Hermitage of St. Petersburg, until lately, possessed only weak and doubtful specimens of the works of Leonardo. It has, however, now acquired, from the Litta Gallery, at Milan, a work whose historical authenticity, joined to its own high qualities, gives it a great importance. This is a *Madonna*, quite equal to the *Joconde* of the Louvre, and which Dr. Waagen includes among the ten pictures which he analyses in his book on the Florentine master, while M. Rio, in his "Wonders of Christian Art," lavishes on it the most enthusiastic encomiums.

In England, in the National Gallery, there is only one work by Leonardo da Vinci, and that is much contested. It is *Christ Disputing with the Doctors*, which is said to have come from the Aldobrandini Palace, and to have been engraved for the collection entitled *Schola Italica*. It recalls in its details the

style of the immortal author of the *Last Supper*. But if it be indeed by Leonardo da Vinci, it is neither one of his best nor even one of his good works. As is usually the case in pictures where the figures are half-length, the subject is confused, obscure, and badly arranged. Our Lord is represented in the centre of the picture, looking at the spectator, and does not appear to be addressing the doctors, who are behind him. If Leonardo wished to represent the incident during the childhood of Christ, he has made Him too old. He is here a man of twenty years of age. If he wished to depict Him during His work, and before the Pharisees, he has made Him too young, and also too richly dressed; a silk garment covered with jewels is scarcely suitable to the humble life of the Preacher who chose fishermen for His disciples.

In the *Museo del Rey* at Madrid, also, there were until quite recently two replicas only of works by this great master, repetitions with some slight variations of the *Joconde* and of the *St. Anne with the Virgin and Infant Saviour* in the Louvre. But the Escorial has recently ceded to this gallery, and thus restored to public view, another *Holy Family*, which has not yet been engraved, but which is certainly one of the best paintings of this master. Mary and Joseph are here represented nearly of the size of life, standing behind a table on which the infant Saviour and His companion are seated, both naked, embracing one another. Beautiful and smiling, full of love,

solicitude, and reverence, Mary has thrown her arms lovingly round the children, whilst Joseph, standing a little behind, and with one hand supporting his head, looks with tenderness at the scene before him. The Virgin's face is a little like that of *La Belle Joconde*, but of a less worldly beauty. Her delicate hands, the fine transparent materials which encircle her forehead and breast, with their soft tints artistically combined, the mild and noble head of Joseph, standing out in relief although in shadow, are so many complete perfections, which mark the limits of human art. This picture, still scarcely known in spite of its being nearly four hundred years old, is a marvellous work, and, unlike so many other pictures by Leonardo, has hitherto almost entirely escaped the ravages of time.

Let us return, after so many wanderings, to Italy. At Naples they show with pride, in the Museum degli Studi, an admirable Madonna by Leonardo da Vinci; at Rome, in the small gallery of the Sciarra palace, there is the celebrated allegory—two heads full of expression, which explain each other—called *Vanity and Modesty*; at Florence, less fortunate, the Pitti Gallery can only show a portrait of an unknown man and that of a woman, who is called the Nun (*la Monaca*), because her head is enveloped in a hood. Even these portraits, before they were placed in the collection of the Grand Duke, were merely spoken of as belonging to the school of Leonardo da Vinci.

It was at Milan that Leonardo, attracted by the bounty and retained by the friendship of Ludovico Sforza, passed the greater part of his life as an artist, and it is here that we should expect to find most of his works. However—and this proves how rare they are—the Ambrosian and Brera Galleries have only two sketches by him, both Holy Families, one of which was finished by his worthy pupil and rival, Bernardino Luini. His other remaining works are merely studies and sketches, including some portraits, amongst which are those of his protector, *Il Moro*, and Beatrice d'Este, his wife; also his own portrait in profile in red chalks, a fine and noble face.

Let us now enter the refectory of the ancient convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie, at Milan. There we may admire the remains, the relics, we might say, of the celebrated *Last Supper (il Cenacolo)* which Leonardo painted towards the close of the fifteenth century, by order of the prince whose service he had chosen—that duke Ludovico Sforza, who, having been made prisoner by the French, died miserably at the castle of Loches in Touraine, after ten years' captivity. Francis I. wished to carry this picture back with him to France, that it might form the finest trophy of his victory at Marignan, which had given him possession of Lombardy. It could not, however, be detached from the wall. This enormous fresco, the masterpiece of its author, and perhaps even of all modern painting, has been for a long time in the most deplorable state of decay. In the sixteenth century,

the cardinal Federigo Borromeo reproached the Dominicans with their culpable neglect of this precious work of art; and yet it was these same Dominicans who, in 1652, to enlarge the door of the refectory, cut off the legs of the figure of Christ and of the disciples nearest to Him.

When, at the end of the last century, during the wars of Italy, the convent of Santa Maria was converted into cavalry barraeks, and the refectory into a store for fodder, we can well imagine that the hussars were not more scrupulous than the monks. General Bonaparte, in 1796, had indeed written, using his knee as a desk, an order that this place, consecrated by the genius of Leonardo da Vinci, should be spared from having soldiers quartered in it; but the necessities of war were stronger than his respect for the arts. It was long afterwards that Prince Eugene, viceroy of Italy, had the refectory of the Dominicans cleaned, and also raised a scaffolding before the picture, which allowed it to be examined nearer, but which also allowed it to be injured by curious and ignorant tourists, desirous of carrying away *souvenirs*.

It is thought that Leonardo da Vinci did not paint this wonderful composition in fresco, that is to say, in distemper, on and in the damp wall, but in oil; or that, at all events, he covered his fresco with an oil varnish. From this arose its rapid decay. Everything has assisted in the destruction of this great work. It is not merely time, the infiltration of water, the carelessness of the monks, and the in-

ults of the soldiers, that have caused the ruin of this picture. More than anything else it has been produced by unskilful restorations, which changed what they touched, and rendered what they respected more fragile. However, the outline of the composition, the attitudes of the figures, and even the general effect of color, can still be vaguely seen. This is sufficient to make the coldest and most superficial spectator, and even one ignorant in the arts, bow with respect, as did Francis I., before this sublime work, and, rendering the homage of ardent admiration to Leonardo da Vinci, repeat the just and beautiful eulogy which Vasari has given of this wonderful man: "Heaven, in its goodness, sometimes grants to one mortal all its most precious gifts, and marks all the works of this privileged man with such a stamp that they seem less to show the power of human genius than the special favor of God."

The *Last Supper* is too well known for it to be necessary that I should give a detailed account of it. One remarkable thing is, the enormous number of copies made of it by the brush, the pencil, and the burin or engraver's tool, without counting the innumerable studies of detached parts, which, since the time of Leonardo da Vinci, artists and amateurs have continually been making before his fresco. At Milan I saw the copy of Vespino (Andrea Bianchi), which the Ambrosian Gallery possesses, and that of Bossi, at the Brera, both incorrect, and unworthy of the original; then, in the same museum, that of Marc

d'Ogionne,* in reduced proportions, the color and effect altered, but the correct drawing of which renders it certainly the best of the three. There was also at Milan, in the convent of Santa Maria della Pace, now a manufactory, a fourth copy, made, at twenty-two years of age, by Lomazzo, that interesting painter who, becoming blind while still young, and thus forced to give up working, dictated his "Treatise on Painting." The copies are also known by De Rossi, Perdrizi, Marco Uglione, and that which Gagna made in 1827 for the palace at Turin. In France, there was the copy brought back from Milan by Francis I., and which was at Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois; that of the château d'Ecouen of the same period, and that which has long been exhibited in the Apollo Gallery at the Louvre, and which was thought to have been done in the studio of Leonardo and under his own eye. Two recent mosaics, one made in 1809, which is at Vienna, the other made more recently by the Roman Rafaelli, have reproduced the "Last Supper" in unchangeable enamel. Engraving has been employed not less than painting or mosaic in perpetuating the remembrance of this celebrated work. It has been engraved successively by Mantegna, Soutman, Rainaldi, Bonate, Frey, Thouvenet, by many others, and lastly by Raphael Morghen, who, making use of a fine drawing by Teodoro Matteini, and devoting six years to his copy, as Leo-

* A copy, by Marco d'Oggione, is now in the possession of the Royal Academy of Arts, London.—*Wornum*.

nardo to the original, has surpassed all his predecessors, and produced in his own art another masterpiece.

From Leonardo da Vinci, who went to Milan to found—or at all events to restore—the Lombard school in that city, we pass to Fra Bartolommeo della Porta (1469–1517). To avoid such a long name, and to distinguish him from the old Fra Bartolommeo della Gatta, a painter, illuminator, architect, and musician, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, the Italians usually call him *Il Frate* (the Monk). A romantic event in his youth induced him to adopt the monastic life. Whilst still a pupil of Cosimo Rosselli, or rather of the works of Leonardo da Vinci, his real master, he listened eagerly to the preaching of the fiery Dominican, Fra Geronimo Savonarola, and became one of his most ardent disciples. He even burnt his studies in the kind of auto-da-fé made by the people on the Shrove Tuesday of the year 1489, in the square before the convent of St. Mark. When the Italian Luther, after a reign of three years over Florence, was obliged to shut himself up in the convent of which he was the prior, and to undergo a siege, Bartolommeo was at his side, and, in the heat of the combat, made a vow to adopt the monastic life if he escaped the danger. After the death of Savonarola, he took the vows in that same convent of the Dominicans of San Marco. Hence his name of *Il Frate*. He remained four whole years without touching a pencil, and when he yielded at length to the solicitations of his friends, his fellow

monks and his superiors, it was on condition that the convent should receive all the produce of his labors.

We cannot judge of him by the specimens at Paris, which consist of an Annunciation, once in the cabinet of Francis I. at Fontainebleau, and a Madonna, given to Louis XII. by a French ambassador, who had received it from the signory of Florence. We must seek his nobler works at Florence. There, in the Uffizi, is another painting of the Blessed Virgin seated on a throne, surrounded by her celestial court, one of the greatest compositions of this painter, and the last which he executed, as he died before he attained the age of forty-five. In the Pitti palace we find an *Entombment*, and with it the most celebrated of all Fra Bartolommeo's works; the *St. Mark*, which came to Paris during the conquests of the first empire. This colossal *St. Mark*, a gigantic and terrible figure, was painted by the *Frate* for the façade of his convent, to disprove the truth of an accusation which had been brought against him of meanness and want of grandeur in his style; and notwithstanding some faults of exaggeration, it is perhaps the most complete expression of strength and power that painting has produced, as the *Moses* of Michael Angelo is in sculpture. If the Pitti palace had been able also to obtain the St. Sebastian by the same master (a picture which was sent to Francis I. by the monks of St. Mark, and which is now lost), it would have possessed both the masterpieces of the *Frate*, the one remarkable for its grandeur, the other

for its exquisite beauty.* We find in all his works purity and nobility of style, joined to a brilliancy of coloring, though with a tendency towards employing too much red ; his draperies are characterised by elegance and truth, even if they sometimes appear empty and hollow. As expressive as Leonardo da Vinci, as graceful as Raphael, as imposing as Michael Angelo, as a colorist almost equal to Titian, inspired by the knowledge and the feeling of all, yet without servility, without effort, and without mistakes, the *Frate* was really, with Andrea del Sarto, the summary of the Florentine art of his time. We must not forget that Fra Bartolommeo by several years preceded Raphael, with whom he exchanged lessons that were useful to both ; we must not forget either that painters are said to owe to him the invention of lay-figures.

I have just said that among the pure Florentines who remained at Florence, the most illustrious with the *Frate* was Andrea del Sarto (1488-1530). It is at Florence, and there only, that Andrea Vannucchi, surnamed del Sarto, because he was the son of a tailor, can be known and admired as he deserves. At first he was apprenticed to a goldsmith, but became afterwards successively the pupil of Giovanni Barile, an unknown painter, and of Piero di Cosimo, that strange, uncouth man, as great a cynic as Diogenes, whose works prove him to have been a tolerable colorist but an incorrect draughtsman. Andrea del

* The Gallery of the Belvedere at Vienna possesses a very fine work of this master, The Presentation in the Temple.

Sarto never visited either Rome or Venice; he studied the frescoes of Masaccio and Ghirlandaio, some paintings by Leonardo da Vinci, and drawings by Michael Angelo. He never left his native country except for one short visit to France, whither he was invited by Francis I., and he died when only forty-two years old, struck down by a contagious malady, and abandoned by his wife and friends. Thus sadly ended a life which we cannot but regard as obscure and miserable for one possessing such great talents and honored with such posthumous renown.

The Pitti palace contains as many as sixteen pictures by Andrea del Sarto, the greater number of them very important. First, his *Dispute on the Holy Trinity*, an analogous subject to the *Dispute on the Sacrament*, painted by Raphael, in the *Stanze** of the Vatican. Without wishing to establish any comparison between these two works, which resemble each other in name only, I shall say that this picture of Andrea's appears to constitute his highest title to fame; there, as elsewhere, I know nothing which can give a higher and more complete idea of his original and learned composition, of his elevated and grand style, of his vigorous expression, and, in short, of all the qualities of execution which make him the first colorist of the Florentine school. We may also mention, before leaving the Pitti palace, an *Entombment*, brought to Paris with the other Italian masterpieces; two *Holy Families*, of about equal merit; two *As-*

* Chambers, or *Camere*.

sumptions, bearing much resemblance to each other; and two *Annunciations*. Of the latter, the larger of the two is very different from the ordinary and traditional forms: the scene does not take place in the oratory of the Virgin, but in the open air, and before a palace of fantastic architecture. Gabriel does not come alone to perform his mysterious mission; two other angels accompany him. The Virgin is represented as too vigorous, too masculine for a young girl. This last fault is more or less common to all the figures of Madonnas or women painted by Andrea del Sarto; and arises no doubt from his taking for his model his own wife, Lucrezia della Fede, a beautiful widow and coquette, whom he married while still young. She persuaded him to commit a great fault, that of wasting in foolish expenses the money entrusted to him by Francis I. for the purchase of pictures and statues. She became the torment of his life, and finally left him to die alone. We must also mention his own portrait, a fine, mild face, rather sad and suffering; and also the last of his works, the *Virgin and four Saints*, which a sudden death prevented him finishing. His pupils, among whom were Vasari, Pontormo, and Razzi, completed it.

Of a timid, modest, simple nature, without ardor or pride, but possessing a "genius full at once of kindness and forethought, of pliancy and boldness, of reserve and enthusiasm," the very excellent Andrea del Sarto, as Vasari calls him, received the noble surname of *Senza errori*, from the purity of his design,

the correctness and power of his coloring, the grace of his attitudes, and the harmony and unity of his compositions, which can be understood at a glance.

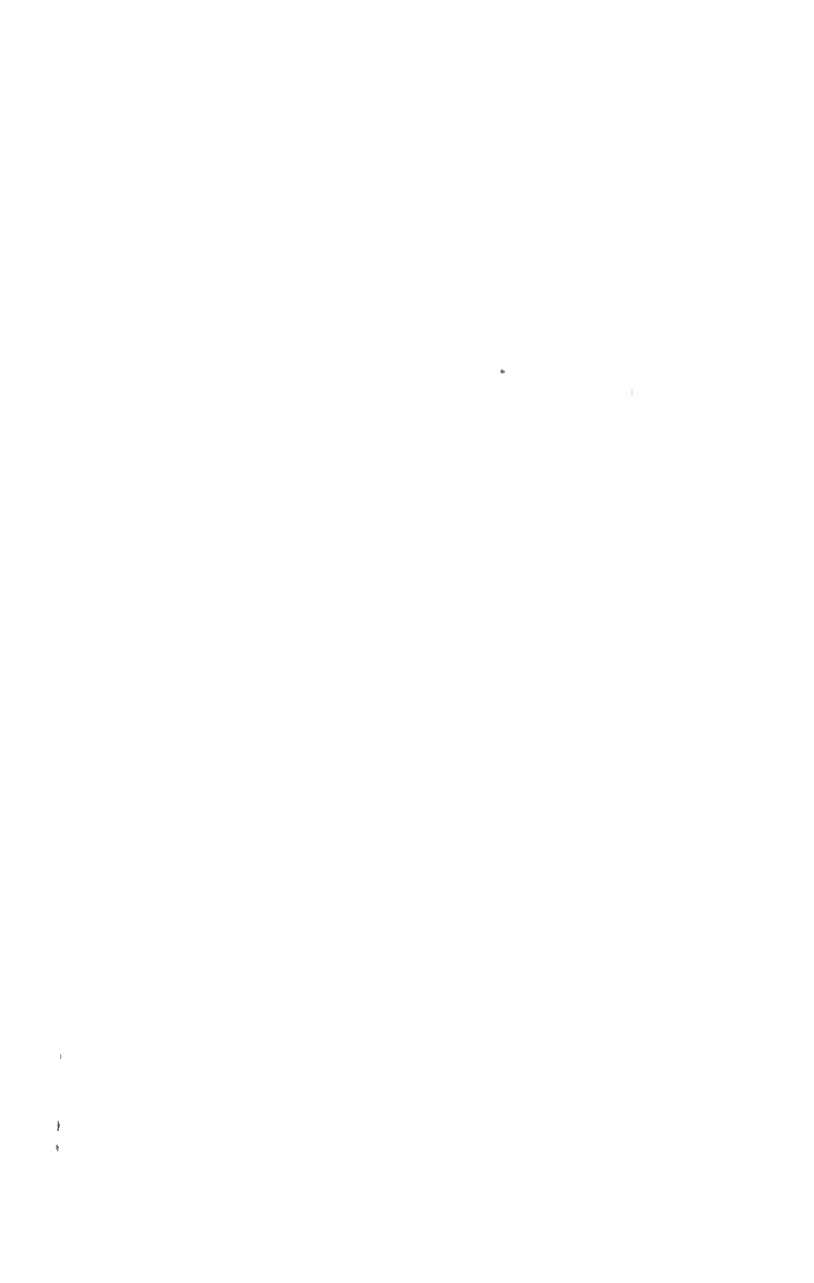
The admirers of del Sarto should not leave Florence without visiting the old church of the *Annunziata*, the cloister of which contains a precious series of frescoes by Poccetti, Rosselli, and others; but these are all eclipsed by the admirable and celebrated *Madonna del Sacco*, which he painted over the entrance-door, to accomplish the vow of a good woman at confession. Unfortunately, I cannot point to any important work of Andrea's in France, not even in the Louvre; and to find his paintings out of Italy, we must go either to Munich and Berlin, or to Madrid. In the Pinacotheca of Munich there are two *Holy Families*, in the larger of which St. Elizabeth and two angels complete the composition. They are equal to the best works in the Pitti palace, and we are really charmed to find, among so many miserable imitations of Andrea del Sarto, the defects of which are usually laid upon him, some works by his own pencil, in which we can recognize the enlightened thinker, the skilful grouper, the correct designer, the powerful colorist, in short, the *master* in every branch of the art.

At Berlin there is another great composition, no less finished and complete in execution than in conception, and in which del Sarto displays all his power. This is also a *Virgin in Glory*, that subject which has been treated by painters of every school and



THE ENTOMBMENT OF CHRIST.—BY ANDREA DEL SARTO.

In the Museum of the Louvre, Paris.



period, and which seems to have aroused the emulation of them all. On a throne, supported by the clouds and surrounded by cherubim, the Holy Mother is seated, holding the infant Saviour in her arms. Two groups of saints form her celestial court; to the right are St. Peter, St. Benedict, St. Onophrius; to the left, St. Mark, with the lion, St. Antony of Padua, St. Catherine of Alexandria; the two first of each group are standing, the third kneeling; in the foreground are half-length portraits of St. Celsus and St. Julia. We know of what importance is a picture by del Sarto containing twelve personages; but this is still more striking for its merits than for its size. It is painted on panel, and though rubbed in some parts, this magnificent picture yet joins the most brilliant coloring to the greatest elevation of style. I do not hesitate to declare that this is the most precious work of art from the south in Berlin. The date it bears is 1528. Andrea, then, must have painted it on his return from France, and two years before the plague terminated his short life, which had been embittered by jealousy, misery, and remorse.

Amongst the six pictures by Andrea which are in the museum of Madrid, there is one—the *Sacrifice of Isaac*—which is thought to have been one of the two paintings which on his return to Italy he had intended to have sent to Francis I., to implore his forgiveness for his fault. If the other were as admirable as this, the two might have equalled the value of the money which that prince had confided to him for the purchase

of works of art, and which, notwithstanding an oath he had taken on the Gospels, Andrea allowed to be frittered away by the beautiful and capricious widow he had just married. This picture, like the *Vision of Ezekiel*, and, indeed, like nearly all the works of Poussin, proves that there is no need of large proportions to give an elevated style. It would be difficult to compose a subject with more skill and clearness, or to give it more vigor and effect. It has been said that the principal figure in the picture—the young Isaac, who bows his head with such submission under his father's knife—has been copied from one of the children of Niobe, in the famous antique group in the museum of the Uffizi. Far from detracting from the merit of Andrea, this would prove that, although especially great as a colorist, he studied severe drawing in his most perfect works, and that he knew to how great an extent the arts are intended for mutual help, and how well each may furnish the other with excellent models.

But what I consider the most astonishing work in Spain of the painter—who was called by his contemporaries *Andrea Senza errori*—is a simple portrait, that of his wife Lucrezia della Fede. This portrait has been placed as a pendant to the *Mona Lisa* of Leonardo da Vinci in the Madrid gallery. It deserves and justifies such an honor. I consider it to be its equal in painting, and, thanks no doubt to the beauty of the original, it is still more charming and lovely. It is one of the most beautiful portraits of a woman

which I can remember. The beauty of the model—idealised perhaps by love—the grace of the position, the exquisite taste in the dress, and the wonderful execution of the whole, combine to render this picture interesting in the history of painting. It has a double title to be so, as it is the type of all the women painted by Andrea, even of his Madonnas, and also it is a masterpiece in his style, as the *Madonna della Sedia* is in that of Raphael. And really these two pictures, so different in subject, bear a singular resemblance to one another. There is the same modest and piquant beauty which attracts homage; there is the same powerful and victorious charms in both pictures. Why did not poor Andrea, when tormented by his conscience, send as an excuse to his royal creditor, instead of *Abraham*, or any other biblical subject, the portrait of this tempter, more dangerous and more irresistible than our first mother Eve? He would have been justified, and have died without remorse.

We could not justly terminate our review of the illustrious Florentines if we did not mention the family of the Allori. The oldest, Angiolo Allori, better known under the name of *Bronzino* (1502–1572), has left in the Gallery of the Uffizi a *Descent into Hades*, which is considered his chef-d'œuvre in works of sacred history, and which takes rank amongst the classical productions of art. In the Pitti palace there are portraits by him, a style of painting which he cultivated with more success than history. All these works are those of an artist who was, in easel-pictures

the imitator of the frescoes and cartoons of Michael Angelo, and who even imitated him in satirical verses called *Cupitoli*. As a painter he remained faithful to the manner of his master, whose accuracy and vigor in drawing he has preserved, with less contorted forms and a more correct and lively coloring. The second Bronzino, Alessandro Allori, the nephew and disciple of the preceding, departed still further from the school of Michael Angelo, giving to his coloring more softness and vivacity. As for the third Allori, Christoforo, the son of Alessandro (1577-1621), who was the pupil of Cigoli, an imitator of Correggio, he entirely abandoned his grandfather's style in order to follow that of the master of his choice, which seems to take him from the school of Florence and to place him in that of Parma. His most celebrated pictures are in the Pitti palace—the *Hospitality of St. Julian*, and *Judith after the murder of Holofernes*.

The former, which was taken to Paris, is a magnificent composition, finished off with that minute and jealous care which Allori gave to all his works. He was never contented with himself, and he often spoiled fine works by putting too many finishing strokes. The *Judith* appears to me finer than the *St. Julian*. It enjoys a fame which makes praise unnecessary. But I cannot pass over in silence the anecdote which gave rise, it is said, to this picture. This magnificent Judith, so proud and imperious, is the portrait of a mistress of Allori, named Mazzafirra. The attendant holding the bag is the woman's mother; in the severed

head of Holofernes he painted his own features. He intended to indicate in this allegory the torture he constantly experienced from the capricious pride of the daughter and the greedy rapacity of the mother.

It would be unjust not to mention, at least the name, of the historian Giorgio Vasari (1512-1574), better known by his book than by the works of his pencil. Although he has left many frescoes in churches and palaces, his easel-pictures are very rare. Vasari himself says of his works: "I did them with a conscience and love which render them worthy, if not of praise, at least of indulgence." There is evidence of haste in the execution of his works, which the process of fresco then rendered indispensable in mural painting, but which was quite unnecessary on canvas or panel. We see in Vasari both the Florentine style and one imitated from Michael Angelo, whom he knew at Rome when he was old, and whom he loved as a father and admired as a master.

We shall conclude with a Florentine painter who was very fertile during a laborious life of seventy years, and whose renown has surpassed his merit. This is Carlo Dolci, whom the Italians also call Carlino (1616-1686). One might almost suppose that Vasari was thinking of him when he said of an earlier painter (Lorenzo da Credi): "His productions are so finished, that beside them those of other painters appear coarse sketches. . . This excessive care is no more worthy of praise than is excessive negligence; in everything we should keep from extremes, which

are equally vicious." This reflection serves to judge the works of Carlo Dolci on the material side. If we examine them from a moral point of view, we find their principal characteristic to be a feeble, insipid affectation of religious feeling. He does not attain to the mystic devotion of the art of Fra Angelico and Morales, but stops short at narrow devoteeism. The last of the Florentines in age, he was so also in style and taste. With him expired the great school which had been rendered celebrated by Giotto, Masaccio, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Fra Bartolommeo, and Andrea del Sarto. And yet it is to be regretted that there is no specimen of Carlo Dolci at the Louvre. If the painters of the periods of decay should never, any more than the poets, be chosen as models for study, they are yet of real use when placed near the works of classic masters, because they serve as examples of the most dangerous of all faults, those which are agreeable or fashionable, in contrast with severe, solid, and eternal beauties. The taste becomes formed by discriminating between these, and talent learns to shun the defects of the one whilst imitating the beauties of the other. Hence the works of Carlo Dolci have a use even by the side of those of Michael Angelo and Raphael.

ROMAN SCHOOL.

We have now come to these two illustrious rivals, whom it was necessary to reserve till the last, since they

form the bridge between the Roman and Florentine schools ; or rather, since, coming from Florence, they founded the school at Rome, which city, strange to say, had in fact no school before their time, as it had none after them and their immediate disciples. If any one were to ask who, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, were the two great rivals whose contest was watched by the whole of Europe, politicians would reply : Francis I. and Charles V. ; but artists : Raphael and Michael Angelo. "They have been the only conquerors in art," say the annotators of Vasari, "and nothing can be compared to the enthusiastic acclamations of the people who saw them produce the *Cartoon of the Pisan War*, the paintings in the Stanze of the Vatican, those in the Sistine Chapel, and the *Transfiguration*. Not a single voice arose to contest their victory ; more than a century passed before emboldened criticism dared to stammer out its first objections. . . . After vain attempts to attack Raphael and Michael Angelo, it at last had recourse to the expedient of the lapidary, who attacks the diamond with the diamond. It opposed Michael Angelo to Raphael and Raphael to Michael Angelo ; but though continually brought into opposition for more than three centuries, Raphael and Michael Angelo only appear the more radiant."

Montesquieu compared Raphael to Fénélon and Michael Angelo to Bossuet. Since the age of Montesquieu we can find a more apt comparison, not, however, in literature, but in the art of music. Mozart

may represent Raphael, and Beethoven, Michael Angelo. Like the illustrious painters, they are constantly placed in contrast, and the comparison only increases their reputation, throwing additional glory upon each.

When Michael Angelo Buonarotti (1474-1564), who had for nurse the wife of a stone-mason, carved, at fifteen years of age, as a pastime, that mask of a Faun which won for him admission to the academy of Lorenzo the Magnificent, no one—not even he himself—surmised that, in addition to becoming a great statuary, he would also become a great painter and architect.

This is not the place to enumerate his triumphs as a sculptor, from the *Drunken Bacchus*, now in the Uffizi of Florence, to the *Moses* in the church of San Pietro in Vincula, at Rome; but we may relate as a unique event in the history of art how he was enabled to fulfil the proud boast: "I will build the Pantheon of Agrippa in the air." It was in 1546 that the pope Paul III., "inspired by God himself," as Vasari says, named Michael Angelo, then seventy-two years old, architect of St. Peter's. Michael Angelo refused at first, but he was obliged to give way, and began at this advanced age his apprenticeship in this new art. Wild, morose, misanthropic, brusque in words without being unkind, full of uprightness and probity, living with sobriety in a complete solitude, refusing all presents as so many bonds difficult to shake off, Michael Angelo changed all the plans, which had till then been a fruitful source of profit, "a

veritable shop," for the various superintendents of the works. In the decree of Paul III. naming him architect-in-chief, with full powers, he caused to be inserted a proviso that his services should be gratuitous. Michael Angelo worked during eighteen years at the building of the cupola, that is to say, until he died, after having been employed, praised, and respected, by the popes Julius II., Leo X., Clement VII., Paul III., Julius III., Paul IV., and Pius IV., by Francis I. of France, the Emperor, Charles V., the Sultan Soliman, the signory of Venice, the Medici, and the Republic of Florence.

It was also by compulsion that Michael Angelo became a painter before being an architect. From the first he had shown himself an admirable draughtsman. At twenty-nine years of age, and in rivalry with Leonardo da Vinci, he had drawn that famous cartoon named the *War of the Pisans*, because it represented an incident of the struggle between Florence and Pisa. This wonder in the art of drawing became the common school of all the artists of Italy. Taking advantage of the troubles with which Florence was agitated, at the time of the fall of the republican Gonfalonier Soderini and the recall of the Medici, in 1512, the sculptor Baccio Bandinelli, an arrogant, envious, and cowardly rival, obtained admittance to the hall where this masterpiece was kept, and cut it to shreds. The engraving, which has preserved a part of it, was made from a copy taken before this wanton crime was committed.

The Sistine Chapel at the Vatican is for Michael Angelo, as a painter, what the Stanze are for Raphael—his domain, his kingdom, his triumph. Twelve immense frescoes, the works of eminent artists, Luca Signorelli, Sandro Boticelli, Cosimo Rosselli, Ghirlandaio, and Perugino, entirely cover the two side walls, and show at once by their preservation and beauty what might be expected from frescoes. But all of these are crushed by the superiority of the two works by Michael Angelo, the ceiling and the *Last Judgment*. It was the warlike pope Julius II., who, having sent for him to Rome, commanded him to paint the ceiling—that is to say, to fill with painting all the compartments of an ornamented vault which covers the whole chapel. Michael Angelo only accepted by constraint, and in spite of himself, this vast commission, for he was unskilled in the processes of fresco-painting, and the furious impatience of Julius II., who felt that he was growing old, did not allow him to finish his work as he would have desired. The pope wished that he should enliven his pictures by puerile ornaments. “Holy Father,” he replied, “the men whom I have painted were not wealthy, but holy persons, who despised riches.” Michael Angelo began this great work in 1507, and marvellous to relate, finished it in the space of twenty months, alone, and without assistance of any sort. As he made his own sculptor’s tools, so he made for himself, in order to work during the night, a sort of cardboard helmet, at the top of which he fastened a candle, leaving thus



THE CREATION OF MAN.—BY MICHAEL, ANGEL.

In the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican, Rome

both hands free, yet carrying his own light. He shut himself up during whole days in the chapel, the keys of which had been given him, and allowed no one to enter—not even to prepare his colors. It is however believed that Bramante obtained leave of entrance for his nephew Raphael, who thus studied the style of Michael Angelo before commencing the frescoes in the Stanze and the Loggie, and who certainly imitated him in the figure of the prophet Isaiah at the church of St. Augustine, as if wishing by anticipation to contradict the saying of Madame de Staël—Michael Angelo is the painter of the Old Testament, Raphael the painter of the Gospel.

The ceiling of the Sistine contains, in its numerous compartments of all shapes, several subjects taken from the Old Testament, and, in its twelve pendentives, different isolated personages, such as patriarchs, prophets, and sibyls. All these compositions are known from engravings, and it is seen with what wonderful skill Michael Angelo adjusted them in the frames so ill-contrived for large painting. When he had to depict, for example, the creation of the world, there was so little room, that he was only able to show the head and hands of the Eternal Father. But that head and those hands which fill the whole frame give a clear idea of the Great CREATOR—all intelligence and power. In the midst of these strong, terrible, and sometimes grotesque figures, with which the capricious compartments of the vault are filled, the *Creation of Eve* is a picture of such charming grace

that it arrests the spectator. As for the *Creation of Man*, "it is, in my eyes," says M. Constantine, "the



THE ERYTHRAEAN SIBYL.

In the Sistine Chapel. By Michael Angelo.

most sublime point to which modern art has risen. . .
What power in the gesture of the Creator ! He passes

and without deigning to stop, he creates man. . . This piece unites everything, the sublime in thought and



THE DELPHIC SIBYL.

In the Sistine Chapel. By Michael Angelo.

the sublime in execution ! ” Amongst the prophets we remark Isaiah buried in such profound meditation,

that he seems to turn himself slowly even at the voice of the angel who calls him. The sibyls have a mid-



THE PROPHET JOEL.

In the Sistine Chapel. By Michael Angelo.

dle character, between the inspiration of a saint and the fury of a sorceress, which well accords with the strange

equivocal part which the church has assigned to them. In all this great work "there is," says M. Charles Blanc, "a singular contrast between the pride of invention and the apparent facility of execution. The general appearance of the heads is formidable, but the colors are broken and softened; the thought is superb, but the touch is delicate. These terrible figures speak strongly to the soul and softly to the eyes." It is vexatious not to be able to admire at leisure the infinite details of this magnificent ceiling, in which Michael Angelo seems to have understood the *beautiful*, like the ancients, by seeking it in greatness, and the *true*, which excludes neither simplicity nor grace. But besides that it is not easy to penetrate into certain parts of the chapel, which are thus too far from the eye, it would be necessary, in order not to dislocate one's neck, to imitate a certain English visitor, who, lying down without any ceremony on his back, with an opera-glass in his hand, shifted his vertical observatory from place to place. This is the inconvenience of all ceilings.

The great fresco of the *Last Judgment*, which occupies the whole wall opposite the entrance, was executed thirty years after the paintings on the vaulted ceiling, and the change which that period had made in the character of the man is shown by the change in the style of his work. It was after his quarrel with Julius II., and the strange reconciliation which followed it--after his embassy to Bologna--after the long siege of Florence, in 1530, when this republican

town struggled alone, long and valiantly, against the pope, the emperor, and the Medici, leagued together for its ruin, when Michael Angelo, named by the council of the ten *procuratore generale* of the works of defence, remained six whole months on the Hill of San Miniato;—it was after the chief acts of his political life that he resolved to paint a subject so thoroughly in accordance with the nature of his stern and rugged genius. When informed of the studies Michael Angelo was engaged in, the pope Paul III. went to the studio of the artist, escorted by ten cardinals, and with this pomp and solemnity, unusual in the arts, entreated him to execute, on the large panel in the Sistine Chapel, the work for which he had prepared the cartoons under the pontificate of Clement VII. Michael Angelo began his picture in 1532, and uncovered it nine years later, on Christmas day, 1541, having then reached the age of sixty-seven.

Always fond of solitude, and having passed a life without pleasures, without amusement, and without any other passion but that of art, his imagination still full of the horrors of which he had been the witness and almost the victim at the taking of Florence by the Medici, and the sack of Rome by the troops of Charles V., his mind filled with the poems of Dante, a faithful disciple of the Reformer-Martyr, Savonarola, bearing also the name of the Angel of Justice, as Raphael had borne that of the Angel of Mercy, all the wild melancholy with which the soul of Michael Angelo was filled burst forth in this composition.

One would say that Bossuet was interpreting Michael Angelo, when he says, in his sermon on the Last Judgment: "Yes, I avow it, God also will become cruel and pitiless. After his goodness has been despised, he will carry his vengeance so far as to wash his hands in the blood of sinners. All the just will join in derision with God; they will laugh at the sinner, and say: 'This is the man who put not his trust in God.'" And, indeed, the *Christ* of Michael Angelo is rather a thundering Jupiter than the merciful Redeemer of men, the Lamb, the humble Son of Mary; and the angels, the saints, the elect, seem also as fierce and furious as the demons and the reprobates.

I need not go into all the details of this vast poem, in which appear three hundred personages. It is sufficient to mention that Michael Angelo has depicted the scene described in this verse of St. Matthew: "They shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory;" that in the centre of the higher part or celestial seat of Christ is the inexorable and terrible judge, who weighs in just balances the actions of men, without being softened even by the tears of His mother; that around Him, and the prophets or saints attendant on Him, a group of criminals await anxiously the sentence of His mouth; that the angels who execute His decrees take up the saints to heaven or deliver the condemned to the hands of devils; that in the lower or terrestrial part, where on one side the dead awake at the blast of the everlasting trumpets, on the other a group of

the condemned, personifying sins and vices, are piled on the fatal boat which is about to be engulfed in a mouth of Hell.

If the multiplicity and complication of the episodes require a long and sustained attention, at all events these principal features stand out clearly, and give an easy key to the whole composition. Instead of entering into all the details of the picture, it will be better to warn those who see this fresco, either in the original or in a copy, against the pretended faults which every one thinks he discovers at a first glance, and which certainly could not have escaped the painter himself, any more than the thousands of visitors who for more than three hundred years have pressed around his work. Whatever Michael Angelo did here he did of set purpose.

The first of these faults, so often discovered and so often condemned, is the disproportion in the figures. Some of them, such as that of Christ, His immediate attendants, and the group of the elect, are double the size of the others in the lower part. They also show in the highest degree those athletic forms, those signs of enormous strength, which Michael Angelo affected and even carried to an extreme. This disproportion is glaring, and for that reason we must seek another explanation than a blunder of the artist. We must not attribute it either to a material calculation or to an exaggerated effect of perspective; for if Michael Angelo had wished that result, when he gradually made the figures larger from the bottom to the top,

from the condemned to Christ, he would not have failed to carry it still further ; but, on the contrary, the higher groups, for example that of the angels who bear the instruments of the Passion, gradually diminish until they become the size of the men at the bottom of the picture. Michael Angelo had another motive. He was not able to treat this final completion of the drama of humanity as a scene of ordinary life, or a simple historical picture ; he was obliged, in order fully to translate his thought, to have recourse to old Byzantine allegories, and in that thought the disproportion of height and strength between the elect and the lost simply indicates the superiority of the former over the latter. It seems useless to seek in more or less ingenious commentaries another reason for a fact which can be so easily explained.

The second fault which has been frequently pointed out is not physical but moral. This is that he has placed in the group of the condemned, to the right of the picture, some figures which are too grotesque for the holy grandeur of the subject, and details so childish and comic as to be more suitable for a *Temptation of St. Anthony*, by Callot or Teniers, than for a severe and biblical work. This reproach seems better founded, and it must be allowed that the part of the picture which incurs it does not possess all the elevation and majestic beauty of the rest of the composition. But if this defect cannot be justified it can at least be explained. Pious and austere, a sort of Jansenist at Rome, and a fiery republican at Florence,

Michael Angelo, who was a poet in several ways, has written a lively satire in a corner of the picture, and has avenged himself thus by indestructible epigrams on those whom he could neither reform nor vanquish. Pride, ambition, avarice, luxury, every vice piled in this corner, and clothed in burlesque attributes—these are the great dignitaries of the church who dishonored the Roman purple, and the members or chiefs of the powerful family which was depriving his country of her liberty.

I should prefer, if it were really necessary to find faults in this great picture, to mention one which has not often been noticed; I should rather choose to wonder why Michael Angelo, having at his disposal all the religious symbols and the beliefs of tradition, should not have marked the difference more clearly between the natures of heavenly and earthly beings. All the angels, as well those who sound the trumpets to awake the dead, as those who execute the decrees of Christ, and even the Judge Himself, are merely men—fighting athletes. There is nothing to distinguish them from common mortals; no glories, no extended wings, none of the insignia admitted alike by religion and art. From this there arises a little confusion, or rather an increase of the confusion unavoidable in so vast and complicated a subject. As for the qualities of the work, the majesty of the arrangement, the grandeur of the whole, the variety of the details, the beauty of the groups, the unrivalled perfection in the drawing, the boldness of the attitudes and fore-

shortening, the knowledge displayed of muscular anatomy, it would be really childish to dwell on these different points, and to add our praises to the long acclamations of all artists, who for more than three centuries have proclaimed the wonderful merit of this gigantic chef-d'œuvre. "We may esteem ourselves happy," exclaims Vasari, "when we have seen such a prodigy of art and genius."

The fresco of Michael Angelo was not yet finished when it was nearly being destroyed. From the denunciation of his chamberlain, Biagio of Cesena, who considered the painting more suitable for a bath-room or even a tavern than for the pope's chapel, Paul III. had, for a short time, the wish to have it destroyed. To revenge himself on his denunciator, Michael Angelo condemned Biagio to the pillory of immortality. He painted him amongst the condemned under the form of Minos, and according to the fiction of Dante in the fifth canto of the "Inferno ;"

Stravvi Minos orribilmente e ringia,

that is to say, with the ass's ears of Midas and a serpent for a girdle, which recalls the lines of an old Spanish romance, on the King Rodrigo, crying out from his tomb :

Ya me comen, ya me comen,
Por do mas pecado habia.

Biagio complained to the pope, demanding that at least his features should be effaced. "In what part of his picture has he placed you?" asked the pope.—

“In hell.”—“If it had been in purgatory, we could have got you out, but in hell, *nulla est redemptio*.”

In his turn the timorous Paul IV. wished to get rid of all the nudities which such a subject rendered inevitable. He sent to demand the sacrifice of Michael Angelo! “Go and tell the pope,” replied the artist coldly, “that he had better turn his attention to reforming men; this is less easy and more useful than correcting paintings.” A little later, his pupil, Daniel of Volterra, undertook the ridiculous labor—a real sacrilege towards art—of clothing these very innocent nudities; which procured him the surname of *Bracchettone* and some piquant verses by Salvator Rosa.

The *Last Judgment*, much injured by time, damp, the smoke of incense and tapers, and much neglected by the guardians of the Vatican, has been besides ignominiously spoiled by an alteration in the architecture which has cut off all the higher central part of the fresco, that in which the Eternal Father and the Holy Spirit were represented, and which thus completed the meaning of the composition. This part is now only known by old copies made before the end of the sixteenth century. This is not all; for several months of the year, and precisely those during the season best suited for travelling, an altar surmounted by a huge canopy is placed exactly in the middle of the fresco, and on the left side a dais, under which the pope sits when present at the services. The spectator, still more eager to see the work of

Michael Angelo than to hear the music of Palestrina or of Allegri, examines what he can of the rest of the picture, but without being able to approach nearer than the door, where the halbert of a stolid Swiss guard, in a motley dress of a hundred colors arrests him. It is the torture of Tantalus applied to the enjoyments of sight and of the soul.

It is known that Michael Angelo professed to esteem fresco painting alone, and that he despised easel pictures. "It is a woman's occupation," said he, meaning possibly Raphael. Hence the easel pictures he has left are extremely rare. Besides his portrait in the museum of the capitol, which is perhaps by him, there are only two known in the whole of Italy. That at the gallery of the Uffizi is supposed to represent the Virgin kneeling, who presents the child Jesus to Joseph over her shoulder, and in the background are naked figures as if leaving the bath. It is called a *Holy Family*, but I believe it is merely a human family and the personification of the three ages. It was done for a Florentine gentleman named Agnolo Doni, who having at first thought the price fixed by Michael Angelo (seventy crowns) too high, hastened afterwards to give double what the artist proudly demanded, for fear he should raise the price. Although Vasari quotes this picture in the gallery of the Uffizi as one of the most beautiful of those by Michael Angelo, we must not seek in it either simplicity of composition or graceful or powerful expression. It is a tortured subject, a confused mixture of

heads and limbs, of the boldest drawing certainly, and even of great finish, but in which the hard outlines and dry coloring take away all charm. The second picture by Michael Angelo is in the gallery of the Pitti palace. It is of the *Parcæ* or Fates. All the good qualities and defects of the before-mentioned painting are to be found in it; the same boldness of design and finish in execution; but also the same hardness of outline and dryness of coloring. The ancients, who everywhere sought and required the beautiful, made the Fates three beautiful young girls like the Graces. Michael Angelo has made them old, and belonging rather to the family of witches. Perhaps it is owing to him that this transformation has passed into a tradition. But it is possible that besides the *Three Ages* and the *Three Fates*, there may yet exist another easel-picture by Michael Angelo. At the exhibition of art in Manchester in 1857, connoisseurs agreed to restore to the great painter of the Sistine, an unfinished picture that had been ascribed until then to his master, Ghirlandaio. It is a Madonna with the infant Saviour and St. John, surrounded by a group of four angels. It is said to be superior to the other two works of the same nature, known to be authentic.*

“Michael Angelo,” say the commentators on Vasari, “was very original, without being absolutely the

* A very remarkable, though unfinished painting of *The Entombment*, attributed to Michael Angelo, has recently been acquired by the National Gallery in London.

creator of drawing and sculpture. He had studied Ghiberti and Donatello, Masaccio and Orcagna, Brunelleschi and Verocchio, and even Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael. He thankfully acknowledged his obligations to Dante and Giotto. His pencil had not the Lombard suavity of Correggio, the Roman grace of Raphael, the Venetian magic of Giorgione or Tintoretto, the Spanish richness and solidity of Murillo or de Ribera, the Flemish splendor and harmony of Rubens or Rembrandt, the French tranquillity and reflection of Lesueur or Poussin. His was a nature at once intrepid, strong, and obstinate. He had genius and method; genius by nature, method from his country, Florence. "My science," said he, "will produce ignorant masters." And indeed the servile imitation of Michael Angelo, the carrying his faults to excess and the absence of his good qualities, have thrown art into foolish exaggerations. Michael Angelo terminated the cycle of Florentine art which had been begun by Giotto. After him there only remained Rome—much fallen—Venice, which was also falling, and Bologna, which could not replace Florence, Rome, and Venice. Michael Angelo is himself the representative of the whole of the sixteenth century, with its melancholy regrets, its bold hopes, its long agony of trial, its gigantic result. Michael Angelo is the true statue of that age, its most faithful and complete image. For a long period he reigned alone, acknowledged by all as the legitimate, all-powerful monarch. When Michael Angelo died (1564), Galilec

was born, and science advanced to take the place of art."

This great man, says also Sir Joshua Reynolds, is he who possessed in the highest degree the mechanism and poetry of drawing. The noble character, the air, the attitude, which he has imparted to his figures, were all found in his sublime imagination, and even antiquity had not furnished him with models. The Homer of painting, his sibyls and prophets awake the same sensations as the reading of the Greek poets. And this comparison of Reynolds recalls the saying of the sculptor Bouchardon: "When I read the 'Iliad' I imagine that I am twenty feet in height." I will add this in conclusion: Michael Angelo, who was a painter and architect like Bramante, a painter and sculptor like Alonzo Cano, a painter and poet like Orcagna, Bronzino, Cespedes, and Salvator, a painter and statesman like Rubens, and greater than them all in every way, — Michael Angelo, when already old, executed, almost at the same time, the three masterpieces which have immortalized him in the three arts. He carved the *Moses*, he painted the *Last Judgment*, and he raised the dome of St. Peter's; a striking proof that in arts, as in literature, the best works are usually those of a man of genius in advanced life, when he is able to unite the experience and firmness of advanced life to the fire of an imagination ever young.

From Michael Angelo we pass to Raphael (1483-1520). We do not attempt to give here a history of

the painters ; we endeavor merely to trace a rapid sketch of the history of painting ; it will therefore suffice to remind the reader that the father of Raphael—Giovanni de' Santi, or Sanzio d'Urbino—after having given to his son the first lessons in an art in which



THE MADONNA DELLA CASA D'ALBA.

By Raphael.—In the Hermitage, St. Petersburg.

he had himself acquired some renown, had the modesty to see that he was not equal to the education of such a pupil, and the good sense to put him under the care of Perugino.

The first works of Raphael, which he executed at Florence, are only imitations of that illustrious master; amongst these are the *St. Nicholas* of Polentino, and the *Holy Family* of Fermo, each of them signed *Raphael Sanctius Urbinas ætatis XVIII. pinxit*. It is the Brera gallery at Milan that can boast of possessing the first important painting of the "Divine Youth," the *Sposalizio*, which he painted when twenty-one years old, for the little town of Città di Castello, near Urbino. In this *Marriage of the Virgin* Raphael still betrays something of the pupil. The almost too symmetrical arrangement of the two equal groups which meet just in the middle of the façade of the temple, which itself occupies the exact middle in the background of the picture, the figures usually long and thin—in short, all the details recall the style of Perugino rather than of Raphael. There is in it at least a remembrance of the great and fine fresco of Perugino in the Sistine Chapel, which represents the *Mission of St. Peter*. But what a style there is even in the imitation. What grace, unknown until then, is given to the attitudes, the faces, and drapery! What variety and happiness in the expression of modesty, joy, and jealousy! What perfection in the outlines! what exquisite finish! Perugino must have found in this work the early accomplishment of the prophecy he had uttered on seeing the first attempts of the child Raphael when he asked to be admitted to his studio, "Let him be my pupil; he will soon become my master."

Florence, the teacher of Raphael, and through Raphael of Rome, has preserved many works of this illustrious disciple of its school, and not merely of his youth, but of every period of his short life. There are six in the Tribune alone of the museum of the Uffizi. It is a happy circumstance that these belong to his three styles, or rather, to speak correctly, they illustrate three distinct periods of progress in one and the same style, and thus show the beginning, the growth, and the perfection, of that incomparable genius, whom death alone prevented from attaining to a still greater degree of perfection. Belonging to his first style is the portrait of a Florentine lady, whose name is unknown, seen in half-length and seated; she is painted in the style of Leonardo da Vinci, but with more timidity. There are two *Holy Families* in his second manner, both composed only of the Virgin and the two children, and both with landscape backgrounds. One, known by the name of the *Virgin with the Goldfinch* (Madonna del Cardellino), was done for his friend Lorenzo Nasi, in 1504. This picture was nearly being destroyed by a landslide on Monte Giorgio, which overwhelmed the house of the Nasi. But the fragments were found and carefully put together. It is unnecessary to give a long description of this charming composition, as the engravings of it are well known. The Virgin is represented seated with a book in her hand, whilst Jesus, standing between her knees and with His foot resting on hers, presents a bird to His young friend St. John,

with that ineffable look of holy affection that Raphael has sometimes given him. The other *Holy Family*, which has no particular name that I know of, is more studied perhaps, and of a more animated arrangement; the heads of the two children are of perfect grace and truth, and yet this picture is less attractive than the other, which, more simple and more modest, is really enchanting.

The three other pictures in the Tribune, *St. John in the Desert*, and the portraits of Julius II. and the *Fornarina*, are in Raphael's third manner. The *St. John*, the only fault of which is its too great youthfulness (required, however, by tradition), is very well known, because several copies of it were made under the eyes of Raphael, and these were so good that it was for some time doubted which was the original. But one circumstance, added to its striking beauty, decides the question in favor of the *St. John* of the Uffizi. This is that it is painted on canvas, and all the copies on panel. Now it is known that the primitive *St. John*, destined for the Cardinal Colonna, who made a present of it to his physician, Giacomo di Carpi, from whose hands it passed to the Medici, was painted on canvas. All the details of this picture besides corroborate this proof. The portrait of Julius II., of which several replicas exist—in the Pitti Palace, in the Museum at Naples, and in the National Gallery of London, has a vivacity of coloring which appears incredible after three centuries and a half. As for the portrait of the *Fornarina*, we cannot help

feeling some displeasure on seeing such fresh laughing features, so full of life and health, in that fatal beauty whose selfishness and jealousy shortened, it is



LA FORNARINA.

By Raphael. In the Uffizi Palace, Florence.

said, the precious days of the greatest of painters, who was finally consigned to a premature grave by a medical treatment still more fatal.* *La Fornarina* is represented in a rather strange costume ; she is clothed

* Raphael was killed by an unnecessary bleeding after a chill.
(Quatremère de Quincy.)

almost as a Bacchante, and wears on her left shoulder a panther's skin, the same which Raphael painted in the *St. John* and in the *Madonna dell' Impannata*. At the period when Vasari wrote his book the portrait of the *Fornarina* belonged to Matteo Botti, *guarda-roba* of the grand duke Cosmo I., to whom he left it by will. However, notwithstanding this testimony and tradition, many connoisseurs doubt if this portrait be really that of the baker's daughter of Trastevere, and even whether it be the work of Raphael. Some maintain that it is the portrait of the celebrated Marchioness of Pescara, Vittoria Colonna, by Sebastian del Piombo; others, the portrait by Giorgione of that much-loved mistress whose infidelity caused his death.

At the Pitti Palace there are eleven pictures bearing the name of Raphael. In this number are five portraits, besides the repetition of that of Julius II. These are the portraits of Angelo and Maddalena Doni; of the learned Latin scholar Tommaso Fedra Inghirami, who is called the Florentine Cicero; of the Cardinal Bernardo Davizi de Bibbiena, who wished Raphael to marry his niece;* lastly a full-length portrait of the pope Leo X., with the two cardinals Julius de Medici and de Bossi. We know what the portraits of Raphael are, especially when they belong, like this last, to his greatest style. All

* Raphael always deferred this marriage, expecting a promotion of cardinals by Leo X., who had promised him the hat. His premature end prevented both promotion and marriage.

praises would be superfluous. There is in the Louvre the portrait of the poet Baldassare Castiglione, the sight of which will give more effectual teaching on this point than any words could convey. We will confine ourselves to relating the little trick to which the Pitti palace owes the possession of the portrait of Leo X. It had been ordered of the great painter by the family of the Medici, to be offered as a present to the Duke of Mantua. But Ottaviano de Medici thought the portrait so fine that he wished to keep it, yet without withholding the promised present. He therefore charged Andrea del Sarto to make a copy, which was sent to Mantua as the work of Raphael, whilst the original, which had come from Rome to Florence, remained there.

One of the compositions of Raphael, which may without a play upon words be called at the same time one of his smallest, and yet greatest pictures, is the *Vision of Ezekiel*. Taking as his subject the sacred narrative as given in the first chapter of the prophet Ezekiel, a subject at once vast, grand, and complicated, Raphael has found means to represent it, without diminishing its grandeur, within the compass of a frame of a foot square. Taking the vision of Ezekiel, as it was then explained, for an apparition of Jehovah speaking by the voice of the four evangelists, he has wonderfully grouped the four symbolical animals at the foot of the Eternal, who seems to throw the lightning of His glance on His hard-hearted and rebellious people. In this little picture, so wonder-

fully finished, Raphael has proved incontestably that the greatness of a picture depends not on the dimensions of the frame, but on the style of the painting.

The other compositions of Raphael at the Pitti palace comprise the three different forms of Madonnas which he has so often and so variously repeated. The first is one of those glorified and triumphant virgins, who from her throne receives the worship of the angels and saints. The second is a complete *Holy Family*, where no person is wanting from the traditional number. The others are simple Madonnas, that is to say, the Virgin Mother bearing her child in her arms, and sometimes accompanied by His young precursor, St. John the Baptist. The name given to the first is the *Madonna del Baldacchino*, because the throne on which Mary sits is covered with a dais. This picture has several points of resemblance to the *Madonna di Foligno* in the Museum at Rome, and the famous *Madonna del Pesce*, at Madrid. The Holy Family has been called *dell'Impannata*, or of the paper window, because the house of the carpenter Joseph is represented with this humble substitute for glass used in dwellings of the poor. One of the two remaining Madonnas is called *del Gran Duca*, or *del Viaggio*. The Duke Ferdinand III., it is said, liked it so much, that he carried it about everywhere with him, and said his devotions before it morning and evening. It is one of the simplest Madonnas that the pencil of Raphael has produced. The Virgin Mother is shown in half-length

only, holding the Holy Child, still in early infancy, in her arms. With eyes cast down, and humble posture, she is so modest, so pure, so angelic, that Ferdinand might well carry the picture about with him as the ancients did their penates, and place it on the domestic altar amongst the relics of his patron saints.

But I much doubt if he would ever think of praying before the other Madonna of his palace, although much more celebrated and valuable as a work of art, and often called by connoisseurs the chef-d'œuvre of Raphael. After thus speaking of it, it is almost needless to add that I refer to the *Madonna della Sedia*. Three persons are here put into a small round frame, and notwithstanding this singular difficulty, doubtless imposed on him by the caprice of some purchaser, the arrangement is so natural, so graceful, and so perfect, that it might be supposed the free choice of the artist. Instead of finding in it the slightest embarrassment, as in a difficulty overcome, we see all the ease of spontaneous creation. St. John, thrown back a little in the shade, worships timidly and humbly Him whom it will be his glory to announce to the world. The child Jesus, in whom intelligence and goodness shine forth, but who appears rather pale and suffering, smiles sadly. He is represented as already the victim resigned to sacrifice and to the ingratitude of those for whom He is to suffer. As for the Virgin, leaning over the body of her son, whom she clasps in her arms, but turning her eyes on the spectator, she is very different from the usual type of Raphael's

Virgins, and from all the school which preceded him. This is the only one of his simple *Madonnas* who has not her eyes cast down. Belonging more to the world than the *Madonna del Gran Duca* and the *Madonna del Cardellino*, but still more beautiful, and



THE MADONNA DELLA SEDIA.

By Raphael. In the Pitti Palace, Florence.

adorned with rich ornaments and brilliant garments, she is the model of ideal beauty, but in accordance with Grecian rather than Christian thought. It is thus that I imagine that *Venus Anadyomene* of

Apelles, which all Greece came to see in his studio, as they did the *Venus* of Praxiteles, in the temple of Cnidus. Raphael has in fact here painted a Christian Venus. This is the most decided attempt that his art had yet made to free itself from the bonds of religious tradition, thenceforth to be treated with more independence than before, as a sort of mythology which the artist may interpret at will.

Before having seen the *Madonna della Sedia*, perhaps (I make the confession with humility) I had admired Raphael more from the accounts of others, and from the greatness of his fame, than from my own taste and convictions. There happened to me before this picture what often takes place in all the arts: it revealed its author to me, who until then I had very imperfectly understood. *Revelation* is the proper word, for it was only on my return that the works of Raphael, which I had before seen in Paris, Milan, and Bologna, appeared to me to possess really that divine beauty, that recognized superiority which I had granted them to some extent on the judgment of others, by habit and imitation. I visited the Pitti palace, as I did the rest of Italy and Europe, in the company of one keenly alive to the beautiful in all the arts and in every style. We stood long before this picture, devouring it with our gaze, and when at length we turned to each other, we found that the eyes of each were filled with tears. There is a point where admiration, like extreme joy, causes almost an agony of grief.

The *Madonna della Sedia* has been popularized by every method which is available to make the painter's work familiar to the world, by thousands of copies, of drawings, and engravings. Garavaglia, Raphael Morghen, and a hundred others in every country have striven who should best imitate it in engraving; and photography now attempts one of its miracles in the effort to reproduce it. I affirm however that those who have not seen it in the original do not know it. Still more, if I were king of Italy, a successor of the dukes of Tuscany, and this divine chef-d'œuvre belonged to me, I should certainly not carry egotism so far as to deprive the rest of the world of it; I should show it, on the contrary, to all comers. But I should forbid for the future all copies, painted or engraved. They are so many profanations. I should say: "Let those who wish to know Raphael well, come to Florence." There would be another advantage in this, if I am not mistaken: it is, that whilst learning to know Raphael, the visitor, artist, or student, would learn to know himself. It would be an infallible touchstone. Any man who remains a quarter of an hour before this picture, and is not moved to tears, who does not feel kindled in his breast the noble and holy sentiment called admiration, is not born for the arts, and will never understand them.

Amongst the works of Raphael we must not omit to mention what is, and always will be, the pearl of the museum at Bologna, the *St. Cecilia*, surrounded by the apostle St. Paul, the evangelist St. John, St

Augustine, and Mary Magdalene. He has represented her in an ecstasy, listening to celestial music, and letting fall from her hands a little portable organ, on which she had begun the concert, finished by the angels. The *St. Cecilia* was ordered of Raphael, in 1515, by a lady of Bologna named Elena dall'Olio Dnglioli, of the house of Bentivoglio, who was subsequently canonized. Thus the *St. Cecilia* came to Bologna, where it has since remained. It is too well known by all sorts of copies, commencing with those of Carracci and Guido, for a description to be necessary; it has, besides, no need of praise. I shall only make one observation, which may be useful to travellers in Italy. When any one enters for the first time into the Pinacotheca, and is quite dazzled by the brilliant colors and wonderful effects of light and shade familiar to the Bolognese, Raphael's picture, with its somewhat sombre and brick-like color, does not at first cause all the admiration which it ought to inspire. It is on our return from seeing the galleries of Florence and the Stanze of the Vatican, when we have learned to know nearly all the works of the "Divine Youth," and are thoroughly penetrated with the sublime beauties of his manner, it is then that we render him full justice, and recognize his immense superiority, even when surrounded by the finest works of Guido, Guercino, and Domenichino.

It is however at Rome, rather even than at Florence or Bologna, that Raphael is to be seen to the greatest advantage. Let us enter the Vatican.

Having become an architect when about thirty years of age, and at the same time superintendent of the excavations and antiquities, Raphael divided the seven last years of his life between the two arts, which he cultivated simultaneously. This is what Cardinal Bembo wished to express in the inscription on his tomb under the chapel of the Virgin at the Pantheon: *Julii II. et Leonis X., picturæ et architecturæ operibus, gloriam auxit.* This double character appears in the court known by the name of St. Damasus in the Vatican, where, as an architect, he raised a kind of façade, having three stories or galleries, which he decorated as a painter with fresco ornaments. The then recent discovery of the baths of Titus and Livia had brought into fashion that species of arabesques, called *grotteschi*, because they were in imitation of the pictures found in the excavations (*grotte*), and Giovanni da Udine, who before joining Raphael had been a pupil of Giorgione, had made this work easy by the discovery of an artificial stucco composed of pounded marble mixed with lime and white turpentine. Raphael himself adopted this sort of decoration. But, as mythological ornaments were scarcely possible in the palace of the popes, he invented Christian arabesques. In painting the thickness of the pillars, the space between the windows, and on the wall, he found means to place in each of the recesses of his galleries four pictures about six feet long by four wide, and the figures in which, about two feet in height, look smaller from the distance at which they are placed. Thus a

series of fifty-two pictures represent the principal events of Bible history from the beginning of the world to the Last Supper of our Lord with His apostles. This is what is called the *Loggie*, or sometimes Raphael's Bible.

Raphael did not do all this work with his own hand. Like a Roman patrician surrounded by his clients, he always left his studio at the head of a little army of painters, who called him master. He had sufficient tact to induce them to live in harmony together, and to work contentedly under his direction. These painters were Giulio Romano, il Fattore, Giovanni da Udine, Pierino del Vaga, Pellegrino da Modena, Polidoro da Caravaggio, and a crowd of others. In the *Loggie* there is no doubt that the choice of the subjects belonged to him, as well as the supervision and correction of the whole. Sometimes also he designed the pictures which his pupils painted. But there are only two or three which can be said to be entirely his in composition, drawing, and coloring; the *Almighty Dividing the Light from the Darkness*; the *Creation of the Firmament*, and, perhaps, also, the *Creation of Man and Woman*. These are the best and most celebrated of the series. The figure of the Almighty, clothed in a violet robe, as magnificent as any human representation can be, has as much grandeur, notwithstanding the small proportions of the picture, as the gigantic figures of Michael Angelo. That old, but at the same time ever-young figure, bringing order out of chaos, placing the sun in

the sky with one hand, whilst the other holds the moon, seems to fill the world. It may be that having begun the series, Raphael finished it also, and that the last picture, the *Last Supper*, was also by him. The best of the other pictures are considered to be, the *Three Angels before Abraham*, *Lot and his daughters flying from Sodom*, the *Meeting of Jacob and Rachel*, by Pellegrino da Modena, who, in beauty and expression recalls the style of his master; the *History of Joseph*, in four pictures, the *Building of the Ark*, the *Deluge*, the *Sacrifice of Abraham*, and *Moses saved from the Water*, by Giulio Romano. This last fresco is very remarkable for the landscape, where we at last find distance expressed in a natural and true background, a thing which was unknown in Italy until Raphael. As for the *Judgment of Solomon*, which is considered equal to those I have just mentioned, it seems to me far inferior to the masterpiece of Poussin, which however borrowed nothing from it, even in the violent action of the mothers. Poussin is also superior to Giulio Romano in the sombre subject of the *Deluge*.

Leaving the *Loggie*, which are painted under the external galleries, and have received many injuries, both from time and the soldiers of Charles V., and also from unskilful restorers, we enter the palace, and there find the galleries known as the Stanze of the Vatican. Here there are no longer ornaments, arabesques, and small figures, but vast works, the greater number entirely from the hand of the master. These

four halls have received a very commonplace name, the *Stanze*, or *rooms*; in them even the austere and grave Michael Angelo himself could find no fault, as they only contain frescoes and no easel-pictures. These halls are the triumph of art, which never appears more varied, more complete, or more powerful; the triumph of the artist, also, was never greater or more victorious. It is in the Stanze that we must judge of the painting of Raphael.

Let us first say a few words on the history of this immense work. The Stanze had been already painted in part by Bramantino, Pietro del Borgo, Pietro della Francesca, Luca Signorelli and Perugino, when Julius II., at the suggestion of Bramante, sent to Florence for the young Raphael, then twenty-five years old (1508), and entrusted to him one of the great panels in the large hall. Raphael painted on it the *Dispute on the Holy Sacrament*, and the pope, filled with admiration at the work of the painter, who was henceforth to be called the "divine youth," ordered all the other frescoes—whether begun or finished—to be effaced, in order that Raphael might complete the whole work. Raphael only succeeded in saving one from destruction, that in the entrance hall by his master Perugino. He worked in the Stanze during the remainder of his life; but being constantly interrupted in his work, by orders from popes or kings, he had not quite finished it at the time of his death.

Once at Rome, and commissioned to paint the

Stanze, Raphael grew with his work. He threw off all that had been narrow and local, whether derived from Perugia or Florence, whether belonging to Perugino, Leonardo da Vinci, or Fra Bartolommeo; he became *Catholic*, universal, and in his universality he represented wonderfully the school of Rome, the centre of Italian unity and of the Christian world. "He reunited the chain which bound together divers ages, creeds, and nations; in his vast conception he joined all pagan and all Christian antiquity. He brought into view, without incongruity and without offending the eye, the mind, or the taste, the doctors of the church and the philosophers of paganism." (The annotators of Vasari.) "In the frescoes of the Vatican," says M. P.-A. Gruyer, "Raphael has recapitulated the conquests of the Renaissance, at the same time that he has exalted the triumph of the church, and the independence of Italy. He has touched with an equally firm hand, the heights of religion and of science, of history and of poetry. After having risen to the most sublime abstractions, he shows human affairs under a light which magnifies, without disfiguring them, and he has brought into this service the most generous ideas, the most fertile genius, and the most perfect talent that the world has ever known." In a word, according to the expression of a poet, he made Italy the "Greece of the Gospel."

The first of the Stanze is called the *Stanza dell'Incendio del Borgo Vecchio*, because the subject of

the large fresco is the burning of the suburb called the Borgo, during the pontificate of St. Leo in 847. This suburb is that situated beyond the Tiber (Trans-Tevere), which contains St. Peter's and the Vatican. In this vast work Raphael seems to have described, not so much the scene itself,—of which probably few traditions remain,—as the burning of Troy as Virgil has described it. The fine group in which we can recognize Æneas carrying his father Anchises and followed by his wife, is by Giulio Romano. In this picture, the best figures in which seem to me those of the women bringing water, there are more nude figures than in any other work of Raphael, who appears to have avoided them with as much care as Michael Angelo took to introduce them everywhere. Opposite the *Incendio del Borgo*, is the *Coronation of Charlemagne by Leo III.*, a noble composition, but it is said that Raphael only drew the cartoon for this, and that it was colored by another hand after his death.

The second hall is named the *Stanza della Segnatura*. It is here that Raphael shows, by his most perfect works, the great height to which he had attained. On one side is *The Dispute on the Holy Sacrament*, also called *Theology*; on the other the *School of Athens*, which might be called *Philosophy*. These are the most sublime conceptions of the artist in historical painting. The subject of the former is not indicated by the title; it is a poetical image of the council of Placentia, which terminated, by an au-

thoritative decree, the controversies which had arisen about the Eucharist. This fresco of Raphael's, "the largest Christian epic that painting has ever traced," is in two parts, heaven and earth, united by the eucharistic mystery: above, the Blessed Trinity is represented, encircled by angels and having on either side a long range of glorified saints; on the earth, around the Host in a Monstrance surrounded by golden rays, there is a council assembled. In it we see doctors, old and young men, popes, bishops, priests, monks, and laymen. Dante, whom his contemporaries named *eximio teologo*, is sitting among these doctors of the church, not far from Jerome, Augustine, Ambrose, and Gregory, with Thomas Aquinas, Bonaventura, Duns Scotus, Nicolo di Lira, and even Savonarola, although burnt by order of a pope. Raphael painted himself with Perugino under the forms of mitred prelates. "Four children of inimitable grace," says Vasari, "are holding open the four Gospels, which four doctors of the church, illuminated by the Holy Spirit, resolve and explain, by the aid of the Holy Scriptures. The saints are seated in a circle in the air, and not only does the beauty of the coloring give them all the appearance of life, but the foreshortenings and the gradual receding of the figures are so judiciously managed, that they could not appear otherwise if they were in relief; the draperies and vestments are richly varied, and the folds are of infinite grace; the expression of the countenances moreover is celestial rather than merely human.

This is more particularly to be remarked in that of the Saviour, which exhibits all the mildness and clemency of the divine nature that could possibly be presented to the human eye by a mere painting. Raphael has given to the holy Patriarchs the reverence of age, to the Apostles the earnest simplicity which is proper to their character, and the faces of his martyrs are radiant with the faith that is in them. But still more richly varied are the resources of art and genius which this master has displayed in the holy doctors who are engaged in disputation. Their features show an eager curiosity, but also an earnest desire to discover the truth; this is made further manifest by the action of the hands, and by various movements of the person—all with most appropriate, but beautiful expression.” After contemplating this wonderful work by one still little more than a stripling of twenty-five, as his portrait, in addition to historical evidence, shows, we are forced to pardon Julius II. for his apparently unjustifiable action; no other, though of riper age or of greater experience, could have sustained a comparison with Raphael; to him alone, without a compeer, belongs this sanctuary of art.

No one has ever succeeded in making a subject so clearly understood at the first glance, or in conveying so fully the sense of unity in a vast whole, of the picturesque in symmetry and in all the details, in giving grace, elegance, elevation of style, and incomparable beauty to every part.

To find another work equal, if not superior to this, but which cannot be compared with it on account of the difference in style, the spectator must turn round, and reinforced with new courage in a new admiration, contemplate leisurely and lovingly the other immense picture of the *School of Athens*. This is like a speaking history of Greek philosophy, between the time of Pythagoras and Epicurus. Here also the general effect is imposing, the groups excellent, the details really wonderful, and throughout the picture there is an inexpressible strength, elevation, and firmness, which prove the maturity of his genius. "For the first time," says M. Ch. Blanc, "Raphael set foot on the soil of Greece; he entered that antiquity which is generally called profane, but which is sacred ground for the artist. Strange to say, Raphael had scarcely opened the history of the Greeks, when he understood it better than any one. He became imbued with their spirit. He now, by the force of his imagination, transports us to the midst of Athens, into the palace of Academus."

Fifty-two figures are assembled in this immense scene, the framework or back-ground being an early design by Bramante for St. Peter's. One common thought unites this large assembly—the worship of philosophy, of wisdom, and of science (*sapientia*). These are represented by the two great philosophical writers of Greece, Plato and Aristotle, that is to say, idealistic intuition and experimental knowledge. These seem to preside over the assembly. Near them

is the group of poetry, in which Homer is seen between Virgil and Dante, personifying the three great epics of Greece, Rome, and Christian Italy. On one side is the group of the Sciences, on the other that of the Arts. Raphael could not know the features, since become historic, of several great men, such as Homer for example, for the ancient statues and busts had not then been discovered; he was obliged to represent them after the ideal he had formed, as if they had been allegorical figures, and certainly we cannot regret his ignorance. He has revived antiquity by a sort of magic, far superior to acquired knowledge, or to the simple copy of known models. What book could give a more correct and rapid idea of the characters of the ancient philosophers than this fresco, "where Raphael rises so easily to the sublime in historical painting, and to the highest point of his own genius?" (Ch. Blanc.) Some of these figures, either named or without a name, are portraits of men of that time: thus Bramante is represented as Archimedes; Frederick II., duke of Mantua, is that handsome young man, bending with one knee on the ground to follow a geometrical demonstration; on the left hand, behind Zoroaster, who may be recognized by his starry crown, we find, as in the *Theology*, Perugino, and Raphael himself, now rather older than before, and more manly. In this picture he shows in a supreme degree what is so necessary, that great rule of the beautiful in art, variety in unity. He also displays a comprehensiveness of talent and style which

are perfectly well balanced. And this exact proportion between the different qualities, usually a distinctive characteristic of honorable mediocrity, becomes in him the signs of the greatest genius that ever existed, because of the height to which he carried each separate quality. "Raphael," add the annotators of Vasari, "possessed the power of depicting every beautiful thing, and he united them in still more beautiful harmony. This harmony in beauty, force, and conception, was the work of Raphael; it was his talent, his genius."

This admirable fresco of the *School of Athens*, one of the greatest works that the art of painting has ever produced, is unfortunately threatened with impending destruction. Although a more recent work, it is more injured than the *Dispute on the Holy Sacrament*. We cannot but reflect with bitterness that painting, the first of the three arts of design, is unhappily executed in materials so much less lasting than stone, marble, or bronze. Even in painting there are some kinds more perishable than others, and they are exactly those which were considered as durable as the buildings of which they formed a part; monumental painting first perishes under the hand of time. The frescoes, those great and magnificent pages of Italian art, are rapidly going to destruction. Scarcely anything is now visible of those in the Campo Santo, at Pisa; the wonderful *Last Supper*, by Leonardo da Vinci, is almost effaced; and now the *Last Judgment*, and the frescoes in the Loggie and

Stanze are threatened with the same fate. They will soon either fall into dust, or, becoming more and more effaced each year, they will gradually fade in indistinguishable shade, as day loses itself in night.

The third fresco in this hall is the *Parnassus*, another large profane, I was about to say pagan, composition, made in imitation of the ancient style and taste, that is to say, with great wisdom, but also with coldness. Groups of poets of different periods are mixed with groups of the Muses, in the midst of whom "stat divus Apollo." Among these poets we find Homer—still between Virgil and Dante—Pindar, Sappho, Horace, Ovid, Boccacio, Petrarch and his Laura, dressed as Corinna, then Sannazar, the now almost forgotten author of the great Latin poem, "De Partu Virginio." Tradition relates that after having placed a lyre in the hands of Apollo, Raphael substituted a violin for the ancient instrument. To explain this voluntary anachronism, it is said that it was either done to flatter Leonardo da Vinci, who, having become old, had taken a violent passion for the violin, which he played well; or in order to flatter Julius II., by deifying a certain *suonatore di violino*, his favorite musician. Raphael may have merely wished to make Apollo in harmony with the Christian archangels and cherubim, who in all the Italian paintings of the Renaissance, from Cimabue to Giotto, used, instead of lyres and harps, violins and viols for their celestial concerts.

Opposite the *Parnassus*, and above the high win-

dow, is the picture of *Jurisprudence*, which represents allegorically the three companion virtues of Justice, nobly grouped in a grand and beautiful composition; and in order that nothing may be wanting to this hall, the scene of his first efforts at Rome, and of which he wished to be the sole decorator, he has even painted the compartments of the ceiling. The four figures—Theology, Philosophy, Poetry, and Jurisprudence—recalling all the nobility of the ancient style, will remain inimitable models of serious allegory.

The third room is named the “*Stanza di Eliodoro*,” the principal picture in which is the history of Heliodorus. We learn from the book of Maccabees that this prefect or general of Seleucus Philopator, king of Syria, commissioned by his master to sack the temple of Jerusalem, was stopped at the threshold by angels who beat him with rods. Raphael, in the choice of this subject, made an allusion to his protector, the warlike Julius, who had said that he was obliged to throw the keys of St. Peter into the Tiber, and take the sword of St. Paul to drive out the barbarians; and in fact, adding the sword of the layman to the thunders of the church, and himself fighting in armor, he had succeeded in driving by turn the Venetians and the French from the patrimony of St. Peter. The allusion here is evident, even in the temple of Jerusalem; it is not the high priest of the Hebrews who presides at the punishment of the sacrilegious soldier, but the pope of the Christians, crowned with his tiara and carried on the *sella gestatoria*. The group containing the pope and his cortège, and that of the prostrate

Heliodorus, whose armor could not protect him against a simple sign made by the divine messenger, are the finest parts of this magnificent composition, which, in movement and vivacity, is equalled by no other of Raphael's works. Raphael, however, who drew the whole of it, only painted the principal group. That which contains several women was done by a pupil of Correggio, Pietro di Cremona, and the remainder are by Giulio Romano.

Julius II. no doubt intended to fill the whole of this *stanza*. It is thought that Raphael painted the *Deliverance of St. Peter* on this panel, because Giuliano della Rovere, before becoming pope, was the Cardinal of *San Pietro in vincoli*, an hereditary dignity in his family. Others, however, believe that this fresco was painted by Raphael on the accession of Leo X., who, when Cardinal Giovanni de Medici, had been made prisoner at Ravenna, and had escaped through a chance little short of miraculous. This would be to find a flattering resemblance in the new pope to the prince of the Apostles.

This fresco is divided into three compartments. In that on the right, are the soldiers who guard the entrance to the prison; in the centre compartment, St. Peter awakened by the angel; and in that on the left, the angel leading the apostle down a winding staircase. The principal effect of the picture arises from the contrast between the source of light in these divisions. The soldiers, in deep shadow, sleep under the dim light of a lamp, whilst the angel, luminous

as a star, diffuses a brilliant light in the prison. In producing such an effect, which any one would have thought conceived by the Flemish Gherardo delle Notti (Gherard Honthorst), Raphael has proved that he had a complete mastery over all the difficulties of his art, even those of color. Critics, who are so ingenious as to discover in the work of the painter thoughts which he had not conceived—which is often done by literary commentators—have believed that they recognized in the face of the Apostle a mixture of the features of the old Julius and the young Raphael. They say that he must have done as Apelles did, who, when painting a god for the temple of Ephesus, found means to combine in the masculine face of Jupiter, the effeminate features of Alexander. Visitors may be amused in discovering how far this supposition is consistent with truth.

Julius II. is also represented, in spite of the anachronism, as presiding in pontifical costume at the *Miracle of Bolsena*, one of the frescoes in the same room. This name of "Miracle," or "Mass of Bolsena," refers, I believe, to the tradition recording the supernatural conversion of a priest, who having doubted the real presence of our Lord in the Eucharist, suddenly saw, at the moment of consecration, drops of blood flow from the wafer.* In this very animated and effective fresco, which is arranged with so much skill in a space above a window, apparent-

* The linen cloth, said to bear the stains of this miracle, constitutes the greatest treasure of the beautiful cathedral of Orvieto.

ly too limited to be almost useless, the coloring is so strong and bright that it might be attributed to the Venetians.

St. Leo stopping Attila at the gates of Rome, is a subject which would certainly suit better the history of Julius II. than that of Leo X., who was a learned but timid pope, and loved peace as much as his terrible predecessor had loved war, and who placed the now well-known papal umbrella in the hands of his peaceful halberdiers. However, it was certainly in honor of Leo that Raphael painted this fresco, which was somewhat later in date than the three others in the same hall. Leo X. is represented as St. Leo, and behind him Raphael has placed himself bearing a cross, again accompanied by his old master Perugino. The greatest merit of this picture, or, at all events, that which first attracts attention, is the striking contrast between the Christian group of the pope in the midst of his attendants, displaying the calm majesty of faith and resignation, and the disorderly army of the Huns, in which are seen the fury and terror of superstitious barbarians.

The fourth room, "*Stanza di Constantino*," had been merely sketched by Raphael when death overtook him, in 1520. He had only finished the two allegorical figures of Justice and Mercy, both admirable from their beauty, their expression, and from the coloring, which is wonderfully bright. But he had attempted an important innovation, that of oil-painting on the wall. In fact, his sketch of the victory of

Constantine over Maxentius at the Ponte Molle, had been covered by his order with a coating of oil, on which he intended to paint this large composition. Giulio Romano, commissioned by the pope to finish it, did not dare to continue the experiment, and returned to fresco. This battle, in which the drawing of the master has been religiously respected by the disciple, is, I believe, the largest historical painting known. In the arrangement, the genius of Raphael appears powerful enough to grasp all the details of such a combat, and self-contained enough to reduce these confused details to order. As for the execution, which does great honor to Giulio Romano, it might have been reproached with being too crude, hard, and dark; but Poussin remarked that in such a subject these—perhaps voluntary faults—might be taken as excellences.

Raphael had also sketched the *Baptism of Constantine*, in the composition of which his powerful hand may be easily recognized. The painting itself, feebly executed, is by his pupil Gian Francesco Penni, called *il Fattore*, or *il Fattorino*, because he was charged with the household affairs, with which Raphael did not much concern himself. Raphael left him half of his wealth. As for the *Appearance of the Cross—In hoc signo vinces*—which makes a pendant to the *Baptism of Constantine*, it is believed that the whole work, sketch and painting, belongs to Giulio Romano, the other heir of Raphael. It is one of the works in which he has shown the greatest boldness

and vigor. In the background of this picture he has introduced some of the buildings of the Rome of his time, an authorised anachronism. But it has not been explained through what artist's fancy he has placed in an angle that hideous dwarf endeavoring to place a magnificent helmet on his deformed head—Thersites putting on the armor of Achilles. And yet this figure is celebrated even through its ugliness. It is, perhaps, the first example of the grotesque being mixed with the beautiful, an easy and dangerous expedient to produce an effect by contrast, and one which has been greatly abused.

It would be unjust not to mention the grisailles of the basement in this room and the preceding one, which are well executed by that Polidoro da Caravaggio, who, from being at first a mason's laborer, made himself a painter, by studying the frescoes of Giovanni da Udine, and was worthy to receive lessons from Raphael. His works complete the decoration of these famous camere. I hope to be pardoned for having dwelt longer here than on any other collection of paintings, because of their importance and the name of their author. We may say of them what Montesquien profoundly, if boldly, has said of the works of antiquity: "To believe that they may be surpassed will always be only to prove our ignorance of them."

Besides his frescoes, unhappily immortal rather by their merit than by the durability of their materials, Raphael has left in the palace of the popes three

pictures which have been less injured by time. They are now in the museum of the Vatican.

The first of the three, in order, is the wonderful *Madonna di Foligno* (also called the *Vierge au Donataire*). We have already mentioned it as among the most celebrated of the enthroned Madonnas surrounded by saints. This picture was ordered of Raphael by Sigismondo Conti, an officer of the household of Julius II. The painter has introduced him into the picture kneeling in the group on the left, opposite St. John the Baptist. It is a fine portrait of an old man, the striking reality of whose figure forms a happy contrast with the celestial character given to the Virgin and her son. From this portrait arose the name of *Vierge au Donataire*.

This masterpiece, the only equal of which in its particular kind is the *Madonna del Pesce* at Madrid, was painted before the *Coronation of the Virgin*, a large picture which Raphael several times began and then left for other work, and which at his death was still little more than a sketch. It was finished partly by Giulio Romano and partly by il Fattore, and their work is too visible for it to be attributed to their master. The sketch only is by Raphael.

To see Raphael in all his grandeur, his genius fully developed by labor and experience, we must contemplate his last work, *The Transfiguration*, which was placed over his head when he lay in state, and which was carried in the procession at his magnificent funeral obsequies like a sacred relic. Whilst

deploring the early death of Raphael when thirty-seven years old to a day,* profoundly lamented not only by his scholars, but by a sorrowing people, many have inquired if it were not a fortunate occurrence for his fame; if having already attained perfection, he would not have run the risk of surviving his genius. I cannot admit such a source of consolation. I believe that however perfect and great Raphael might be, he would have improved, and that after having surpassed all his rivals, he would have surpassed himself. Michael Angelo, who at fifteen years of age had sculptured the mask of a Faun, painted the *Last Judgment* at sixty-seven. Titian, who also began to paint when quite young, worked gloriously until the close of his life, prolonged to nearly a century. Poussin was seventy-one when he painted the *Deluge*, the last and best of his works. And Murillo, to conclude my examples, taking only the most notable, painted his most celebrated pictures between the ages of fifty and sixty-four, the close of his life. Had these four great men died at the same age as Raphael, they would have been far from taking the place they now occupy in the annals of art—that eminent rank to which universal admiration has raised them. But why seek proofs elsewhere than in the history of Raphael himself? Had he once gone back? Was he not always advancing, and was not this famous *Transfiguration*, the greatest height his genius reach-

* He was born on Good Friday, 1483, and died on Good Friday, 1520.

ed, the last of his works? Had he died sooner we should not have known what he could have done; had he lived longer, can we not believe that he might have done even greater? In the history of the arts there is another man who resembles Raphael in genius as in fate; Mozart also possessed a soul full of deep feeling, an exquisite taste, a sublime, varied, and fertile genius, both in its commencement and close. A composer at six years of age and dead at thirty-six, he crowned the list of his works by the "Requiem," and said when dying, "It is too soon; I had overcome every obstacle, and was going to write from the dictation of my own heart." It was too soon also for Raphael, and his unhappy death must ever leave a feeling of regret in the hearts of lovers of painting. "Oh most happy and thrice blessed spirit," says Vasari, "of whom all are proud to speak, whose actions are celebrated with praise by all men, and the least of whose works left behind thee is admired and prized! When Raphael died, well might Painting have departed also, for when he closed his eyes, she too was left as it were blind."

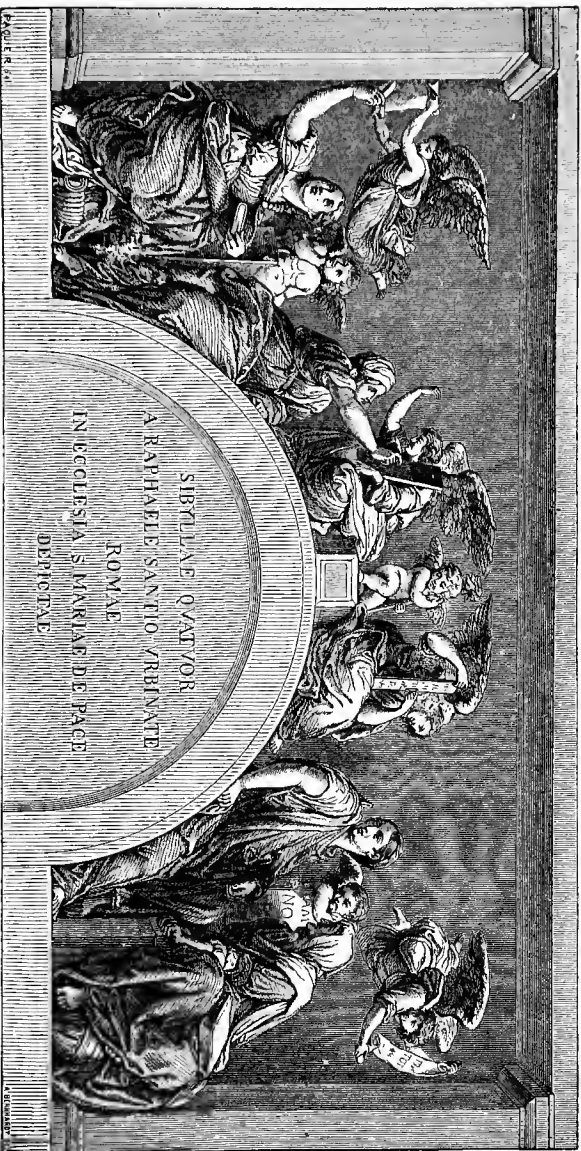
The picture of the *Transfiguration*, ordered by Cardinal Giulio de Medici, was intended for a small town in the south of France, Narbonne, of which he was archbishop. Rome however retained this greatest work of her painter. I am not aware that any adverse criticism has been passed on this picture, except that the action, being double, causes a want of unity. But we can refer those, who venture on this

criticism to Matt. xvii. for the scene here delineated. We there find not only Christ between Moses and Elias, and his three disciples, Peter, James, and John, dazzled by the brightness of the apparition and prostrate through terror; but also at the foot of the mountain, the people waiting for their Messiah, to bring to Him the child possessed by the devil to be cured. Vasari says of it, "In this work the master has of a truth produced figures and heads of such extraordinary beauty, so new, so varied, and at all points so admirable, that among the many works executed by his hand, this, by common consent of all artists, is declared to be the most worthily renowned, the most excellent, the most divine. But as if that sublime genius had gathered all the force of his powers into one effort, as one who had finished the great work which he had to accomplish, he touched the pencil no more."

Raphael had at first imitated Perugino. Afterwards he studied Leonardo da Vinci, and formed his style on that of the painter of the *Last Supper*; then from the *Frate* (Fra Bartolommeo) he learned perspective as well as some processes of drawing and coloring; then he studied Michael Angelo and anatomy, in order to paint the nude, foreshortening, and the articulation of limbs; he afterwards studied backgrounds, landscapes, animals, vestments, skies and effects of sunlight, shadow, night, and artificial light, and adding to all these acquirements his own genius, his feeling and passion for the beautiful, he attained the highest summit of perfection.

“The graceful Raphael Sanzio of Urbino,” says Vasari, at the commencement of his biography, “offers one of the most striking proofs of the munificence of Heaven, who is sometimes pleased to accumulate on one head gifts and graces which are more commonly distributed among a number of individuals. Such men are not men, but mortal gods.” “If Raphael is to be compared with other masters,” add the annotators of Vasari, “he will ever be found the greatest, because he alone has almost given speech to his mute art. The others make an impression and arouse thoughts by what they exhibit; but Raphael speaks—and we seem to hear the most harmonious and persuasive language. He is not deep and impenetrable, like Leonardo da Vinci; he does not overwhelm the spectator like Michael Angelo; he does not intoxicate like Correggio; he does not possess the magic of Titian, the pomp of Paolo Veronese or Tintoretto, the brilliancy of Rubens or Murillo. He fights like the ancient Apollo, without showing either anger or effort.”

Before leaving Rome we must also glance at the four magnificent *Sibyls* of Santa Maria della Pace, and the *Isaiah* in San Agostino; and, in the Borghese palace, at the portrait of Cæsar Borgia, on whose calm handsome face we cannot yet read every crime—a Nero at twenty years of age. We must also notice in the Sciarra palace the portrait of a young man who is unknown, called the *Suonatore di Violino*, because he holds in his hand, together with



THE FOUR SIBYLS.—BY RAPHAEL.
In the Church of Santa Maria della Pace, Rome.

some flowers, the bow of a violin. I do not think any one will contradict me, when I say that this is the most admirable portrait that can be imagined ; it is,



THE VIOLIN-PLAYER.

By Raphael. In the Sciarra Gallery, Rome.

indeed, beyond a portrait. In this noble and touching face, in the studied attitude, in the graceful arrangement of light and shade, we feel that the painter wished to unite his own thought to the work

of nature; we feel that he composed this picture. Painted in 1518, in the charming style of the *Madonna della Sedia*, the *Suonatore di Violino* is also one of those incomparable works which can only be understood by careful, respectful, and loving contemplation, and which leave an indelible remembrance on the mind.

The works of Raphael are by no means confined to Italy. We will now seek them through the rest of Europe, and first in Spain, where we shall find the greatest number. It is not surprising that the monarchy of the powerful Charles V., and of such an ardent collector as Philip IV., should possess more than any other. The Museo del Rey, at Madrid, contains two portraits and seven pictures by this master. Rome alone possesses a larger number.

The painter of the *Transfiguration*, of the *Spasimo*, and of thirty *Holy Families* or *Madonnas*, rendered himself so famous as an historical painter, especially of sacred history, that there is scarcely any room to praise him as a portrait painter. However we meet everywhere with some specimen of his wonderful talent in this style, and we cannot fail to recognize that the superiority of Raphael is as great in a simple portrait as in sacred subjects, and that in this branch also he ranks before Titian, Vandyck, Velasquez, and Rembrandt.

At Madrid, his three portraits, all of them men's heads, preserve him this pre-eminence; they are perfect, and worthy of Raphael. The name of one

original only of these portraits is known ; this is the famous lawyer Bartoli de Sassoferrato. But Raphael in painting him had only to refresh and brighten an older portrait, as Bartoli died at Perugia in 1359. One of the two others, that of a gentleman with a black beard, and with a large flat cap, may be another portrait of Balthazar Castiglione, the poet, nobleman, and friend of Raphael, who in that case must have painted him when younger than the picture in the Louvre represents him. In the third of these portraits—a cardinal with a red cap and robe—I thought I recognized, by the long aquiline nose and thin face, and by a likeness to Pascal and Condé, that cardinal Giulio de Medici for whom the *Transfiguration* was painted when he was archbishop of Narbonne, and whom Raphael has painted in full length near Leo X. in the portrait group in the Pitti gallery.

Of the seven pictures of which I have still to speak, the first brought to Spain was a *Holy Family*, which has received no particular designation as far as I can discover, but which might be called the *Madonna among Ruins*, for Raphael placed the group in the midst of ruins, so many of which were to be seen in Rome. Shafts of broken columns strew the ground, and the ruined walls of a heathen temple terminate the view. The idea conveyed in it is the triumph of Christianity symbolically expressed, and it contains a happy combination of effects. The Virgin placed in the centre of the picture, with ineffable grace rests

her left arm on an ancient altar, which also serves as a support to St. Joseph, who is standing rather further back; with her right hand she holds the Holy Child, who whilst bending down to embrace His young companion, turns his Head towards Mary, as if to call her attention and her caresses to His precursor. The infant Baptist himself, timid and reverent, is opening a scroll on which are inscribed the words he afterwards used in welcoming the Messiah; *Ecce Agnus Dei, qui tollit peccata mundi*. It is easy, by many indications, to recognize this picture as one of the last works of Raphael. It is not only acknowledged to belong to his third manner, but to have been done at the same time as the *Holy Family* in the Louvre, which bears the date 1518. To prove this date is to prove the excellence of the work. I think that Raphael must have painted at the same time two works alike in subject and perfection for the two great rivals who were then beginning to dispute the pre-eminence in Italy and in Europe generally: the *Madonna* of Francis I. has remained in France, the Spaniards have preserved that of Charles V.

Four other *Holy Families*—for the Museum of Madrid now possesses five—have been sent there from the Escorial, together with the *Visitation of St. Elizabeth*. This last subject was probably neither conceived nor chosen by Raphael; it was painted by order. Whilst his signature may be read on the left, *Raphael Urbinas*, the following inscription is conspicuous in gold letters in the centre of the picture: *Marinus*

Branconius F.F. (fecit facere, or fieri fecit). This picture adds to the value it possesses as a good work of Raphael's, by being in excellent preservation. Time has respected it, and no accident has required the assistance, always so dangerous, of cleaners and restorers of pictures.

On the other hand, we can only admire small fragments of the exquisite work of a small miniature in the Flemish style, whose delicacy has caused it to suffer more than a large canvas from the ravages of time. It is a *Holy Family* of such small dimensions, that although the group is completed by Joseph and St. John the Baptist, yet it is not larger than the *Madone à l'Enfant mutin*, that exquisite gem of the Delessert gallery at Paris.

If the *Madonna with the Rose* were the only work of Raphael in a gallery or cabinet, it would certainly receive all the attention and honors which the very name of Raphael always commands. But at Madrid I allow that it is eclipsed by so many others of the master's works, that there it cannot pretend to take the first rank. We can, indeed, recognize in the arrangement of the groups, in the outlines, the expression, the drawing, and the forms, the inimitable hand of the master; but a rosy tint like that of the flower in the Virgin's hand pervades the whole painting, and gives it a certain insipidity unknown in the works of Perugino's pupil. I have failed to discover at what time Raphael painted this Madonna—if it were indeed he who painted it, if a pupil's pencil did not finish

what he commenced—but it certainly was not done in the later years of his life, when his force was fully developed; and if, when studying, he tried this effeminate manner, he did not continue it, but resumed his noble severity.

Between this *Madonna with the Rose*, injured by a little affectation, and the *Madonna del Pesce*, the highest expression of nobility and majesty, is placed the *Madonna of the Pearl*. This picture is preferred to all the other Madonnas of Raphael by those who delight especially in grace and attractive charms, and who consider the works of Correggio the highest type of art. I do not know whence comes its name. Some say that at the sight of this picture, which he had just bought for the sum of 3000*l.*, of the widow of Charles I. of England, who had it from the dukes of Mantua, Philip IV. exclaimed: "That is my pearl!" Others have discovered on the ground, and among the playthings of the Holy Child, a shell which might, by a stretch of imagination, be taken for a pearl oyster-shell. But let us leave the word and come to the thing. Although the shadows of the picture are dark, a soft violet tint pervades the whole, conveying an effect of sweetness without insipidity. The whole composition, even to the slightest details of vestments and ground, is finished with that minute care which we admire in the works of Leonardo da Vinci. In the midst of the usual group, to which Raphael, though he often painted the same subject, always succeeded in imparting novelty, the Virgin

is distinguished for her exquisite, but somewhat worldly beauty. Like the *Madonna della Sedia*, she lifts her eyes to meet the glance of others, and by the irresistible power of her look extends the empire of her beauty even over the senses. In short, the *Madonna of the Pearl* is prettier and more delicate than the *Madonna del Pesce*, but she has less strength and holiness, and in consequence possesses less real beauty.

I was right just now in calling this *Madonna del Pesce* the highest expression of nobility and majesty. Never has Raphael, or any of his successors, drawn so much grandeur from so much simplicity. Never did his pencil show more firmness, vigor, and brilliancy. Those who regret, with a somewhat blind sincerity, that Raphael was not a colorist, might easily find consolation before this picture, as well as before the *Transfiguration* or the *Madonna di San Sisto*, or even before the *Holy Family* in Paris. The *Madonna del Pesce*, painted in 1514, seems Raphael's first step in his third and last style, which he preserved until his death, and in which he produced his most perfect works. We also feel in this picture, I cannot say the imitation, but at all events the influence, of Fra Bartolommeo della Porta, from whom, by a mutual interchange of lessons, Raphael learnt to give more breadth to his style and more vigor to his tints, at the same time that he taught the Frate the delicacy of his touch. The *Madonna del Pesce* is grand, like the *St. Mark* of Florence.

This is neither simply a Virgin and Child nor a *Holy Family*, which admits, besides St. Joseph, St. John the Baptist, St. Anne, and St. Elizabeth, only celestial attendants, angels supposed to be invisible; it is one of those glorified Virgins to whom the painter gives what surroundings he pleases, prophets, doctors, saints, and even living personages, as Raphael did, following the example of Fra Angelico, Francia, Perugino, Van Eyck, Hemling, and so many others, both Italians and Flemings. Holding in her arms the Holy Child, who stands on His mother's knees, the Virgin is seated on a throne on which she seems to hold an audience as a queen regent in the name of her Child. On one side St. Jerome, kneeling by his symbolical lion, seems to be reading a book which he holds in his hand. On the other, the Archangel Raphael is presenting, at the foot of the celestial throne, the young Tobias, whom he formerly guided on the shores of the Tigris, and who bears the miraculous fish whose heart and gall were at the same time to drive the demons from the couch of his bride, and to restore his father's sight.

I have heard a conjecture about this painting which appears very probable. It was no doubt to celebrate, in some degree, the admission of the Book of Tobit among the canonical books. This book, indeed, which was written, at the furthest, only two centuries before Christ, and probably in Greek, and to which the Jews still refuse a divine origin, was only accepted by the Catholic Church at the begin-

ning of the sixteenth century. This was to be indicated, according to Raphael's idea, by the presentation of Tobias to the glorified Virgin; and as for the presence of St. Jerome, opening a book, far from injuring this conjecture, it confirms it almost irrefragably, for it was St. Jerome who first translated the Book of Tobit from Chaldaic into Latin.

To return to the picture whose value I wish to show in as few words as possible: this is the order in which I should place it among the works of Raphael. He has painted the subject of the Virgin with the Infant Saviour in three different ways; sometimes they are simple Madonnas—sometimes entire Holy Families, and sometimes what I have designated glorified Madonnas, with the surrounding figures supplied by the painter's imagination. The first of the Madonnas in my opinion is the *Madonna della Sedia* in the Pitti Palace; of the Holy Families, that of Francis I. in the Louvre; of the glorified Madonnas, the *Madonna del Pesce* at Madrid, always joining with it the *Madonna di San Sisto*, in the Dresden Museum.

There remains the *Spasimo*. This is the name that has been given to a picture of Christ bearing the cross, which was painted for the convent of Santa Maria della Spasimo, in Palermo. The Spaniards call it *el extremo dolor*. Vasari relates a wonderful story about this picture, which was taken afterwards from Sicily to Spain. "For the monks of Monte Oliveto, Raphael executed a picture, on panel, of

Christ bearing His cross, to be placed in their monastery at Palermo, called Santa Maria della Spasimo. The Saviour Himself, grievously oppressed by the torment of the death towards which He is approaching, and borne down by the weight of the cross, has fallen to the earth, faint with heat and covered with blood. He turns towards the Maries, who are weeping bitterly. Santa Veronica is also among those who surround him; and, full of compassion, she extends her arms towards the Sufferer, to whom she presents a handkerchief, with an expression of the deepest sympathy. This picture was entirely finished, when it was in great danger, and on the point of coming to an unhappy end. The matter was on this wise: the painting, according to what I have heard related, was shipped to be taken to Palermo, but a frightful tempest arose, which drove the vessel on a rock, where it was beaten to pieces, men and merchandise being lost together, this picture alone excepted, which, secured in its packings, was carried by the sea into the Gulf of Genoa. Here it was picked up and borne to land, when, being seen to be so beautiful a thing, it was placed in due keeping, having maintained itself unhurt and without spot or blemish of any kind—for even the fury of the winds and waves of the sea had had respect to the beauty of so noble a work. The fame of this event was bruited abroad, and the monks to whom the picture belonged, took measures to obtain its restoration. Being then 'embarked anew, the picture was ulti-

mately landed in Sicily: the monks then deposited the work in the city of Palermo, where it has more reputation than the Mount of Vulcan itself." I shall complete the story by adding, that, notwithstanding its first miraculous preservation, the wooden panel on which the *Spasimo* was painted became so worm-eaten and dried up, that the whole work appeared ready to fall into dust. But at Paris, when it was carried there among the trophies of the victories of the Republic and the conquest of the Empire, an operation as successful as it was bold, executed by the skilful restorer, M. Bonnemaïson, transferred the picture to canvas, and gave to this chef-d'œuvre a fresh life.

Some connoisseurs have discovered, in the narrative of Vasari, the explanation of a defect with which some have charged this painting of Raphael; the holy woman who, in the foreground, extends both arms towards the Saviour—rather awkwardly in their opinion—is not Mary, they say, but Veronica, whose handkerchief, consecrated by tradition, must have disappeared in the accident which so nearly destroyed the painting. This is a conjecture which may be entertained or rejected at will. For myself, who see no awkwardness in those extended arms, but, on the contrary, an admirable gesture of tenderness and despair, I believe that Vasari was mistaken in mentioning Veronica and her handkerchief: at least there is no appearance in the large space that would have been occupied by the handkerchief of any fresh paint

ing, any trace of a different hand ; and that woman, “ adorable,” as Melendez says, “ in her extreme grief,” who has given the name to the picture among the Spaniards, cannot fail to be the mother of Christ, to whom the first place among the Maries and their holy companions would naturally belong.

The picture *della Spasimo*—which the biographers of Raphael declare to have been painted entirely by his hand, without any aid from his pupils, not excluding even Giulio Romano, who often put on the first layer of color—this picture is assuredly one of the greatest poems of painting. Among the works of Raphael, or rather among those of all painters, it can only be compared to the *Transfiguration*, which in size and shape it resembles. And if its destiny (for we may say of paintings as of books, *habent sua fata*) had placed it in St. Peter’s at Rome, the great temple of Christendom, whilst its rival had travelled from Rome to Palermo, and from Palermo to Madrid, it would have been considered the masterpiece of Raphael. It is preferable besides in one important point, namely, the perfect unity of the composition. No one can bring against this picture the reproach that the action is double ; of this it cannot be said that, in accordance with the customs of his time, Raphael committed the strange anachronism of placing two Christian priests, clothed in stoles and surplices, under a tree on the Mount. In the *Spasimo* there is nothing useless, nothing foreign to the subject, every figure, every object, helps wonderfully the general effect, which is thus de-

veloped in that unity, so necessary to grand compositions. In one important 'particular, however, the *Transfiguration* is to be preferred. Being the last work of Raphael, whose talent as well as genius was ever increasing until his early death, its execution is superior, and its general coloring finer than in the *Spasimo*, which had been painted several years before, and which is rather spoiled in some parts, such as the heads, the hands, and all the nudes, by the brickdust tint, the bistre, which Raphael had not then succeeded in replacing by a more agreeable and life-like coloring.

Beyond the unity of action, the principal excellence of the *Spasimo* is in force of expression. In this it marks the highest point to which the lofty mind of the painter, aided by his skilful hand, could reach, and therefore the highest stretch of art. Jesus, in the centre of the picture, who, when having nearly reached the summit of Golgotha, gives way and falls, not from the weight of His cross, which is supported by the strong arm of Simon the Cyrenian, but under the sinking and agony of His heart; Mary, the women, and disciples, who breathe out their grief in a torrent of prayers and tears; the fierce executioners, the impassive soldiers, and even the centurion on horseback, in whom is expressed the power and majesty of the Roman empire; all these different personages, drawn with the boldness and firmness of the master, arranged with that intelligent taste which increases the value of some by comparison with others,

form a scene at once imposing and pathetic, noble and sublime, full of holy grandeur and of ineffable beauty. The *Spasimo*, which contains all the beauties for which Raphael is celebrated, and which he seems to have marked with a seal of preference, by affixing to it his signature—so seldom to be found—is one of those works which he who knows them must despair of conveying any just conception of by words, and must therefore limit himself to saying, that nothing but a sight of the original can enable the student adequately to estimate the genius of this painter.

In order to go through Europe in search of the paintings of Raphael, whose fertility was as wonderful as his genius, we must pass from the Museo del Rey to the museum of the Louvre. And to confine ourselves to the *wonders*, we must leave on one side two portraits of men in one frame, which are called *Raphael et son Maître d'Armes*, whose authenticity is no longer sustained—the portrait of Jeanne d'Aragon clothed in red velvet, which is by Giulio Romano—a small *Saint Margaret*, which is much injured, and which Raphael only sketched—and even a *St. George* and a *St. Michael*, figures in miniature, which Raphael must have done as an amusement, because, according to Lomazzo, when he drew these two figures at Urbino, in 1504 (he was then twenty-one years old), for the Duke Guidobaldo da Montefeltro, he painted one of them on the back of a draught-board, which he used as a panel. But we must stop

one moment before two half-length portraits ; that of an unknown young man, about sixteen years of age, and also before that of the learned poet, Baldassare Castiglione, a pupil of the Greek Chalcondyle, the author of the book *il Cortegiano*, which I have already quoted. The intimate friend of Raphael, whose early death he lamented in fine Latin verses, Castiglione has mentioned his own portrait in another poem, where the perfect resemblance is proved by the following line :—

“ Agnoscit, balboque patrem puer ore salutat.”*

As for the portrait of the young man, some have thought they recognized in it Raphael himself, notwithstanding the fair hair. This opinion would only have been plausible if he could have painted himself at such a tender age with so ripe a talent. But the features in this portrait, still quite young, peremptorily contradict such a supposition ; the more so as this portrait is the production of the third phase of the genius of Raphael, his third manner, in which he painted the admirable *Suonatore di Violino* of the Sciarra palace.

We now come to the favorite subject of the master, *The Holy Family*.

Of this, his usual subject, which I cannot without irreverence call common, the Louvre has collected three examples ; the first, of very small proportions, probably, like the *Saint Margaret*, was only sketched

* The boy recognizes, and with lisping mouth greets his father.”

by Raphael, and may have been merely copied from one of his drawings. But a second *Holy Family*, half the size of life, known under the names of the *Vierge au linge*, or the *Vierge au voile*, or the *Silence de la Vierge*, or the *Sommeil de Jésus*, and a third *Holy Family*, of a small life size, usually called *La Belle Jardinière*, are undoubtedly the work of Raphael, and seem to have been done entirely by him. It is sufficient to add, that both in style and date they belong to his second manner, when he was passing from the still timid endeavors of the pupil of Perugino to the bold masterpieces of independent genius, urging its flight beyond all the known limits of art; that the *Belle Jardinière* is extremely beautiful, and almost as wonderful as the *Madonna del Cardellino*, the pride of Florence; and lastly, that they both possess the triple sentiment Raphael has imparted to all his Madonnas, the innocence of the virgin, the tenderness of the mother, and the respect of a mortal for God.

There now remains the *Holy Family* called that of Francis I., and *St. Michael overthrowing the Dragon*. These two pictures are intimately connected by bearing the same date, both having been painted in 1518; and by the same history. It has long been related, that having received an enormous and unheard-of price for his *St. Michael*, from Francis I., Raphael, not wishing to remain his debtor, immediately sent him the *Holy Family*, begging him to accept it as a mark of homage; to which Francis re



THE HOLY FAMILY ("de FRANÇOIS PREMIER").—BY RAPHAEL.
In the Museum of the Louvre, Paris.

plied, "that men celebrated in the arts, sharing the immortality of kings, might treat with them," and that he added a price double to that of the *St. Michael* to this royal compliment, which may seem to us characterised by ridiculous pride rather than by true courtesy. All these anecdotes are contradicted by the writings of the time, amongst others by the letters of Goro Gheri da Pistoija, gonfalonier of Florence, collected in the *Carteggio* of the Doctor Gaye. These letters prove that the *St. Michael* and the *Holy Family* were ordered of Raphael by the duke of Urbino, Lorenzo de' Medici, and that in the year 1518 they were sent through a commercial house at Lyons to this prince, who was then living in France. They must have passed from him either by gift or purchase to the palace of Fontainebleau, where they were received with great pomp and solemnity.

The name of Raphael bears its own eulogy with it, and it is quite useless to praise his works. We will then confine ourselves to remarking about the *St. Michael*,—who is represented overthrowing the spirit of darkness with as much facility and disdain as the ancient Pythian Apollo the dragon,—that the Archangel was considered a symbol of the royal power fighting against the factions, who had not yet become ever-reviving hydras. We can understand from this why, after the wars of the Fronde, Louis XIV. placed this victorious *St. Michael* at Versailles directly above his throne. And yet, how could any one recognize in the fallen and overthrown angel, in

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that hideous dragon with hooked claws, the beautiful and delicate Duchesse de Longueville? Of the *Holy Family*, we would say that, painted by Raphael towards the close of his life, at his best time and in his best style, it is at least equal to his most celebrated compositions on the same subject, and that without any partiality or injustice we may put it in the first rank among all the Holy Families which are scattered through Europe.

It will not be to leave Raphael altogether, if we say one word relative to the principal work in Paris of his chief disciple, a *Nativity*, by Giulio Romano (Giulio Pippi, 1499–1546), which is certainly a very fine work, and one of his best. Religious compositions allow certain anachronisms, in the form of allegories; and he conceived the happy idea of placing in the foreground, near to the newly-born infant, St. Longinus, bearing the lance with which he was afterwards to pierce the side of Jesus on the cross. It is to place the death near to the birth, and to relate in this simple manner the whole life of the Saviour of men, closed by devotion and sacrifice. This *Nativity* is placed in the grand saloon above the *Madonna* of Francis I. Although overwhelming for the pupil, this vicinity of the master provokes the same interesting and instructive comparison as the two *Holy Families* by the same artists, placed side by side in the hall of the Capi d'Opera in the Museum of Naples. Here, as there, we may see at a single glance what the science of composition is—so difficult

to practise or to define ; we may see what causes that almost imperceptible difference between imitation and invention, between the beautiful and the sublime, between talent and genius.

Turning from France to England, we shall merely pass through London, without stopping at the National Gallery, where the pictures by Raphael are scarcely secondary. This must not be said as a reproach. It was only in 1825 that this collection, now so rich, was begun to be formed. Then, and for a long time previously, the great works of Raphael had already been collected in public museums, and had become the property of nations. No riches, no power, unless by force of arms and conquest, could obtain any more. We will then go direct to the old palace where the powerful Cardinal Wolsey lived in royal magnificence, and which he gave, when in fear of disgrace, to Henry VIII., saying that he had only wished to try a residence which was worthy of so great a monarch. We shall find here the celebrated cartoons of Hampton Court.*

But in the first place, how is it that these cartoons, painted in Rome for a pope, are in an English museum, and belong to a Protestant sovereign? It is a simple story, which may be related in very few words: "His Holiness (Leo X.)," says Vasari, "desiring to have rich tapestry woven of gold and silk, Raphael himself made ready the cartoons, which he colored with his own hand. They were sent into

* These are now in the South Kensington Museum.

Flanders* to be woven, and when the cloths were finished they were sent to Rome. Nothing can be more wonderful. This work, which would be taken for the work of a skilful pencil, seems rather the effect of a miracle than of human art. The tapestries cost 70,000 crowns."† These cartoons, which Raphael finished in 1520, the same year that he died, represented scenes from the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles; the work of copying them in tapestry was overlooked by Bernard van Orley and Michael Coxcie, Flemish painters who had been pupils of Raphael in Italy. They were twelve in number; but, either in the manufactories, where they were cut into strips, or in the journey, or through accidents of which tradition has preserved no remembrance, five of these cartoons have disappeared. The seven that have been preserved, which are happily the finest in composition and style (as is easily discovered from the twelve tapestries themselves), were bought for Charles I. by Rubens, after his residence in England (1629) and the secret embassy with which Philip IV. of Spain had entrusted him. Charles I. left these venerable strips for a long time buried in the cases. After

* They were sent to the manufactories at Arras, from whence on their return to Italy they were called *Arrazzi*.

† There were at least three copies made of these tapestries of Arras. for besides the complete collection in the Vatican, there are nine of the twelve in the Gemälde-Sammlung of Berlin,—namely, the seven cartoons of South Kensington, *The Martyrdom of St. Stephen*, and *The Conversion of St. Paul*,—and six in the central rotunda of the new Royal Gallery at Dresden.

his death they were bought by Cromwell, and finally they were collected and restored under William III., who devoted to them a large room in the form of a gallery in his favorite palace of Hampton Court, where they were framed in the wood-work and arranged in suitable order. "They are well kept," wrote the Comte de Caylus in 1722; "I did not think they were so well preserved." The subjects represented by the seven cartoons are, *The Miraculous Draught of Fishes*; *St. Peter and St. John curing the Lame Man at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple*; *Elymas the Sorcerer struck with Blindness*; *St. Paul and St. Barnabas at Lystra*; *St. Paul preaching at Athens*; *Jesus giving the keys to St. Peter*; and *Ananias struck dead*.

These cartoons of Raphael are not, like most cartoons, simple chalk drawings on grey or white paper. To serve as copies for tapestry, they were obliged to be *colored*. Thus they are really pictures in distemper, and when fitted into the walls, as they were at Hampton Court, had the effect of fresco paintings. The name *cartoon* only gives a very imperfect idea of them. It would doubtless be superfluous to attempt even a succinct description of these wonderful compositions, which are well known through engravings, and by photographs. Among them, if I dared prefer some to others, I should name, first, the *Miraculous Draught of Fishes*, and the *Preaching of St. Paul*. These pictures, designed in the last year of Raphael's life, when he had attained

the greatest height of his genius, seem the highest expression of great monumental painting. Perhaps we must not even except the Sistine chapel, where the ceiling and fresco of Michael Angelo are to be found. "There," exclaims M. Quatremère de Quincy, "Raphael rises above himself; and we may consider the collection of these memorable compositions as the finest, not only of his own productions, but of all those of modern painting." To my mind Raphael is as great here as in the Stanze of the Vatican. What more could be said? In both places he is the prince of the art; in both places, as before his other masterpieces, we must once more say that a sight of the originals can alone impart a true impression of their merits.

If we have passed through London without a single visit to the National Gallery, we must also pass by the museums of Belgium and Holland and that of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, although the *Madonna of the Casa d'Alba* is there, and the Berlin Gallery, which possesses the sketch of an *Adoration of the Shepherds*, and even that of Munich, although it boasts of possessing the *Madonna of Dusseldorf*, and a *Madonna* which recalls the arrangement of the wonderful *Madonna della Sedia*. This, alas! is less an advantage than a formidable danger. For to those who have shed tears of delight and enthusiasm before that incomparable chef-d'œuvre, the *Madonna of Munich* is like an inferior portrait of a lost friend; the sight of it causes a sigh of regret. We will pass on to Dresden.

There we shall find the most precious of all the spoils carried out of Italy : I mean the *Madonna di San Sisto*. It was ordered for the high altar of the convent of the Benedictines of St. Sixtus at Placentia, and was bought in 1753 by the Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, Augustus III., for the sum of 20,000 ducats, or 40,000 Roman scudi (rather more than 8000*l.*). I should consider it an insult to my readers if I attempted the slightest description of this famous picture, painted somewhat in the style of the *Madonna del Pesce*, and in the same powerful manner. Every one knows the *Madonna di San Sisto*, at least by copies and engravings, amongst others by that of the poor Müller, who from having so long contemplated the picture lost both his reason and his life when he had completed his patient and magnificent work.*

I shall then only say a very few words of preliminary warning about this picture. In order to understand it well, we must not forget what the artist meant to express and what the exact subject is. We should be mistaken if we were to seek in it a simple *Madonna*, a representation of the mother of our Lord, such as the artist imagined her and offered to the piety and admiration of men. There is more here ; it is like a revelation of heaven to earth ; it is an *Appearance* of the Virgin. This word explains the whole rendering of the picture ; the green curtains drawn aside in

* A new engraving, by Steinla, of the *Madonna di San Sisto* was published at Dresden in 1858, which in my opinion is the most faithful copy of Raphael's master-piece.

the upper part, the balustrade at the bottom, on which the two little angels lean, who seem by their upturned glance, to point to the celestial vision ; and St. Sixtus and St. Barbara, kneeling on either side of the Virgin, like Moses and Elias on Mount Tabor at the Transfiguration. We must also notice that the two angels at the bottom, whose presence few people understand, give a third plane to the picture, or as the Italians say, three *orizonti*, first these angels, then St. Sixtus and St. Barbara, and lastly the Madonna and Child, who are thus placed at a greater distance.

When we understand this, we can appreciate all the merits of this composition. What symmetry and variety are to be found in it ! What noble attitudes, in what wonderfully graceful positions are the Virgin and the Child in her arms, and also the two saints in adoration ! And what ineffable beauty there is in everything that composes the group, old man, Child, and women ! What could be more thoughtful, pious, and holy than the venerable head of Sixtus I., crowned by the glory of the saints, the thin golden circle of which shines brightly on the blue back-ground, composed of innumerable faces of cherubim ! What could be more noble, more tender, and more graceful than the holy martyr of Nicomedia, who unites every kind of beauty, even that creamy complexion so celebrated by the old fathers of the primitive church ! What could we find more astonishing, more superhuman than that Child with the meditative forehead, with the serious mouth, with the fixed and penetrat-

ing eye, that Child who will become the wrathful Christ of Michael Angelo! And is not Mary really a radiant and celestial being? is she not an apparition? What eye could gaze on her without falling? None, I am convinced, even of the most ignorant or incredulous. And what strikes us even more than the look, what moves even the depths of our hearts, is not a skilful combination of light and shadow, a prepared effect of chiaroscuro, imitating the light of everlasting day; it is the irresistible power of moral beauty which beams in the face of the Virgin mother, whose veil is lightly thrown aside as if by the breeze; it is her deep glance, her noble forehead, her look, at once grave, modest, and sweet; it is that indefinable look of something primitive and wild, which marks the woman brought up far from the world, out of the world, and having never known its pomps or deceitful gayeties.

I have always thought—what I have already said—that no one attains, I will not say to a knowledge, but to a feeling for the arts, without a sort of revelation which he experiences, at some period of his life, before some special work, which would seem to have been reserved especially for him. It also frequently happens when any one follows the works of one master—Raphael, Poussin, or Rembrandt, for example—from gallery to gallery, that at the sight of one particular picture, all the merits of that master are seen at once, and also the merits of other works which had not been either understood or appreciated

until then. Decidedly superior to any other painting in the north of Europe, the *Madonna di San Sisto* is especially adapted for producing this double result: to make Raphael both known and admired, and to awaken in minds who have not experienced the instinct for the beautiful, not only a taste for the arts, but even taste in art.

I must now say a few words to conclude the praises of Raphael. In all the schools of painting, and still more in the whole history of modern art, there has been no one to equal him. After three centuries and a half of animated discussions, of frequent revolts, after the interminable debates which have taken place in every party and every sect around the name of Raphael, as formerly the Greeks and Trojans fought around the body of Patroclus, Raphael, calm and tranquil, has ever occupied the throne of painting, and no other artist, however great he might be, whether fellow-countryman or foreigner, whether bearing the name of Titian, Albert Durer, Rubens, Rembrandt, Murillo, or Poussin, has ever disputed his legitimate empire.

Michael Angelo and Raphael had transported the school of Florence to Rome; after them and their immediate disciples (I have already mentioned the principal ones) this imported school declined, and was soon entirely extinguished. No endeavor in the Roman school responded to that in the Bolognese. During this irremediable decay, we need do no more than mention two second-rate painters, who never

rose above anecdotal painting: Pietro di Cortano (1596-1669), and Carlo Maratti (1625-1713), who was, indeed, the "last of the Romans." After him the only eminent artists at Rome were foreigners, all coming from Germany, Raphael Mengs, Angelica Kaufmann, and Friedrich Overbeck.

LOMBARD SCHOOL.

I shall unite under this name all the masters of the north of Italy who are not Venetians. Leonardo da Vinci carried the Florentine school to Milan, as Michael Angelo and Raphael had to Rome. He was not more fortunate than his illustrious rivals; like them he had some eminent disciples, but these had no successors, and with them the school was extinguished. At their head was Bernardino Luini (about 1460 till after 1530), who may almost be considered the rival of Leonardo as well as his pupil. It is in him as a painter of frescoes and easel-pictures that the master has survived. If it frequently happens that works of Luini are attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, as those of Bonifazio to Titian, and those of Arnold of Guel-ders to Rembrandt, this fact, although it sinks the renown the pupils have justly acquired in the glory of the master, must be to the honor of the pupils, since it proves that the mistake was possible. We can see this in the Louvre: the *Sommeil de Jésus*, the *Holy Family*, half the size of life, and still more the *Daughter of Herodias receiving the head of John*

the Baptist, are excellent paintings, in which the Milanese almost equals the Florentine, although it is by imitating him. We might also mention in this Florentine school at Milan, Andrea Solario (1458 until after 1509), Cesare da Cesto, Francesco Melzi, and Gaudenzio Ferrari (1484–1549), the only painter whom the kingdom of Piedmont added to those of Italy. To name after them the Procaccini, would be to descend into the period of decadence.

But before Leonardo da Vinci a great painter had arisen in the Lombard provinces, and he did not come from Florence. This is Andrea Mantegna (1431–1506), whose work and destiny render him almost equal to Giotto, allowing for the century and a half between them. Andrea Mantegna was, like Giotto, a shepherd in his childhood, then under the lessons of the old Squarcione almost as precocious as Raphael under Perugino. He was born at Padua, and after his marriage with the sister of the Bellini, joined the primitive Venetian school, and by his works exercised a happy influence over the schools of Milan, Ferrara, and Parma. Ariosto was right then in mentioning him among the three great names in painting, of the period immediately preceding Raphael.* This illustrious artist has left numerous works in the principal towns of Italy. Three of the most important of these are in the Tribune of Florence, an *Adoration of the Kings*, a *Circumcision*, and a *Resur-*

* Leonardo, Andrea Mantegna, Gian Bellini. (*Orlando Furioso*, canto xxiii.)

rection. The museum of Naples possesses his *St. Euphemia*, which is considered his masterpiece. However, in order to dwell a little on the qualities and style of Mantegna, I prefer to select those of his works which are to be found in the Louvre.

There are four of these: first, a *Calvary*, painter, in distemper, perhaps before he had adopted or even known the processes of the Fleming Jan van Eyck, which were not generally employed in Italy until the middle of the fifteenth century. This conjecture seems probable, if we consider that, when eighteen years of age, Mantegna painted the high altar of Santa Sofia of Padua,—as Raphael the *Sposalizio*; and, as his biographers declare, was admitted into the corporation of painters of Padua at the age of ten, as Lucas Dammesz was at Leyden. This *Calvary* shows great firmness in the drawing, and a deep expression of sadness. The soldier who is seen in the foreground is thought to be a portrait of Mantegna himself. Next comes the *Vierge à la Victoire*, a beautiful Christian allegory in honor of the marquis of Mantua, Francesco di Gonzaga, who could not, however, even with the help of the Venetians, stop the passage or the return of the French troops under Charles VIII. He was the zealous protector of the painter, and was repaid in flattering praises during his life, and eternal fame after his death. This picture, intended for the church of Santa Maria della Vittoria, which was built on plans furnished by Mantegna, who practised all the arts, was painted in dis-

temper, according to Vasari, by whom he is mentioned with praise. Now as this *Vierge à la Victoire* cannot be anterior to the retreat of the French in 1495, it is evident that Mantegna returned by taste and voluntary choice to the old Byzantine processes. This is curious, and shows us how it happened that in Flanders great artists, such as Hemling of Bruges, adhered to the primitive processes a long time after the discovery of the brothers Van Eyck. Lastly, there are the *Parnassus*, and *Wisdom Victorious over the Vices*, both allegories, this time pagan and painted in oil. Mantegna does not merely show in these his great artistic powers, elevation of style, firmness of lines and contours, justice and solidity of coloring; he also displays that uncommon knowledge, I was going to say *divination* of the antique, in which he preceded Poussin by two centuries.

But there is another of his works in which he has shown a far greater degree of this knowledge or divination. We must seek it in England, in the old palace of Hampton Court. It is a series of nine cartoons, painted in distemper. These had doubtless been prepared for the long circular fresco which Mantegna painted for the Marquis Ludovico Gonzaga, in the Castle of San Sebastiano, at Mantua, the first sketches for which are preserved in the Belvedere at Vienna. They are called the *Triumph of Julius Caesar on his return from Gaul*. There must be an error, at least in the second part of the title. In the first place the figure of the conqueror is wanting,

which fact leaves the field open to suppositions. Again, in the procession are carried statues, vases, and pictures, the *tabulæ pictæ*, the *simulacra pugnarum picta*, of which Livy and Pliny speak, all things rather resembling the spoils taken from the Greeks than from the Gauls or Britons. It must be rather the triumph of Paulus Æmilius after his victory over Persens, or of Sylla after the taking of Athens, or of Cæsar after Pharsalia. It would be better to name these cartoons, as at Vienna, a *Roman Triumph*. Whatever the title, the collection no less interesting than curious, for these mural paintings noble and vigorous in their drawing, learned and ingenious in their composition, in a style worthy of the ancients, are certainly without equals in the works of Mantegna for both material and moral grandeur.

It would be unjust after the eulogy of the most illustrious of the Paduan artists, not to grant at least a mention to the most celebrated painter of the little school of Ferrara. This is Benvenuto Tisio (1481–1559), who is usually called Garofalo, either because he often signed his pictures with a pink as a monogram, or because he had received in his youth the name of the village where he was born—Garofalo in the Duchy of Ferrara. He seldom endeavored to attain a grand style by depending on large proportions. We only find four large paintings by him—the *Sibyl before Augustus*, in the Museum of the Vatican; the *Descent from the Cross*, in the Borghese Palace; the *Martyrdom of St. Lawrence*, in the museum at

Naples; and the *Apparition of the Virgin to St. Bruno*, in the gallery of Dresden. This last, a very large picture, bearing the signature of the master, and the date, 1530, may be considered as the best work of this painter, whose almost constant custom was to paint small figures. In this painting he displays his graceful and elegant, as well as firm style, which, even when confined within narrow limits, rises to grandeur.

It was between Ferrari and Milan, in the town of Correggio, that there was born, in 1494, the greatest painter of all the schools in the north of Italy, Antonio Allegri, who, from the name of his birthplace, is called Correggio. He never quitted the small states between Lombardy, Tuscany, and Romagna; he had no other masters than one of his uncles named Lorenzo, and perhaps some inferior artist of Modena. He died when forty years of age (1534), without having seen either Florence, Rome, or Venice, and without having known any of the great works of his time except that picture of Raphael (no doubt the Saint Cecilia of Bologna), before which he uttered his well-known exclamation, *Anch' io son pittore*. Unknown, solitary, and so poor as even sometimes to suffer from hunger, he sold his pictures at miserable prices, for a few crowns, a sack of corn, and a load of wood. "This melancholy artist," say the annotators of Vasari, "who introduces us to ancient grace and pagan voluptuousness, who imprinted the serenity of his soul on his immortal paintings, and died on the high

road, like a beast of burden," * owed his progress, his final success, his honor, and his glory, entirely to himself. The work of his pencil is really mysterious. No one can understand it. Annibal Carracci wrote justly: "The pictures of this great master really arise from his own thought and understanding. Others found theirs on something which does not belong to them, some on a copy, some on statues or even on engravings. Correggio's paintings belong to himself alone: he only is original."

Correggio always lived at Parma, and at Parma are the greater part of his works. Such an education and mode of life must have contributed to his originality equally with the power of his natural genius. At twenty-six years of age he painted the cupola of the church of San Giovanni. It has been thought, on seeing the gigantic figures and imposing effect of these frescoes, that it had been suggested by the *Last Judgment* of Michael Angelo; but, besides the fact that Correggio had never seen the Sistine chapel, the dates forbid any accusation of plagiarism. The cupola of San Giovanni was painted between 1520 and 1524, whilst the fresco in the Sistine was only terminated in 1541. If, as is asserted, there was imitation, Correggio was certainly not the imitator. He could only have known through drawings the colossal figures on the ceiling. This *Ascension* was only a sort of essay

* It is related that having received a payment from the monks of a convent in heavy copper money, he carried it away in a bag on his back became heated on the road, was attacked with pleurisy, and died

or prelude, to enable him to undertake the magnificent *Assumption* which fills the whole cupola of the Gothic cathedral called the Duomo of Parma. This composition, which he finished in 1530, is still larger than the other. The apostles, a number of saints, and all the heavenly hosts, from the archangels with unfolded wings to the faces of the cherubim without bodies, who welcome the Virgin at her entrance into heaven, in the midst of songs of joy and the honors of a triumph, are the actors in this immense scene. The churchwardens of the time, perplexed by such a number of figures, said to the painter, "You have served us with a dish of frogs!" But it was in speaking of this *Assumption* that Ludovico Carracci said to his cousins: "Study Correggio; in him everything is grand and graceful." Annibal Carracci did not know how to express his admiration of it. "In this painting," says Vasari, "the foreshortenings and the perspective from the bottom to the top are really wonderful." Domenichino, Guido, Lanfranc, and many others, have imitated him in analogous compositions; and Louis David, who at first rather copied the style of his uncle Boucher, said he had begun his return to the beautiful in presence of this fresco of Correggio.

At the close of the last century there was found, in a convent of the Benedictines, after having been forgotten two hundred years, another admirable fresco by Correggio, divided into several parts, and containing a number of small subjects, all of them pagan.

Diana, Minerva, Adonis, Endymion, Fortuna, the Graces, and the Fates. This fresco had been ordered by his patroness, the abbess Giovanna di Piacenza. It was she also who procured him the order for the *Ascension* and the *Assumption*.

These are the works which Correggio has left in the buildings of Parma. The little museum of the town also boasts the possession of some, amongst them two of his greatest masterpieces, the *San Girolamo*, and the *Madonna della Scodella*.

It is not well known why the first of these pictures, sometimes called *Il Giorno* (the day), in opposition to *la Notte* (the night), of Dresden, has received the name of *St. Jerome*. It represents Mary holding on her knees the Holy Child, whilst Mary Magdalen humbly kisses His feet; two angels and St. Jerome with his lion complete the scene. The great doctor of the Latin church is only a secondary personage, placed in profile in a corner of the picture, like St. Paul in the *St. Cecilia* of Raphael. There is nothing more singular than the destiny of this famous picture, painted in 1524, the same year in which Correggio finished the cupola of San Giovanni. Brisei de Cossa, or Colla, the widow of a gentleman of Parma named Bergonzi, who had ordered it of Correggio, paid 47 sequins (about 22*l.*) for it, and supplied him with food during the six months he was working at it; she gave him besides two loads of wood, several measures of wheat, and a fat pig. The good lady left this picture to the church of San Antonio Abbate, where it remained

until 1749. At that time the king of Portugal (others say of Poland), offered a considerable sum for it (14,000 sequins according to some authorities, 40,000 according to others) to the abbot of San Antonio, who would have sold and given it up, to obtain money to finish the church, if the duke don Filippo, informed of it by public clamor, had not carried off the picture. It was placed at first in the sacristy of the cathedral; but seven years later, a French painter, not having succeeded in getting permission from the canons to copy it, complained to the duke, who had the work of Correggio carried off by twenty-four grenadiers, and conveyed to his country seat at Colorno. The following year, 1756, the duke presented it to the Academy, after having bought it of the cardinal Bussi, then preceptor of the church of San Antonio, for the sum of 1500 Roman crowns, besides 250 sequins as the price of another picture ordered of Battoni to replace that of Correggio. In 1798, the time of what Paul Louis Courier called *nos illustres pillages*, the duke of Parma offered a million francs (40,000*l.*) to be allowed to keep this picture, for which the widow Bergonzi had paid 47 sequins; but although the military chests were empty, the French commissaries Monge and Berthollet remained firm, and the picture of Correggio was brought to Paris, where it remained until 1815.

Perhaps it is owing to this circumstance that it is more generally known than the *Madonna della Sco-della*, which is a *Flight into Egypt*. I know that

Annibal Carraochi said that he preferred this *St. Jerome* even to the *St. Cecilia* of Raphael; I know that it is in this picture that is to be seen the greatest degree of that delicate charm which first appears in the works of Correggio; I know that elegance could not be carried further without affectation, that grace is here united to grandeur and the magic effect of coloring. But it seems to me that the *Madonna della Scodella*, which Vasari called divine, yields to the *St. Jerome* neither in the general effect or in the details, in expression or in execution; it has also the advantage of being better preserved. It is rare, indeed, for a picture to retain after three centuries its firmness and freshness. I believe it is because of these two works, so often copied and engraved, that Correggio has been placed by Raphael Mengs immediately after the painter of the *Madonna della Sedia*.

After Parma it is in Naples that the best works of Correggio are to be sought. We must stop one moment at Florence, however, to admire in the Tribune of the Uffizi a *Virgin adoring the Infant Jesus*, presented by a duke of Mantua to Cosmo II. de Medici. This picture, in every respect worthy of Correggio, is remarkable for its arrangement; the same drapery which envelops the body of the Virgin is also drawn over her head, and on the end of the drapery the Holy Child is sleeping, so that he would be awakened by the slightest movement of His mother. This arrangement seems to explain the immobility of the personages, and gives the spectator a sort of anxiety which is not without a charm.

The paintings of Correggio are everywhere as rare as they are eagerly sought after; there are only four compositions by him in the Studi at Naples. These are, a simple sketch of a *Madonna*, and three masterpieces of delicacy and fine execution; the *Madonna*, called by some *del Corisiglio*, by others *della Zingarella*; *Hagar in the Desert*; and the *Marriage of St. Catherine*. The *Hagar* is a perfect jewel, of the most exquisite feeling and wonderful execution. As for the *Marriage of St. Catherine*, which has been so often imitated, copied, and engraved, it is quite unnecessary to praise that. Although its purchase by the kings of Naples was made a long time ago, it is said to have cost 20,000 ducats.

In the palaces of the kings of Spain there was only one copy of Correggio, and there was therefore nothing in them to give up to the Museo del Rey. But the Escorial was able to supply this deficiency, as it had done in the works of Leonardo da Vinci. It has given to the museum one of the most beautiful as well as least known works of Correggio. This precious picture had been hidden under a cover of paint, with which it had been outrageously smudged, under pretence of veiling some very innocent nudities. Happily some one guessed what was concealed under this sacrilegious covering; it was removed skilfully, and now the picture of Correggio, which had been thus protected from the ravages of time, has resumed the fresh and brilliant coloring which three centuries would necessarily have injured. The figures are half

the size of life, and there is a landscape background; the subject is that usually known as the *Noli me tangere*, and represents the appearance of Jesus after His resurrection to Mary Magdalen. On her knees, her hands joined, her head cast down, the Magdalen drags her rich garments in the dust. The attitude of the Saviour, in whose hands the painter has placed a spade, is truly admirable, as also is the expression of His countenance. Nothing in the work of the pencil can surpass the execution of that fine figure, the soft tints and harmonious colors which stand out against the deep blue of the sky and the dark green of a thick foliage. This is a true and complete Correggio, a charming picture, which without possessing through its proportions and subject the importance of his great compositions in Parma or Dresden, yet yields in charm and value to none of the rare works of its immortal author.

The National Gallery of London claims to possess six paintings by Correggio. Three of these only will occupy our attention; first, a *Holy Family*, which is not a foot square, but which appears to me equal to the *Hagar* of Naples, or the *Magdalen* of Dresden, that is to say, to rise to the first rank in Correggio's miniatures, for it is a charming work in which nature, grace, and expression, are rendered with the utmost delicacy of the pencil. Then the *Ecce Homo* and the *Education of Cupid*,* which

* No. 10. Mercury instructing Cupid in the presence of Venus.

both came from the collection of Murat, and which cost the enormous sum of eleven thousand guineas. I feel, indeed, much difficulty in speaking of the first of these two pictures. I am told the price it cost, and that an act of parliament authorized the purchase; I am shown a copy of the picture, made, it is said, by Ludovico Carracci, and an engraving by Agostino; I am informed of the number of amateurs who admire, and of students who copy it. How can I throw a doubt after this on the excellence or authenticity of the work? I humbly confess that one opinion is very weak against such authorities; but as it is indeed my own that I am expressing, I must venture to say that the *Ecce Homo* neither appears to me to be the work of Correggio, nor even to be a very fine work. In the first place, the copy and engraving of the Carracci prove absolutely nothing, for the picture which is called the original may just as well be a copy; and, indeed, if I had to choose, I should prefer that of Carracci, in which the faults I am about to mention are weakened or corrected. These defects (still according to my own opinion, which I certainly do not intend to impose on any one else) are of several kinds, in composition, coloring, and drawing. First, that almost inevitable confusion which arises from half-length figures. I could defy even the most ingenious artist to finish the scene by giving the persons contained in it whole bodies. The head of the Virgin, who falls back fainting, is of great beauty, in the expression of deep grief, in the boldness of the

attitude, and in the delicacy of execution. The only fault we can find in it is its too great youthfulness; instead of being a Mary, it is a Magdalen. This part of the picture is really worthy of Correggio. As for the figure of Christ, it seems to me rather languishing than resigned. His chest is too narrow, and the fettered arm which He crosses before Him, as well as the extended hand of Pilate, are mere sketches. How can we recognize in this the genius and hand which traced the *San Girolamo* of Parma, the *Antiope* of Paris, and the *Notte* of Dresden?

But what increases my surprise on seeing the infatuation which this picture causes, is, that it is not necessary to seek comparisons for it in Italy, France, or Germany. Correggio, the true Correggio, noble, graceful, delicate, and inimitable, is there within a few steps of this doubtful *Ecce Homo*. We can find all his most charming qualities in the *Education of Cupid*. It is really impossible for any man of good taste and impartiality to hesitate between these two pictures, either on their authenticity or their merit.

There are two pictures by Correggio at Paris. One of these is called the *Marriage of St. Catherine*, and as it is placed in the square room, near a painting by Fra Bartolommeo (il Frate) of an enthroned *Madonna*, who under the dais of her throne is also presiding at the union of the young ascetic of Sienna with the Divine Child, we may make a useful and interesting comparison. It is easy to recognize at a glance what a radical difference may separate two

pictures both treating the same subject, both celebrated, both excellent, and how the means taken to insure success may be as opposite as the point of view and



THE MYSTICAL MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE.

By Correggio. In the Louvre.

thoughts of the artists. To be Christian, the Frate is austere; to be graceful, Correggio becomes almost pagan. In one painting all is grave and solemn; it is, indeed, the mystical union. In the other, everything is smiling and charming; it is really love.

In the Neapolitan Museum degli Studi, there is another *Marriage of St. Catherine*, also by Correggio, and also celebrated, imitated, copied, and engraved. We will not take upon us the bold task of deciding between Paris and Naples, which possesses the original and which the repetition. We will leave both towns to boast of the original. But this circumstance is sufficient to induce us to prefer the other picture of Correggio in the Louvre, the *Sommeil d'Antiope*. It is more important besides in its dimensions and more appropriate in its subject to the taste and inclination of the master, who was the most pagan of all the pagans of the Renaissance. This wonderful *Sommeil d'Antiope* can only be compared in its style to the *Education of Cupid*, and, indeed, if I were obliged to choose between them, I should give the preference to *Antiope*. There we see all the beauties of Correggio, that supreme elegance of which he was so fond, that it sometimes led him to the brink of affectation, in which, indeed, his imitators plunged; that charming grace which so often accompanies power; that deep knowledge of chiaroscuro, and that exquisite harmony which the charm of form and the magic of color combine to produce.

It is fortunate that, having come to France, the *Antiope* should have remained in the Louvre, and not have been placed with the other paintings representing the adventures of the master of the gods, *Io and Leda*, in the cabinet of Louis of Orleans; he would have mutilated this also with the scissors, and the ill-

adjusted remains of this charming mythological piece would have been now with the others in the gallery at Berlin. Bought, about the year 1725, of the heirs of Livio Odescalchi, to whom Christina of Sweden had given them, these two pictures formed a part of the famous collection of the dukes of Orleans, subsequently foolishly dispersed by Philippe Egalité, who sold a number of master-pieces out of France. Louis, the son of the regent and grandfather of the regicide, had just inherited the great wealth of his house. He was a fiery Jansenist. One day he cut off the heads of Io and Leda, threw them into the fire, and cut the canvas to pieces. The superintendent of the gallery, Noël Coypel, succeeded in placing the scattered shreds on fresh canvas, filled the gaps with painting, and even painted the two heads which had been thrown into the flames. After the death of Coypel the mutilated pictures were bought, in 1755, for Frederick the Great. They remained at Sans Souci, until 1806; then they were brought to the Louvre among the other spoils of the imperial victories, and Denon attempted a new restoration on them. The painting of Coypel was effaced, and the original work restored as much as possible; the separate parts were brought together by simple glazing, and Prud'hon, the Correggio of our century, repainted the head of *Io*. The invasion of 1814 restored to Prussia the favorite pictures of Frederick; and the superintendent of the restorations of the gallery of Berlin, M. Schlessinger, finished the work begun by Denon, by

giving a fresh head to the *Leda*, less beautiful than that of Io, but made in accordance with the remainder of the picture by the rather childish precaution of imitating even to the cracks, which three centuries and so many vicissitudes had left in the painting of Correggio. A copy of the Io had been before made by the French painter Lemoine, and bought by Diderot for Catherine the Great. "It is the best I could do," wrote he to the sculptor Falconet, "the original having been cut in pieces by that imbecile, barbarous Goth, Vandal, duke of Orleans."

Dresden, as we have already said, possesses the finest of Raphael's works to be found in the north of Europe. In Dresden also we shall find no less than six original paintings by Correggio, and no other city, whether Paris, London, Madrid, Naples, Florence, or Parma, can show a grander or more complete selection. Dresden has certainly the richest collection of his works, so rare when we reject the spurious. These six paintings were placed in the Saxon museum, when the Elector-King Augustus III., in 1746, bought the collection of the Dukes of Modena, for the moderate sum of 120,000 thalers (18,000*l.*). From Venice he had already acquired, for the sum of 28,000 Venetian lire, the *Madonna* of Holbein, from the Delfino family; then in 1755 he paid 40,000 Roman scudi to the convent of San Sisto at Placentia for the *Madonna* of Raphael. There is no doubt that, embarrassed in his unfortunate quarrels with Frederick the Great, who twice seized upon his hereditary estates, this

prince was severely blamed during his lifetime, for having taken from his exhausted treasury the three or four hundred thousand crowns which procured all the wonders of the Dresden gallery. But in the present day, who would dream of urging this as a reproach? who would not rather in the name of art thank him whose memory is so little honored for his political acts. A bad sovereign, a bad general, despised equally by both the nations who obeyed him, the reputation of Augustus is only sustained by the works of those great artists whom he appreciated during a time of universal decay. What would another million of francs in his treasury, or another regiment in his army have done, towards changing the course of events brought on by war and diplomacy? While the having merely bought some of the works of the greatest artists, gives him a greater glory than that of a conqueror—the glory of a Founder. He formed the first museum in Europe, a museum which is and will ever be the pride and advantage of his little capital. *Et nunc, reges, intelligite.*

Among these six paintings by Correggio there is the portrait of a man dressed in black, who is believed to have been the physician of the artist, some village friend who did not preserve his illustrious patient from a sudden and miserable death. A portrait by Correggio is a very precious thing, even were it merely on account of its extreme rarity. I can only remember indeed one other portrait attributed to Correggio, that of the sculptor Baccio Bandinelli,

which is at Hampton Court, and of which the authenticity is very doubtful. The portrait at Dresden is excellent.

If, in this unique collection, we pass from the smaller works to those more important, we shall notice after the portrait of the physician the *Reading Magdalen*. This is painted on copper and is not more than a foot square, and yet it is everywhere known by copies and engravings, and this little *Magdalen* equals the largest pictures in celebrity. Is there any occasion to describe it, to say that the penitent, lying on the thick grass of the desert, with her bosom half veiled by the long curls of her hair, is supporting her head with her right hand, in order to read in a book she holds on the ground with her left hand? The charm of this graceful attitude, the profound attention of this converted sinner, her grace, her beauty, the boldness and happy effect of her blue drapery contrasted with the dark green of the landscape, the wonderful delicacy of the execution and of the colors, all place this *Magdalen* in the first rank of what are called the *Small Correggios*, before the *Holy Family* of London, the *Madonna with the Veil* at Florence, and even before the *Hagar* of Naples. It was stolen in 1788, but the thief restored it in order to get the reward of a thousand ducats promised to whomever should bring it back.

The four other works are *Great Correggios*, and indeed the greatest of his to be found after the frescoes of San Giovanni and of the Duomo of Parma. Three

of them are *Madonnas*, which only differ in the arrangement and surrounding figures, the other is a *Nativity*. In order to distinguish between these *Madonnas* each has been named after the most conspicuous saint in its little court, as the other *Madonna*, which with the *Madonna della Scodella*, make the pride of the small museum of Parma, has been named *San Girolamo* (St. Jerome). At Dresden, one is called *St. George*, another *St. Sebastian*, and another *St. Francis*. As for the *Nativity*, which was originally destined for the town of Reggio, it is usually called *la Notte di Correggio*.

If I dared to place these four celebrated and magnificent compositions in order of merit, merely for the purpose of following the progressive order already commenced, I should mention first the *St. George*, that is to say the *Madonna* enthroned, worshipped by St. John the Baptist, St. Peter of Verona, St. Geminianus, near to whom an angel is holding a model of the church he had built at Modena and dedicated to the Virgin, and lastly the martyr prince of Cappadocia, the slayer of the dragon, the Christian Persens, whose arms are borne by four angels. If the composition of this picture is not inferior to that of the others, if the painting is no less elaborate, fine, and rich in half tints, yet it is, if I am not mistaken, almost too brilliant; and the general tints, very striking but rather crude, give it the appearance of a fresco. From his having destined this painting to be viewed at a considerable elevation, Correggio evidently intended to

make it a mural picture. It would indeed be much better placed over the high altar of a cathedral than in the panel of a gallery. In the *St. Sebastian*, the Virgin is in the midst of what is termed a *glory*, surrounded by a choir of celestial spirits. Three saints worship her on the earth; in the centre the bishop St. Geminianus, once more with the model of his church; to the right St. Roch, dying of the plague, like the poor wretches he had tended at Placentia; and to the left the warrior-saint of Narbonne, fastened to the trunk of a tree and pierced with arrows. Although we must regret a little confusion in certain parts, the whole picture is wonderfully grouped, and the coloring, which is very delicate, is no less distinguished for its vigorous effects of chiaroscuro. The largest of the four pictures is that which is named after *St. Francis*. At the foot of the throne on which Mary is seated, holding the Holy Child on her knees, the devotee of Assisi has prostrated himself in adoration, whilst the Virgin appears in the act of blessing him. Behind him is his disciple St. Antony of Padua, holding a lily in his hand; opposite is St. Catherine, bearing a sword and a palm branch; while John the Baptist, still naked and wild as in the desert, points with his finger to Him whom he had announced to the world as the Saviour come to redeem mankind from the sin of our first parents, whose history and fall are traced on the pedestal of the throne. It would be quite superfluous to say that this powerful composition, as well known through engravings as the Magdalen, is in the noblest,

strongest, and grandest style, that in its arrangement it reminds us of the simple and sublime manner of Fra Bartolommeo; but it should be added, for those who have not seen the original, that what here raises Correggio above the illustrious Florentine monk, and even above himself, is the coloring, the marvellous work of the pencil. The great artist, at that time unknown, who had said before Raphael's St. Cecilia, *Ed io anche son pittore*, was so satisfied with his work, that this was the only picture under which he inscribed the name "Antonius de Allegris" (Antonio Allegri), which fame has since replaced by that of the town which boasts the honor of his birth.

And yet the *Notte* of Correggio surpasses even the *St. Francis* in public opinion. Many place this composition above all those to be found in Europe, and proclaim it the artist's masterpiece. We may say, at all events, that it yields to no other in style. Yet perhaps Correggio might be reproached, in the conception of this picture, with a sort of overcarefulness which is almost puerile, and which would fitly have been left to the Flemings, less anxious about moral beauty than a picturesque effect. We see here the manger in which the Holy Infant was laid: it is night, and the scene is only rendered visible by a supernatural light, which spreads from the body of the Child lying on the straw. This light illumines the face of the Virgin Mother, as she bends over her first-born, and dazzles a shepherdess who has hastened in on hearing of the "glad tidings." It extends to Joseph, who is

seen leading the ass to the back of the stable; it also lights up the angels hovering in the air, who "seem rather," as Vasari says, "to have descended from heaven than to have been created by the hand of man." But it is not in the style of Honthorst or Schalcken that Correggio has employed this light. With them it would have been the principal fact, and all the figures grouped around the Child, the Virgin Mother, Joseph, shepherds, angels, ass and ox, would only have served to throw it into relief. With Correggio it is only an accessory, which while concurring in the picturesque effect, so dear to the Flemings, is in no way injurious to the superior and moral qualities which the great Italian style requires. Is Mary less tender, less full of love, of faith and adoration, because her face is lighted up by its rays? Has the scene less movement, nobility, greatness, and holy majesty, because instead of receiving the light of the sun from above it is grouped around a radiant centre? It is the example, the triumph of art, understood and practised, endeavoring to extend its power beyond the eyes to the soul, and which makes effect subordinate to the ideal, and matter to mind.

Correggio left many imitators, beginning with Baroccio, who soon fell from grace to affectation; but few direct pupils formed by his lessons. We can scarcely name more than Parmegiano (Francesco Mazzuola, 1503-1540), that brilliant and precocious artist, who, according to Vasari, "had rather the face of an angel than that of a man;" and who, on his return to Parma

after having studied at Rome, ended by gliding also into mannerism, then abandoned painting for alchemy, and died half mad. London has obtained his *Vision of St. Jerome*. This picture was painted in 1527 for the chapel of the Buffalini family, at Citta di Castello, a chapel which was destroyed by an earthquake in 1790; it was rescued from under the ruins, and has since passed from hand to hand until it has come to the National Gallery. It is said (for pictures have legends attached to them) that in the taking and pillage of Rome, the soldiers of Charles V., struck with admiration at the sight of this painting, respected both the artist and his dwelling. Without denying in any way this wonder, or contesting that the work possesses many admirable qualities, I must say that this painting is one of those destined to occupy a particular place, to have always the same light on it, and to be seen from one particular point of view, like a fresco, and it loses much from having been removed. The long figures, according to the usual defect of Parmegiano, crowded into a narrow frame, and executed with hard and dry vigor, which does not remind us in any way of his master nor of his school, prove sufficiently that the picture should be seen from below, and from a distance. By placing it on a level with the eye, and almost within reach of the hand, the whole effect is destroyed. Parmegiano has, however, left the greater number of his works at Naples. There are seven or eight in the Studi, amongst others one of *Lucretia stabbing herself*, which no other of his pictures surpasses, or perhaps even equals. Amongst his portraits

there is one of the Florentine, Amerigo Vespucci, who has given his name to the new world, and another is that of a man who is still young, of a fine and resolute countenance, who is believed to be the Geonese sailor who discovered it, Christopher Columbus. This is at least the opinion of the Neapolitans, but it seems to me a manifest error. The portraits of the great navigator in Spain, which are more authentic, are not at all like that in the museum of Naples, and besides, it is still more strongly disproved by dates. It is certain that Parmegiano, born in 1503, could not have known Christopher Columbus, who, about the year 1480, left his native country for ever, to offer his services first to Portugal and then to Spain.

Amongst the artists born in the north of Italy, there is one who cannot be passed over in silence, but whom it is difficult to class in any particular school, on account of his originality. This is Caravaggio (Michael Angelo Amerighi da Caravaggio, 1569-1609). A Lombard by birth, not by taste, and having studied (not under masters, for he would have none) in the Venetian and Bolognese schools, between which he stands midway, leading afterwards a wandering and vagabond life, to which his brutal and fierce character condemned him, Caravaggio formed a style peculiar to himself, which was continued by the Spaniard, Ribera, the Frenchman, Valentin, and the Italian, Manfredi. The *Descent from the Cross*, by Caravaggio, which is usually considered his masterpiece, and in which there is seen, if not the absence of his usual

defects, at least a union of his most eminent qualities, is in the Vatican at Rome. The heads are all ignoble ; never did he carry further the worship of the real and the repulsive, which he had adopted in opposition to the false and mannered style of Josepin, a painter whom he held in especial contempt. As to the men who are taking the body of our Lord down from the cross, their vulgar coarseness might have formed a contrast to the noble beauty of Jesus and Mary. But the Saviour himself and His Virgin Mother are no better treated ; it might almost be said that Caravaggio was of the school of those Christian painters of the fourth century already referred to, who followed the tradition of St. Cyril and some others among the early fathers, that our blessed Lord was the least beautiful among the sons of men.

The same may be said of one of his choicest works, now in the Louvre, the *Death of the Virgin*, which he painted for a church in Rome, that called della Scala in Trastevere. We notice in it, at the first glance, the absence of all religious feeling, and even of worldly nobility ; and still more the absence of traditional characters common to all sacred subjects. Who is it lying on that couch, breathing her last sigh ? Is it the mother of Christ in the midst of His Apostles, or is it not rather an old gipsy among a number of the men of her tribe, dressed in ridiculous finery ? It is the same with the *Judith* at Naples, which may yet be considered one of his most vigorous and energetic works. How can we recognize the

timid and virtuous widow, who to save her people resolves to commit a double crime, in that infuriated woman who is cutting the throat of Holofernes as a butcher slaughters a sheep? This is a common defect with Caravaggio, and one that is shared by many other painters, even of our own time, this contradiction between the title of a picture and the manner in which it is rendered. It would be better to take away the name and leave only the action represented; *Judith* would then be a courtesan assassinating her lover in order to rob him. Reduced to that ignoble subject, the picture would be irreproachable.

Caravaggio, indeed, when he is on his own ground is an eminent artist. He appears thus at the Louvre, in his *Fortune-teller*, and in the excellent portrait of a Grand-master of Malta in his armor; he is also seen to be a great artist at Rome in the picture of the *Gamesters*, in which a young gentleman is seen robbed by two swindlers; and at Vienna (in the Lichtenstein Gallery), in the portrait of a young girl playing on the lute. This is an extraordinary work, for, laying aside his habitual exaggeration, his inclination to the ugly and strange, the master here shines in truth, grace, nobility, and beauty. Caravaggio was a mason, who became a painter by seeing frescoes painted on the moist plaster he had laid on the walls; he was a painter who remained a mason, rough, unlettered, professing to despise antiquity, and scoffing at Raphael and Correggio; wishing for no other model than nature, he studied common-

place and low nature ; yet in his fiery execution he attained a degree of energy, power, and truth, the only defect of which is probably their own excess.

VENETIAN SCHOOL.

If we were here speaking of every branch of art, it would be necessary to notice that the wonderful and unique city of Venice is a perfect museum of architecture. The Spaniards call Cadiz “the Stone Ship,” because—built on a little island of sand, in the midst of the sea, and resting on the waters like the nest of the halcyon—the waves of the ocean are always beating against its strong walls. Venice, “the town which though flooded utters no cry for help”—Venice, composed of a multitude of small islands crowded together, and whose streets are narrow arms of the sea which wind through the midst of dwellings, deserves the appellation of a Fleet of Stone. And these streets, without noise, without dirt or dust—these canals, in fact, are like the galleries of an architectural museum ; whilst the fronts of the palaces are like so many pictures, on which the spectator can gaze on either side, whilst passing at his ease in his gondola. But it is with only one of the three arts of design that we have to do here.

After the general glance that we have taken in the preceding chapters, at the origin of painting in Italy till the time of the Renaissance, and the formation of the different schools, we shall not have to go back

very far in the history of the one of which we are now speaking. We have already spoken of the old Mosaics of the eleventh and twelfth centuries which succeeded in turning Venice into an oriental and Byzantine town. It will be sufficient now to mention, among the greatest curiosities of the school, the attempts of old Bartolommeo Vivarini, and the more advanced works of his son and grandson, Luigi Vivarini the elder and the younger; also some of the immense pictures called *ancona* (which combine several subjects in their different compartments), the best-known painters of which are Lorenzo Veneziano and Nicolo Semitecolo; and lastly, some important works of the brothers Giovanni and Antonio de Murano, who always worked together.

There are two other brothers, the Bellini, who head the period of the rich and fertile Venetian School. Yet the elder of the two, Gentile Bellini (1421-1507), was a solitary painter, a traveller, who, strictly speaking, had no pupils, and who did not make art his profession. He even limited himself to anecdotal painting, a kind for which his travels afforded him ample material. It is known that he passed several years of his life at Constantinople, whither, in spite of the curse of the Prophet against every image of a living person, he had been called after the conquest by Mahomet II., who employed him in numerous works. They say that it was to him the alarming adventure occurred of seeing a slave decapitated at the order of the sultan, who wish

ed to show the painter, from nature, the movement of the muscles of the neck upon the head being cut off. There is, at the Louvre, a most curious work by Gentile Bellini, the *Reception of a Venetian Ambassador at Constantinople*, which represents, with scrupulous fidelity and remarkable talent, the scenes, costumes, and manners, in the new capital of the Ottomans. Two compositions of the same kind have also been secured by the museum at Venice. These are of two miracles, in which, by means of the relics of the Holy Cross, he had been preserved during the course of his life ; the one on the square of St. Mark, the other on the Great Canal. Gentile, who was born in 1421, was very old when he painted them, yet they are as interesting for the manner in which they are executed as for their subject. They are still true pages of history, and serve as records of his time.

After Gentile Bellini may be placed Vittore Carpaccio, (from about 1455 to about 1525), who appears to have been his disciple, and who reminds us, by his simple grace, his delicate touch, and his poetic feeling, both of Fra Angelico of the Italians, and of Hemling of the Flemings. He is not well known, except in his own country, to which he seems to have bequeathed all his works. Amongst these are nine great pictures which depict the legend of *St. Ursula and her Companions*, from the arrival of the King of England's ambassadors to demand for his son the hand of the young and noble maiden of Cologne, to the apotheosis of the eleven thousand virgins. There

is plenty of imagination in this painting, and also clearness and order. Another is on the legend of *The Execution of ten thousand Martyrs crucified on Mount Ararat*, for Carpaccio we may see was not afraid to handle vast subjects or to introduce his personages by thousands. Lastly, there is a *Presentation of Jesus in the Temple*, in which the old Simeon is singing his canticle between two cardinals. This is a work full at once of grace and vigor; and, but for some stiffness of outline, would deserve to be compared with the most beautiful works of the school.

Not to interrupt the series of true Venetians, I shall mention, after Carpaccio, another painter of the same period, who, though he ought, by his birth and his studies, to have belonged to Venice, remained a Lombard both in style and execution. This was Giambattista Cima da Conegliano (from about 1460 to about 1518). Referring to the name of his native town, he used to put a rabbit (coniglio) in some corner of his paintings. It was his signature, as Garofalo's was a pink. A sense of youthful freshness in his compositions, an almost childish symmetry, a studied correctness of drawing, a natural nobility in his heads (too small, however, generally for the length of the body), have given him the name of the Masaccio of Venetian art. A glorified Virgin called the *Madonna with Six Saints*, a representation of the legend of *St. Thomas Touching the Sick*, are still at Venice, to testify to his merits. But they may be recognized even at the Louvre in another picture of the Virgin,

to whom Mary Magdalen is offering a vase of perfume. The rocky landscape which forms the background is a view of the country of Conegliano.

The true Venetian school begins with Giovanni Bellini (1426-1516). He had received his first lessons from his father, Jacopo Bellini, a disciple of old Gentile da Fabriano, surnamed *Magister magistrorum*; but, according to Borghini and Ridolfi, he discovered the secret of oil-painting by obtaining admittance, under the disguise of a patrician, to the studio of Antonello of Messina, who had then returned from Flanders, and thus seeing him prepare his colors. Giovanni Bellini was in his youth the master of Carpaccio and Cima, who both retained his earliest style; afterwards in his maturity, the great Venetians, Giorgione, Titian, and Tintoretto were his pupils. His painting is correct and highly finished. His marvellous patience in the representation of the smallest objects strikes one as much as the purity of his taste and his appreciation of the beautiful. A great colorist also, though somewhat timid, Bellini is in this point the leader of the school which followed him; and when in his old age he saw the beautiful effects of chiaroscuro produced by Giorgione, he learnt himself to give more warmth to his style and greater breadth to his pencil. He became the pupil of his pupil in the same way that at the same period Perugino was of Raphael. At first natural and simple like his predecessors, Bellini's style afterwards became more skilful and bold like that of his successors.

We cannot become acquainted with the eminent chief of this school at Paris. There is nothing belonging to him at the Louvre, not even his portrait, because the two young men placed opposite each other in the same frame, which are assumed to be the portraits of the Bellini, taken by the younger, are evidently wrongly named. The youthfulness of the portraits is in manifest contradiction to the style and touch which would belong to the old age of the painter. Venice, happily, has collected several of the most beautiful works of Bellini. Besides a good many pictures which have remained in the churches, and are for the greater part much defaced, the Academy of Fine Arts possesses five. All are uniformly glorified Madonnas. One is called the *Madonna with Four Saints*, another, the *Madonna with Six Saints*, like that of Cima da Conegliano. There, amidst five Christian saints, we see the old patriarch Job, the painting having been originally executed for the now suppressed church of San Giobbe. It is a magnificent composition, worthy, from its noble style and beautiful execution, to be placed in the first rank of Bellini's works. "It is remarkable," M. Charles Blanc says, "that in spite of the rich, intense, and varied coloring of this picture, it yet appeals to our heart rather than to our eye. Its soft murmur soothes us in the midst of the uproar of the Venetian school."

Bellini has painted none but religious pictures; indeed, almost exclusively Madonnas,—from the one

who holds the Child to her bosom, to that in which she bears on her knee the body of her dead Son, and at last shares in heaven the glory of the three persons of the Holy Trinity. One of these Madonnas is possessed by the infant museum of Leipsic. The Studi of Naples, however, can boast of a *Transfiguration*, which is an excellent as well as curious painting. This *Transfiguration*, in imitation of Giotto, only represents the principal episode, Jesus between Moses and Elias, rising above the group of apostles. But it gave to Raphael the idea of treating the same subject in vaster proportions, adding the people at the foot of the mountain, the child possessed with a devil, and all the details given in the gospel of Saint Matthew. The two portraits by Bellini, belonging to the National Gallery in London and the Belvedere in Vienna, are doubly valuable for their rarity. The former is of the old doge, Leonardo Loredano, and in it, the physical decrepitude, the strong mental intelligence, and inexorable obstinacy, of the founder of the State-Inquisition are admirably depicted; the latter is the portrait of a young girl combing her hair before a mirror. As Loredano was only elected doge in 1501, and the portrait of the young girl bears the signature, *Johannes Bellinus, faciebat MDXV.*, the one must have been painted when Bellini was seventy-five, the other when he was eighty-nine. His was a laborious old age, almost as astonishing as that of Titian.

If his master and his fellow-students lived to be

venerable, it was not so with Giorgione (Giorgio Barbarelli di Castelfranco, 1477-1511), who died at the age of thirty-four, of grief, it is said, for the loss of a loved mistress. By showing the secret of thick layers of coloring, by throwing out bright lights by means of deep shadows, bright, in short, by all the most skilful and wonderful effects of chiaroscuro, Giorgione led the whole Venetian school into the worship of coloring. He became, as we have before said, the master of his master, he was also that of his fellow-students. Titian, among others, only surpassed him because he outlived him by more than sixty years. It was of Giorgione that the president de Brosses said with justice and truth, "I should place him as a colorist in the same rank with Michael Angelo as a designer." As he died so young, and had employed himself principally in painting frescoes, either for the palace of the doges or for the façades of edifices since destroyed (amongst others the Chamber of Commerce, called *Fondaco de Tedeschi*), Giorgione has left but few works of the easel that can be strictly termed pictures. Let us search carefully for these all over Europe.

The churches and convents of Venice, so numerous, and so rich in works of art, do not possess a single one, neither does the ducal palace. The Academy of Fine Arts has only succeeded in obtaining one composition, *St. Mark appeasing the Tempest*, and only one portrait, that of an unknown nobleman. In his own city we can best become acquainted with

Giorgione at the Manfrini palace, which possesses the picture called *The Three Portraits*, so justly celebrated by Lord Byron. Florence has fared better. The Uffizi has inherited a *Moses*, a *Judgment of Solomon*, and a *Mystical Allegory*, as well as the portraits of a knight of Malta, and of General Gattamelata, both of marvellous beauty and vigor. The Pitti palace also proudly displays a *Moses saved from the Water*, a *Nymph pursued by a Satyr*, and a *Musical Concert*, a favorite subject of this master, who was an excellent musician, and sought after by the Venetian nobility both as a singer and lute-player.

But, in truth, I do not know whether Giorgione is not seen to greater advantage out of Italy than even at Venice or Florence itself. In Spain, for instance, he can be much better understood and admired. His picture of *David killing Goliath*, which has been conveyed to the Museo del Rey, exhibits that boldness and ease so entirely Venetian, of which he had given the first example. But all the qualities of this great master are still more brilliantly shown in a picture brought from the Escorial, to which we can give no other name than a *Family Portrait*. In front of a gentleman in complete armor, who seems, like Hector, to be setting out for the war, a lady, a second Andromache, tears herself from the carcases of a young Astyanax, to replace him in the arms of her attendant. This is the whole subject of the picture, and the half-length figures are of unknown persons. But, in its way, it is a perfect and astonishing

work, which delights and at the same time saddens us; for in this magnificent work, the last expression of the artist's genius, we read what Giorgione might have become, and to what height his glory might have reached, if he had had the time to be as fertile as he was bold and powerful.

There are only two specimens of his best style at the Louvre: one is of a subject in which he took interest, because he was not less celebrated for his musical talents and amiable disposition than for his great genius as a painter; it is called *A Rural Concert*; the other is a superb *Holy Family*, called, I believe, a *Saint Sebastian*, because the centre group is placed between this young martyr and a Saint Catherine. These two pictures came, after passing through the galleries of the dukes of Mantua and of Charles I., by Jabach and Mazarin, to the cabinet of Louis XIV. Although they cannot be placed in the first rank of Giorgione's works, they yet present fine examples of those skilful contrasts, that happy blending of detail in the general effect, that delicacy of tint, and that powerful coloring, of which Giorgione had the honor of first exhibiting a perfect model. In Germany are to be found a few of those rare works in which Giorgione has carried to its extreme limits the knowledge and power of chiaroscuro. One of the best is in the rich gallery at Dresden, the *Meeting of Jacob and Rachel*, in the midst of their servants and flocks. The Belvedere at Vienna, with the excellent portrait of a *Knight in Armor*, the *Young*

Man crowned with vine-leaves, who is accosted by a bandit, and the *David carrying the sword of Goliath*, also possesses the picture known by the name of the *Three Surveyors*, who are, rather, three astrologers. This is a noble and spirited composition, possessing



The Looking-Glass.

By Titian.

the additional merit of an excellent landscape, quite a rarity then, and, indeed, almost a novelty in Italy. Lastly, Munich possesses the splendid portrait of the painter by himself. Giorgione has a large head, full of strength and energy; an open, noble, and intelli-

gent face, and looking at this excellent likeness of a man so richly gifted, one can almost curse the fickle beauty whose desertion killed the great artist in the prime of life, before the time for his greatest works.

Giorgione brings us to Titian, whom he had a little preceded, not in his life (they were of the same age), but in the adoption, I may say the invention, of their common style. Tiziano Vecellio, of Cadore (1477-1576) was, it is said, the great-great-nephew of the bishop of Odezzo, Saint Titian. He came while quite young to the studio of Bellini in Venice, and passed in that city the whole of his long patriarchal life, dying there at last of the plague, at the age of ninety-nine. As, from his tenderest infancy to his extreme old age, he possessed a delight in work, and a facility in execution, and also, like all other masters, was helped in his larger compositions by chosen pupils, it is not surprising that Titian should have left an immense number of works, or that every collection in Europe should have gathered some fragments of them. This ubiquity in a painter, if one may so speak, is necessary to his fame. The work of a musician is copied, printed, spread. Mozart had only written the *Don Giovanni*, and Rossini, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, when they became everywhere known and celebrated. But a picture can only be in one place, and can only be seen there. Consequently, for his celebrity to equal his merit, a painter ought to add to all his natural or acquired qualities that of fertility.

Venice is more fortunate with regard to Titian than to Giorgione, for many of his works are preserved in its museum, churches, and in the palaces of its doges and patricians. I have counted thirty-three of them, amongst which are several of the most important and most justly famous. At the Accademia delle Belle Arti, his whole history is written. There are the first trials of a yet uncertain youth, the last occupations of an old age, voluntarily laborious, and the perfection of his middle age.

A *Visitation of Saint Elizabeth*, in small proportions, is considered the earliest existing work of this great man. He painted this somewhat weak picture when scarcely more than a child, hesitating between the imitation of his master, Giovanni Bellini, that of some Flemish painters lately arrived at Venice, and the new style of his fellow-student Giorgione. The forms are stiff and the colors tame, but one can already clearly see the direction in which his natural inclinations were leading him.

His last work, on the other hand, is a *Descent from the Cross*, which death prevented his finishing. On examining this picture closely, we can see all the confused and heavy work of a trembling hand and dim eye; and yet at a little distance it is full of effect, force, and grandeur. Some parts of this venerable *Deposition* which had been left incomplete were finished by the elder Palma, according to the pious inscription traced at the bottom: *Quod Titianus inchoatum reliquit, Palma reverenter absolvit, Deoque dicavit opus.*

The two large compositions at the Academy of the Fine Arts in Venice, representing the commencement and the close of the History of the Virgin ; her *Presentation in the Temple*, and her *Assumption to Heaven*, indicate the maturity and the culminating point of the genius of Titian. The first is a singular imagination, suggested doubtless by tradition. In it are seen the external flight of stairs leading to the vestibule of the temple, the neighboring houses, the streets in perspective, mountains in the background, and a crowd of people. Mary, the young girl who ascends the steps alone, is the least part of the picture, which is none the less an admirable specimen of the Venetian style, already inclining more to the real than to the ideal. The two kinds of merit in painting, the real and the ideal, which ought to be inseparable, are seen together in the *Assumption*, so widely celebrated, and now so well known from having been reproduced in every possible method. The remembrance of this famous composition had been in some way lost, till happily Cicognara discovered it, much smothered, on a high wall in the church of the Frari, and exchanged it for a new picture. Since this discovery, the *Assumption* has been considered Titian's chef-d'œuvre. It sealed his growing reputation, whether he painted it, according to some, in 1507, at the very time that Raphael was revealing himself at Rome in the *Dispute of the Holy Sacrament*, or according to others, and which seems to me more probable, in 1516, when he was thirty-nine

years old. It is indeed useless to extol its various beauties, to attempt to describe the mysterious majesty of the Eternal Father, the dazzling radiancy of the group of the Virgin, borne by thirty little angels, or the vigorous reality of the witnesses of the miracle; it is sufficient to say, that in this picture Titian fully merits the name given him by his biographers and admirers, of the greatest colorist of Italy; and I may add, that if he cannot quite be called the greatest colorist in the world, at least there are none to share this title with him but Rubens, Velasquez, and Rembrandt. Titian was, in the Venetian school, what Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Correggio were at Milan, Florence, Rome, and Parma. "He absorbed his predecessors, and hopelessly forestalled his successors," say the annotators of Vasari. To the school of Bellini, till this time kept back by scruples of tradition and by dread of difficulties, he imparted boldness and readiness, in fact, full liberty both of conception and of execution.

Another of the great *chefs-d'œuvre* of Titian, and we might almost say of painting, is still * at Venice, in the church of Saint John and Saint Paul (usually called San Zanipolo). It is the murder of Saint Peter Martyr. The subject of this vast composition is the death of a Dominican monk named Pietro di Verona, who was assassinated in a wood, while returning with

* This great work of Titian was destroyed by fire in 1867. A magnificent Madonna by Bellini, and several pictures of less importance, perished at the same time.

another monk from some council. He was canonized, and his tragic death recorded amongst the best authenticated legends. No kind of honor that could have been paid to this picture has been wanting: first, the senate of Venice having learnt that a certain Daniel Nil had offered to pay eighteen thousand crowns for it to the Dominican possessors of the church of San Zanipolo, forbade the monks by a special decree, and under pain of death, to allow it to go out of the territory of the republic; then Domenichino made a copy of it, which in spite of its eminent beauties has not attained to the grandeur of the original; lastly, it was brought to Paris after the conquest of Venice, and there, like the *Spasimo* of Raphael, it was restored to all its beauty by being taken off the worm-eaten wood and placed on new and durable canvas. All these honors are fully justified. The mysterious horrors of the landscape; the terror of the companion flying from the scene; the holy resignation of the martyr, who, falling beneath the knife, sees the heavens open and the palms of victory awaiting him; the natural and skilful arrangement of the scenery, its powerful and pathetic effect, heightened by that incomparable vigor of coloring to be found in all the works of Titian, all concur to make this picture one of the grandest of his works, and to justify Vasari in saying, "Titian never in all his life produced a more skilful and finished work." He might have added that it was probably the first perfect execution of an historical landscape in which,

by lowering the line of the horizon, by giving greater depth to the background, and accuracy to the perspective, the painter at last produced a real view from nature. To give this great picture its right place near the *Assumption*, it would be well to remove it from San Zanipolo to the Academy of the Fine Arts, where it might be better seen and better preserved. Thither also ought to be transferred the well-known painting of *Christ led by an Executioner*, so much admired by the painter's contemporaries, who ordered several copies of it, and of which Vasari says "it has brought more alms to the church than the painter gained money in the whole of his long life."

Besides those in the museum and the churches, paintings by Titian may be found in some of the houses of the ancient nobility of Venice; for instance, in the palace Barbarigo, where he lived many years, and died of the plague in 1576. Although bands of robbers despoiled it with impunity during his last moments, and his unworthy son, the priest Pomponio Vecellio, dissipated his heritage, the Barbarigo palace has yet preserved three of his pictures; the *Magdalen*, with which Titian would never part, but used as a model for all the others, and of which we know at least six copies; a *Venus*, which has been wilfully spoilt in order to clothe it; and a *St. Sebastian*, which he was sketching when death overtook him before the completion of his hundredth year.

The paintings of Titian are to be found in every museum and gallery of importance in the ancient states of Italy. Florence, especially, in spite of the richness of its own school, has collected many treasures of the great Venetian. At the gallery of the Uffizi, in the Venetian room, are two *Holy Families*, a *St. Catherine of Alexandria*, under the features of which he has painted the beautiful queen of Cyprus, Catarina Cornaro; a half-clothed woman, called *Flora*, from flowers she holds in her hand; and a sketch of the battle of Cadore, between the troops of the Empire and those of the Republic; which is all the more precious, as the picture destined for the palace of the doges, for which this was prepared, has perished in a fire. In the Tribune are the two celebrated Venuses, placed opposite to each other, thus augmenting the value of each. One, which is a little larger than nature, and behind which a Cupid is standing, is called, perhaps incorrectly, the wife of Titian. The other, supposed to represent the mistress of a duke of Urbino, or of one of the Medici, is known in France as the *Venus au petit Chien*. Both are perfectly nude, but neither bold nor immodest; they preserve as much decency and dignity as the *Aphrodite* of Greek statuary. Both are painted with a touch vigorous, delicate, and tender, the secret of which only Titian, the great painter of women, seems to have discovered. The latter, however, superior to the other in delicacy of drawing, in the charm of the attitude, and the beauty of the face, in which a sweet

voluptuousness breathes, enjoys justly the greater fame. The artist has successfully encountered immense difficulties in painting this female figure. The whiteness of the body derives its only coloring from its life; it is extended on white drapery, before a light and luminous background, and with no contrast or set-off around it. Titian enjoyed such a difficulty, and his *Venus* deserves in every point to be called by Algarotti the rival of the *Venus de Medici*. Below it is an excellent and magnificent portrait of the Cardinal Beccadella, which Titian painted at Venice in 1552, when the prelate came there as papal legate. The artist was then in his seventy-fifth year; but as he painted for twenty years longer, this may almost be considered a work of his youth.

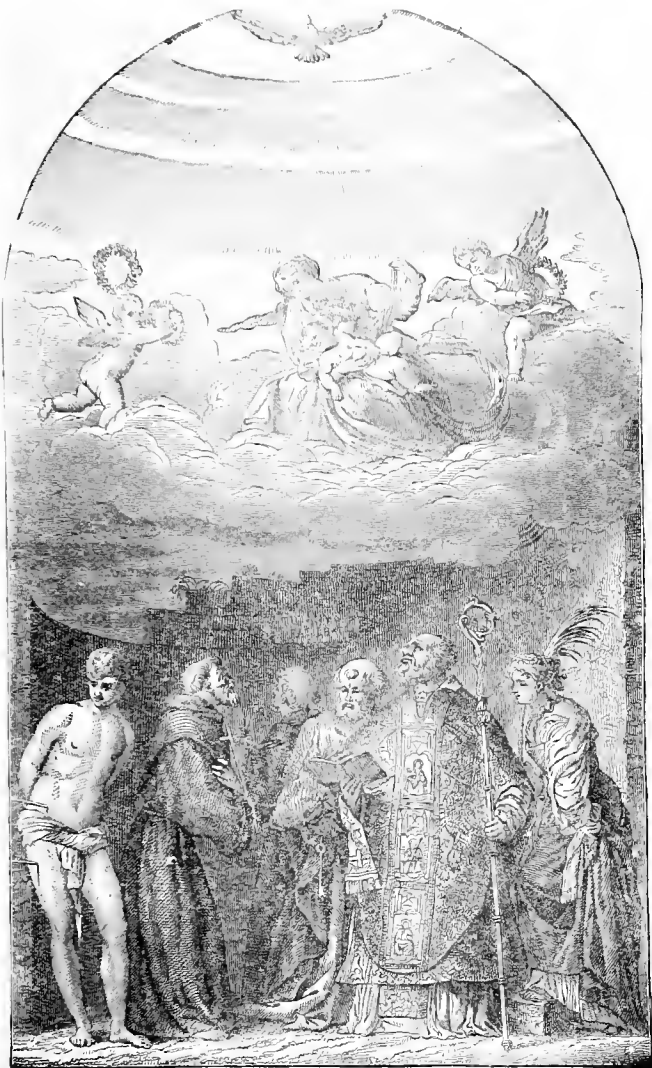
Among the thirteen paintings by Titian in the Pitti palace, I prefer to mention the portraits, for certainly no other collection contains so great a number, nor such perfect ones. Several also are celebrated through the name of the person represented; there is the portrait of Andreas Vesalius, the great physician and anatomist, who, like Galileo, was persecuted by superstition, and who was driven to the Holy Land to die of hunger; there is Philip II. of Spain, taken during his youth; Pietro Aretino, the dreaded satirical poet, for thirty years the friend and counsellor of the artist, who was perhaps the only one of his contemporaries whose love for the poet was unmixed with fear. Others on the contrary are valuable less for the name of the model than for the artist's merits.

Thus to show the greatest height to which art can reach in the simple representation of the human being, in the expression of life, it is sufficient to mention the portrait of the old man, Luigi Cornaro, or that of the young man opposite it, whose name, I believe, is not known. Certainly illusion could be carried no further. For personal grace and brilliant costume we must mention the portrait of a lady, called that of the mistress of the painter. Again, the portrait in which the most wonderful effects of light and shade are to be found, is the portrait of the cardinal Ippolito di Medici, clothed as a Hungarian magnate. It seems to me that nothing can be found superior to these four portraits in the whole of Titian's works, and in this style Titian has never been surpassed by any school or in any country. Indeed, the only rivals that could be opposed to him are Raphael, Velasquez, and Rembrandt.

Amongst the works of Titian that have remained in Rome, is the *Sacrifice of Isaac*, in the Doria palace. It is a magnificent work, and one of the most perfect in every way that has been left by the great painter of Cadore.

A good number of his works are to be found in the Studi gallery at Naples; in the first place, Pope Paul III. seated at a desk, and raising the young prince Ottaviano II. of Parma, who is kneeling before him. This picture, which has a great effect at a distance, is painted very large, too large perhaps, rather in the style of a rough sketch. It seems that

Paul III. must have complained of this negligence, for Titian painted his portrait again, and this time with such delicate care, such minute finish, that we might believe that this portrait served as a model to the small figures of Gerard Terburg. It is doubly precious on account of its exquisite finish. The other portraits by Titian are of Erasmus of Rotterdam in his extreme old age, and Philip II. of Spain, when young; both are excellent. The latter is signed *Titianus Vecellius æques Cesaris*. It was no doubt painted a short while after the time that Charles V. had conferred the order of knighthood, with a pension of two hundred crowns, on the great painter whose pencil he had condescended to pick up. On his accession Philip II. doubled this pension. It is in a sort of private cabinet (in which however any one may enter) that the *Danaë*, seduced by the golden shower, and whom Love watches smiling, has long been hidden. This *Danaë* was painted for the duke Ottavio Farnese at Rome, when, although sixty-eight years of age, Titian yielded to the pressing solicitations of Paul III., and appeared at the pontifical court, to which Leo X. had not succeeded in attracting him. This picture was much admired, but the austere Michael Angelo, to whom it was shown, added a reservation. "It is a great pity," said he, "that at Venice they do not make it a rule to draw well: this man would have no equal if he had strengthened his natural genius by the knowledge of drawing." At Rome, also, there is another



SAN SEBASTIANO.—BY TITIAN.

In the Vatican, Rome.

picture of Titian's, *Vanity*, placed in one of those reserved and secret cabinets, which are really neither reserved nor secret, but where any one can easily obtain access. The Florentines, on the contrary, have placed their two *Venuses* by Titian in the middle of the Tribune, the most frequented of their galleries.

At Madrid a whole museum might be formed of the works of Titian alone. Sent for three times to Augsburg, to paint Charles V., and then Philip II., who all through his life kept up a familiar correspondence with the great Venetian artist, Titian appears to have bequeathed to Spain the greater part of the immense labors of his prolonged life. The biographers of the painter mentioned several compositions, and some of his most important ones, which could neither be discovered at Venice nor in the rest of Italy, nor anywhere else, and which in consequence were considered lost. A great number of these having been found in the catacomb-like galleries of the Escorial, have been restored to the light of day in the museum of Madrid, and have increased the glory and wealth of that gallery. Spain, however, has not preserved all she possessed by Titian. The terrible fire of the Pardo, in 1608, probably consumed the great allegory called *Religion*, which has entirely disappeared. Other precious pictures have perished under the ravages of time and of men; for instance, the large and magnificent painting of the *Last Supper*, the rival of that by Leonardo da Vinci, at which Titian labored seven years, and which he considered

the best of his works, even after he had painted the *Assumption*, revered at Venice as the most sacred relic of its painter. Too dilapidated to bear a removal, the remains of this great composition were obliged to be left fastened to the walls of the deserted Refectory in the Escorial, where it has been mutilated by impious hands, and destroyed by slow torture. And yet, even after these cruel losses, Spain is the most richly endowed of the nations who have inherited the works of Titian. The Museo del Rey at Madrid contains as many as forty-two works of the illustrious centenarian. We will merely mention briefly the principal among this almost incredible number, beginning with the portraits, and following the order of the works from the simplest to the most important.

The principal among the portraits would be a Charles V. on horseback, in full armor and with his lance in rest, like a knight-errant, if this splendid picture, praised by all the biographers of Titian, were not unfortunately much injured. We must then give the first place to another Charles V., on foot, and clothed this time in civil costume, a black cap, doublet of cloth of gold, and white mantle and hose; he rests his hand on the head of a large dog—an historical personage who was for several years the favorite of the emperor. This picture is as remarkable for its perfect preservation as for the wonderful execution of every part, and the expression of majesty which pervades the whole. A third Charles V., brought

from the Escorial, was painted at the close of his reign, with a whitened beard, when the weariness and disgust of public affairs led the conqueror of Pavia, the sacker of Rome, to the monastery of San Yuste. Philip II., with his pale, fair, and effeminate face, is twice represented, on foot and in half-length portrait, and both times admirably, although even when young he could only have been painted in the old age of Titian. Several other portraits come afterwards which are no less remarkable; those of Isabella of Portugal, the wife of Charles V., and of a lady dressed in white, whose name is unknown; those of different gentlemen, one playing with a fine spaniel, another closing a book of prayers, one wearing a large white cross on his breast, another (the Marquis del Vasto) holding in his hand a general's bâton; and lastly one of Titian himself, old and venerable, with a long white beard, in which he has rendered, with admirable simplicity, his calm, noble, and expressive face, still youthful even in extreme old age.

Amongst the paintings of single figures, there is a bold *Ecce Homo* painted on slate; a *Mater Dolorosa*, which is nothing more than a lady in affliction, and like many other pictures, both ancient and modern, would be much improved by the name being changed; two *St. Margarets*, one of them a half-length figure, on the point of being devoured by the dragon, which, according to the legend, swallowed her alive, but from which she emerged safe and sound on making the sign of the cross; the other is a full-

length figure, having the dead dragon at her feet ; both are as remarkable for the beauty of the features and the serenity of the expression as for the vigor and transparency of the touch ; and lastly the *Daughter of Herodias*, who is taking the head of St. John the Baptist to her mother on a silver charger. I have reserved this picture, which was brought from the Escorial, as the last of the series, because in my opinion it is the most wonderful. Never has Titian, always so strong, so true, so powerful, shown more strength, truth, and power. It is before this beautiful and terrible daughter of Herodias, that we recall and accept the saying of Tintoretto, who said of Titian, "That man paints with pounded flesh." It was indeed flesh, but animated, living flesh, which he found on his palette, and which he placed on his immortal canvas.

The paintings containing several figures may be divided into sacred and profane. Among the former, which are the least numerous, we may notice a *Christ bearing His Cross*, much smaller than the *Spasimo*, and in the early style of Titian, when he imitated his fellow-student Giorgione, whose influence is here clear and manifest ; an *Abraham restrained by the Angel*, greater in its proportions but not in its style than that by Andrea del Sarto on the same subject. By the ease in the execution, and the transparent and gilded coloring, we can recognize that this work belongs to a more advanced period of the master's life, when he had fixed his own style. There is also an *Original*

Sin, that is to say, Eve presenting her husband with the apple she has just received from the serpent, who is twined round the tree of life. To praise sufficiently highly this painting, in which Titian has lavished all his knowledge of chiaroscuro and all his depth of coloring, it suffices to say, that on his return from Madrid in 1628, Rubens, the great Flemish colorist, in order to study thoroughly the manner of the great Venetian colorist, made a complete finished copy of this work, which is still at Madrid among the works of his school. Afterwards come two *Entombments*, exactly alike except for a few differences in the color of the vestments. As no one has doubted that these are both by Titian, and that these two exact repetitions of the same subject are themselves exactly like the celebrated *Entombment* which may be admired both in the Manfrini palace at Venice and also in the Louvre, it is clear that Titian must have copied himself at least three times, a remarkable fact, and one which justifies what the Italians call *repliche*. We must also mention an *Assumption of the Magdalen*, containing only the figure of the beautiful sinner, become a rigid anchorite, and the group of angels bearing her triumphantly towards the celestial dwellings. This *Assumption* does not equal in size or importance the great *Assumption of the Virgin*, at Venice, but in vigor of expression, in the coloring and general effect, it yields neither to that nor to any other of Titian's works; it is one of the wonders of his pencil. Lastly we come to the great *Allegory*, half re-

ligious, half political, in which is seen the imperial family, Charles V., Philip II., and their wives, presented in heaven to the Trinity. This painting requires a short digression.

This celebrated and magnificent picture was believed to be lost, although one of the most remarkable of Titian's works; but having been found amongst the buried riches of the Escorial, it is now the most important of the forty works by this master in the museum of Madrid. It is not necessary to dilate on the extreme difficulty of such a composition. To paint heaven is always a bold undertaking, and few masters have attempted it with impunity. Nevertheless, in a subject wholly sacred and mystic, we can conceive that by the help of traditional belief a painter may open to us the Christian heavens as he would open the mythological Olympus; to guide him, he has Dante instead of Homer. But if with the supernatural beings, with the celestial personages, mere symbols, having bodies only for our eyes, he has to mix real terrestrial beings living with our life, in whom he must preserve even the resemblance in features, height, and costume, then the difficulty becomes almost an impossibility, and the painter in the treatment of such a subject can only with the utmost skill avoid the ridiculous. Such was the situation of Titian when he painted this courtier's Allegory, his *Apotheosis of the Imperial Family*. Heaven is there represented open; the Divine Trinity occupy the throne of glory, on which Mary is also sitting,

and like the White Dove, which represents the Holy Spirit, seems to melt away into the brilliant waves of light from above; the Trinity appears to be composed of the Father, the Son, and the Virgin, all alike clothed in long sky-blue mantles. Above them are choirs of archangels, patriarchs, prophets, apostles, while angels are introducing into the celestial court the four sovereigns from the earth, who now reversing their usual parts, with clasped hands and bent heads are admitted instead of admitting others, and are themselves supplicants instead of being supplicated. Standing in front of the group, Charles V. has already put on the monk's white frock, Philip and the two queens preserve their royal garments. This circumstance gives a date to the picture; it could only have been painted after the abdication of the emperor, in 1556, when Titian had attained what for most men is extreme old age, eighty years. And yet in this strange composition, which was doubtless ordered by the doubtful but demonstrative filial love of the successor of Charles V., we may recognize the hand of the great artist who had painted the *Assumption* half a century before. If, before the *Apotheosis*, we can for one moment forget the subject, which must shock and displease us; if we study the figures in detail, if in the whole we only seek an arrangement of groups, a general effect of lights and color: then we are able to recognize that there is nothing superior to this picture in the whole works of Titian, and that at eighty years of age as at thirty,

he was the first colorist of Italy, if not of every school and of every time.

In the series of profane compositions I must mention rapidly two *Venuses* almost alike, and strongly resembling those in the Tribune at Florence, for they are both lying down and naked, and both may dispute the prize of beauty with their celebrated namesakes; then the group of *Venus and Adonis*, of which there is an inferior fac-simile in the National Gallery in London. It is certain that under the features of the hunter, tearing himself from the embraces of his celestial lover, Titian has painted Philip II., who when still very young, fresh, and delicate, was considered, like Francis I., and every prince not actually deformed, the handsomest man in the kingdom. Notwithstanding this innocent flattery, which may have impaired the proverbial beauty of Adonis, this picture is considered one of the masterpieces of the painter. The charming attitude of Venus, so graceful in an almost forced movement; the animated group of dogs; the figure of Mars, who from the sky prepares the vengeance of a jealous lover; the ingenious arrangement, the correct drawing, the fire of the pencil, are united to show in this celebrated work to what a degree of perfection Titian could rise. Under the title of *Sacrifice to the Goddess of Fertility*, he has painted one of the most wonderful scenes that the most adventurous colorist could attempt or imagine. In a beautiful landscape at the foot of the statue of the goddess, to whom two young girls are

offering presents of fruit and flowers, an innumerable band of young children (I have counted more than sixty), scattered in different groups over the whole picture, are struggling and playing with the innocence and vivacity of their age. What difficulties are in the subject, and what boldness was required to attempt it! It was first necessary to vary almost infinitely the sports, the attitudes, and the passions of this childish multitude; and on the other hand he had to contend with monotony of color, for the whole picture is filled with nude figures only. Titian has played with these immense difficulties without more apparent effort than is made by the children, who, simple and graceful, run, dance, gather fruits, carry them in baskets, and turn them into arms in their innocent combats. This *Sacrifice to the Goddess of Fertility* is splendidly executed; it leaves far behind it the soft Albani, the painter of loves. When it was still at Rome, in the Ludovisi palace, Poussin studied it, and copied it several times. There is no doubt that by this means he improved his coloring, which had been rather dark and sad, and he learnt to paint those charming little children which in several of his works, amongst others *Les Bacchanales*, take so important a part. Poussin may, indeed, have taken the idea for this celebrated painting from another picture by Titian, in that same Ludovisi palace, since removed, like the preceding, from Rome to Madrid, for Philip IV. This is the other masterpiece, entitled the *Arrival of Bacchus at the Isle of Naxos*, which

is, indeed, like its pendant, the *Bacchus and Ariadne* in the National Gallery, a true Bacchanalian scene. The scene is, of course, on the sea-shore and on the blue waves: in the distance is a white sail, which indicates either the departure of the ungrateful Theseus, or the approach of Bacehus the consoler. The abandoned Ariadne, still asleep, is lying naked in the foreground of the picture; she is surrounded by different groups of Bacchantes, dancing, singing, and drinking, whilst old Silenus is also sleeping among the bushes on a hill. This *Bacchus at Naxos*, although only about half the size of nature, is one of the greatest works of Titian. The color and effect in it are really wonderful, it attracts and enchains the spectator, and it is difficult for him to tear himself from the extreme pleasure and the profound admiration its contemplation excites.

I have reserved to the end those pictures by Titian, which show his talent in another light, and prove his astonishing fertility continued to an age which renders it really fabulous, and of which we find no other example in the history of art.

We have just seen that the *Apotheosis of Charles V.* was painted when Titian was entering on his eightieth year. We now find two excellent sketches, *Diana Surprised by Actæon*, and *Diana Discovering the Fault of Callisto*, which Philip II. ordered of his favorite painter four years later, and in which is found all the youthful vivacity required for these mythological subjects. There is also a large histori-

cal painting which required the greatest powers of the artist; this is the *Allegory of the Battle of Lepanto*. Through the open window, at the end of a long and rich gallery, are seen some incidents of a naval combat. On the right side of the picture, Philip II. is holding up his newly-born child, Don Fernando, as though in thanksgiving to heaven; the child seems to be playing with the palm-branch, which Fame, who has brought at once the tidings and the crown of victory, is waving in the air. On the left side there are piled up turbans, quivers, shields, and standards, taken from the vanquished enemies, and a Turk chained to the ground completes the indication of the destruction of the Ottoman fleet. Nothing in this work speaks of the weakness of old age. The thought is still clear, the hand firm, and the execution brilliant. Who would not be surprised on hearing at what an age Titian undertook it? The dates, however, admit of no doubt: born at Cadore, in the Italian Tyrol, in 1477, Titian died of the plague at Venice in 1576. Now the battle of Lepanto was fought on the 5th of October, 1571. When he began this painting then he must have completed his ninety-fourth year. After this wonderful effort the only other work of his we can find is the *Taking down from the Cross*, in the Museum of Venice, which he left unfinished, and which was completed by Palmavecchio, who, after having finished it, "reverentially," as the inscription says, thought he could only offer it to God. "Deoque dicavit opus."

Very few of Titian's works are found out of Italy and Spain. In the National Gallery there are only the two pictures already mentioned, and no museum or gallery in the north of Europe can boast of possessing one of his compositions of the first rank. They have only portraits by Titian, although, if we may believe the names on the picture-frames at Vienna, there are almost as many of Titian's works there as at Madrid, and the two capitals must have divided the inheritance of Charles V. This is the case also with the Pinacotheca of Munich, and even with the Dresden Gallery, with, however, one exception. It possesses the famous *Christo della Moneta*, which represents our Lord's discourse respecting the tribute money. There are but two figures in this painting, Christ and his interlocutor, merely seen in half-length, and yet the subject is perfectly clear; it might be understood merely by the countenance of Christ, as intellectual and intelligent as it is full of nobility and goodness. The magnificent color and wonderful finish of the execution make this picture a real masterpiece.

Paris is not much richer than London or Vienna. Of the four *Holy Families* attributed to Titian in the Louvre, one alone, that called the *Vierge au Lapin*, is of any importance; the authenticity even of the others is doubtful. But the *Christ Crowned with Thorns*, the *Entombment*, and the *Disciples at Emmaus*, are three fine paintings, in a grand style, of vigorous execution, and worthy the illustrious chief of the Venetian

school. As for the *Entombment*, remarkable for high qualities which Titian did not always attain, or even aim at, depth of sentiment and power of expression, it is only one of the numerous repetitions of a subject which he had treated several times, almost without variations, and of which the Manfrini palace boasts of possessing the original. In the two disciples and the page who surround the table in the picture of the *Disciples at Emmaus*, some have thought they discovered the portraits of the Cardinal Ximenes, Charles V., and the young Philip II. This is one of those manifest fables, so common in studios, and the origin of which is perfectly inexplicable. Ximenes, the minister of the Catholic kings, dead before the accession of Charles to the throne of Spain, and whom Titian never saw nor could have seen, was not a fat and florid monk, but a thin old man; Charles. V. had red hair and beard, with a jaw like that of a bull-dog; Philip was very fair and effeminate; and their faces, so many times painted by Titian himself, have no resemblance whatever to those of the personages in this picture.

We may see at the Louvre how Titian excelled in portrait painting, in which no one has surpassed him, and in which he has given immortality to all his models. It may be said of his portraits that we do not *look* at them but *meet* them. I do not include that of Francis I. in profile, because at no period of his life, not even when he crossed the Alps, either for his victory of Marignan or his defeat at Pavia, could this

prince have met Titian; and his portrait was not painted from nature, but rather, to all appearance, from a medal. It is better to notice four portraits of men, the best of which is, perhaps, that of a young patrician called *L'Homme au Gant*, their names are unknown, and it is a pity, for Titian knew how to paint the moral with the physical life, and the soul with the body. We must also notice the portrait of the Marquis de Guast (Alonzo de Avalos, Marquis del Vasto), placed in a sort of allegory, in the same frame with that of his wife or mistress; and especially the portrait of a young woman at her toilette, combing out her long dark hair before a mirror; it is called *La Maîtresse de Titian*; but there is nothing to justify this name. It is even probable that this beautiful young woman was a certain Laura di Dianti, at first the mistress of the Duke of Ferrara, Alphonso I., who married her as soon as he was delivered from his first wife, the terrible Lucrezia Borgia. If, in this picture and others, she has been called the mistress of Titian, it is, perhaps, because he made several repetitions of it with variations; or more probably because of the wonderful execution of this portrait, which would have satisfied even Michael Angelo in its drawing, and which is equal in color to the *Daughter of Herodias* at Madrid. Many have thought that such care, such perfection, could only have been the effect of love.

After Titian we come to TINTORETTO. Giacomo Robusti (1512-1594), who is called "il Tintoretto,"

because he was the son of a dyer, has filled the temples and palaces of Venice with his works; for, endowed with a wonderful facility in conception and execution, he labored diligently during a life of eighty-two years. His artistic qualities were so early developed, that Titian, urged by a feeling of jealousy for which he afterwards nobly compensated, sent from his studio this scholar, whose rivalry he feared even when almost a child. This was of service to Tintoretto: instead of imitating his master servilely, as all his fellow-disciples had done, he formed a more original style for himself, by endeavoring to follow the rule he had adopted—to unite the drawing of Michael Angelo with the coloring of Titian. But after varied and laborious studies, the numerous orders he received, as soon as he began to be known, and the feverish eagerness of his work, which acquired for him the name of “il Furioso,” hindered Tintoretto from giving the same care to his painting; there are even some evidently done in great haste, or rather with that desire to do much quickly, which may be called negligence in work. Hence Annibal Carracci said justly, if playfully, that Tintoretto is often inferior to Tintoretto.

If space did not fail us, we should describe the large *Crucifixion*, in the church of San Zanipolo; the *St. Agnes Restoring to Life the son of the Prefect Sempronius*, in Santa Maria del Orto, a magnificent painting, which was brought to Paris with the pictures by Titian; and the ceiling in the Hall of Council in the ducal palace called the *Glory of Paradise*. This

is certainly one of the largest paintings artist ever undertook, for it is thirty feet in width and sixty-four feet in length. Although a production of his old age, confused in some parts, and very unskilfully restored, this picture still produces a powerful effect. In the Louvre there is one of the sketches used in its preparation; but unfortunately nothing else by Tintoretto, unless it be his own portrait, taken when he had white hair and beard, after the sad death of his much-loved daughter. In Madrid there is another sketch for the same ceiling, better and more valuable than the other, as it is the one he preferred and recopied. This sketch, brought by Velasquez to Philip IV., presents, in reduced proportions, an infinite number of cherubim, angels, patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, virgins, and saints of every sort, grouped around the Trinity, and in this sketch, as in the picture, we can trace his fiery and often unreflecting impetuosity, that feverishness which procured him his surname. As for the galleries in the north of Europe, those of London, St. Petersburg, Holland, and of the whole of Germany, they have scarcely anything of Tintoretto's but portraits, among which we may distinguish his own and that of his son, which he presented to the doge. We must then study his works in the *Accademia delle Belle Arti* in Venice.

There we shall find the fine portrait of the Doge Mocenigo, *The Ascension of Christ in the Presence of Three Senators*; a *Madonna worshipped by Three Senators*; and an *Enthroned Madonna between St.*

Cosmo and St. Damian, a perfect and unsurpassable marvel in coloring. Opposite the *Assumption* of Tintian, which occupies one of the principal panels in the large hall, the *Miracle of St. Mark* has been placed. This is only a justice rendered to this immortal work, the masterpiece of its author, and one of the first assuredly, not merely of that school but of all art. Tintoretto painted it at thirty-six years of age; it represents the deliverance of a slave condemned to death, by the miraculous intervention of the patron of Venice. It is an immense scene in the open air, and contains a number of figures, grouped without confusion, and all contributing to the completeness of the subject, without interfering with its unity. In the midst of these people, assembled in order to witness the execution, and who become spectators of the miracle, the slave lying on the ground, whose bands are breaking of themselves, and the Evangelist extended in the air, as if supported by wings, present foreshortenings of great boldness and success. The figure of the slave stands out white against the dark robes around him; that of the saint is dark on a background of dazzling light. All seem to live and move; the crowd appears to be agitated by astonishment and fright; and when looking at it, we can understand the truth of the proverb of Italian artists, that movement must be studied in Tintoretto. Besides the commanding power of the touch, the disposition of the light, the harmony and delicacy of the colors, the vigor of the chiaroscuro, all the magic power of coloring carried to its greatest ex-

tent, form a dazzling and wonderful work, which might be called the *Miracle of Tintoretto* instead of the *Miracle of St. Mark*.

The other great rival of Titian was Paolo Cagliari, or Caliari, of Verona (1528–1588), whom we call PAUL VERONESE. We shall find the collection of his works at Paris is greater and more complete than at Venice. We may then pass by the magnificent ceiling in the hall of the Council of Ten, in the ducal palace, which is considered, after the Sistine, the most beautiful ceiling in Italy. This represents the *Apotheosis of Venice*. “In it may be seen,” says M. Charles Blanc, “the Republic borne on the clouds, crowned by Glory; celebrated by Fame; accompanied by Honor, Liberty, and Peace—the whole executed in a style, less impetuous certainly than that of Tintoretto, but full of mind, warmth, and movement.” We may also pass by the celebrated *Rape of Europa*, which was considered the first of Paul Veronese’s works in Venice. In it, as in the *Last Supper*, and other works intended to be religious, he clothed the figures in Venetian costume. Europa is magnificently dressed. The visit of this painting to Paris was not as profitable to it as to the *St. Peter Martyr* of Titian. The process of the painter not being understood, it was first cleaned, then varnished, and the operation unhappily took off the delicacy and transparency of the most delicate tints.

Let us now explain in a few words how it was that Paris inherited so many of the works of the painter of Verona.

In the course of his life, shorter, but not less laborious and fruitful than those of his illustrious predecessors, Paul Veronese painted four works, which, resembling one another, are yet distinguished from all others by the nature of the subject and the unusual size of the composition. These are the four *Feasts*, or *Cenacoli*, painted for the refectories of four monasteries: the *Marriage at Cana*, for the convent of San Giorgio Maggiore; the *Feast at the House of Simon the Pharisee*, for the convent of the Servite brethren; the *Feast given by Levi*, for the convent of Santi Giovanni Paolo; and the *Supper in the House of Simon the Leper*, for the convent of San Sebastiano; all at Venice. The senate of the Republic presented one of these, *The Feast in the House of the Pharisee*, to Louis XIV. Under the Empire, the three others were brought to Paris; but two of them—the *Feast given by Levi*, and the *Supper in the House of Simon the Leper*—were afterwards restored to Venice, where they were placed, not in the refectories of convents, but in the Academy of the Fine Arts, between the *Assumption* of Titian and the *St. Mark* of Tintoretto. As for the fourth and principal "Feast," *The Marriage at Cana*, it remains at Paris, M. Denon having succeeded in persuading the Austrian commissioners to take, in exchange for it, a picture by Charles Lebrun, on a similar subject, the *Repas chez le Pharisien*.

There are then at Paris two of the four great "Feasts" by Veronese, and also the more valuable two; for while the *Marriage at Cana* is considered superior to the others, the *Feast in the House of Simon the Pharisee* is the best preserved of the four. The celebrated *Marriage at Cana* is about thirty-two feet in length by twenty-two in height. If we except a few grand mural paintings, such as the *Last Judgment* by the elder Orcagna in the Campo Santo of Pisa, that of Michael Angelo in the Sistine, or the great ceiling by Tintoretto in the palace of the doges; if we speak merely of easel pictures, which are movable, this *Marriage at Cana*, by Veronese, is I believe the largest picture ever painted. It is known that under pretence of these festive scenes Paul Veronese painted simply the feasts of his own times, with the architecture and the costumes of Venice in the sixteenth century, with concerts, dances, pages, children, fools, dogs and cats, fruits and flowers. It is also known that the persons collected in these vast compositions were usually portraits. Thus, among the guests in the *Marriage at Cana*, around Jesus and Mary and the servants, who with joyful surprise find the water in their jars turned into wine, some have recognized or thought they recognized, Francis I., Charles V., the Sultan Soliman I., Eleanor of Austria, the Queen of France, Mary Queen of England, the Marquis of Guastalla, the Marquis of Pescara, the celebrated Vittoria Colonna, his wife, etc. In the group of musicians placed in the centre of the

long table, in the shape of a horse-shoe, may be recognized with more certainty Paul Veronese himself, dressed in white silk, seated, and playing on the violoncello. Then his brother Benedetto Cagliari, standing with a goblet in his hand; then Tintoretto playing on the violin, the old Titian playing on the double bass, and Bassano (Jacopo da Ponte) playing on the flute. All these circumstances certainly increase the historical interest of the picture. But it may be said, that by taking from it the great and noble qualities which distinguish a poem in painting—in which there should be unity, and the thought, style, and expression, most suitable to the subject—they perhaps place these great paintings of Veronese below similar works which have been left by the great masters of Italy, and especially of Venice, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, and even Tintoretto. On the other hand we must notice that the enormous size of the picture, and the unusual number of the figures in it, constitute—in the disposition of the groups and the variety in the attitudes, in the arrangement of the light and avoidance of confusion, monotony, and the abuses of light and shade—such difficulties as appal the imagination. Thus, while making a reservation for the style of conceiving and rendering subjects, a style evidently defective, as contrary to religious sentiment and historic truth, even taking away the Gospel names, to call them simply Venetian feasts, we cannot praise too highly, in these great works of Veronese, the sumptuous and magnificent

elements of which they are composed, the beauty of the architectural framework, the truth and variety of the portraits, the elegance of the ornaments, the correctness of the drawing, the charm and vivacity of his silver coloring contrasted with the gold of Titian and the purple of Tintoretto, and in short the deep and practical knowledge of all the qualities which form the art of painting. "Provided that the scene represented be picturesque," says M. Ch. Blanc, "it matters little whether it be treated according to the requirements of philosophy, of historical truth, or of morality. Paul Veronese is not either a philosopher, an historian, or a moralist; he is merely a painter, but he is a great painter."

I would venture to say that he is rather a great decorator. To justify this opinion, it is only necessary to compare his works with those of artists of deeper thought and more powerful execution, with the works of men of true genius. Such a comparison may be made almost everywhere; at Paris, with all the masterpieces of different schools which surround his two vast works in the Louvre; at Dresden, with the great works of Raphael, Correggio, and Holbein; and lastly at London, where we must stop a few minutes. Among the recent acquisitions of the National Gallery, that which is the most praised, perhaps because it cost the most money (14,000*l.* it is said), is the *Visit of Alexander to the family of Darius*. I had seen this large painting at Venice, in the Pisani palace, in which it had remained since the time of

the painter; for under pretence of the family of Darius, Veronese merely placed together the portraits of the Pisani family in the rich costumes of the sixteenth century. This work is certainly fine; as fine I suppose as the four pictures of similar form to this in one of the saloons of the Dresden Gallery; as fine even as that in which Faith, Hope, and Charity lead the Concini family to the foot of the Virgin's throne. But it has lost much by having changed its place, by being brought near pictures of higher style and deeper character. Certainly Veronese is a great painter, and especially a skilful and brilliant colorist. But knowing nothing of ideal creations, all his merits are superficial; he is, almost as much as Caravaggio, the antipodes of Raphael amongst the Italians. The merits of his *Family of Darius* are all on the surface. "Even in the Venetian school," confesses M. Charles Blanc, "there could not be found a picture of less significance, nor one of more marvellous execution." My assertion was then correct. If, after having contemplated and even admired this painting in the place of honor which has been given it in one of the principal rooms of the National Gallery, the visitor turn to the other side of the room, and allow his eye to rest on the portraits by Rembrandt, Veronese is overwhelmed.

After the three great Venetians we must mention the son of Titian, Orazio Vecellio; the son of Tintoretto, Domenico Robusti, the son of Veronese, Carletto Cagliari; who, all dying in the flower of their

age, followed in the steps of their illustrious fathers, as Ascanius followed Æneas at the burning of Troy, *non passibus æquis*. We must also mention here the greatest pupils of Titian, the elder Palma, Palma Vecchio, of whose birth and death there are no dates preserved, who was almost the rival of his master; Bonifazio Bembi (about 1500 to 1562), who was completely eclipsed by Titian, but who has the singular honor of his works being continually attributed to Titian, and of their being worthy of it; Morone, the author of a number of excellent portraits; the younger Palma (il Giovine, 1544–1628), who has left in the museum of Venice the celebrated apocalyptic picture, *Il Caval della Morte*; and lastly Paris Bordone (1500–1570), who has left in the same museum a still more celebrated work, the *Fisherman presenting the Ring of St. Mark to the Doge*. We might add to this list Lorenzo Lotto, who remained faithful to the warm coloring of Giorgione; Pordenone (Giovanni Antonio Licinio), a happy imitator of the silvery coloring of Veronese; Schiavone (Andrea Medola), and Vicentino (Andrea Micheli, 1539–1614), who has painted such curious pictures on the reception of Henry III. at Venice, when the brother of Charles IX. had just resigned the crown of Poland in order to obtain that of France. But we have only room to note the greatest of the masters and the most celebrated of their works. We must then go back in the history of the Venetian school in order to find SEBASTIAN DEL PIOMBO and the Bassano family.

Sebastiano Luciani (1485-1547) was surnamed del Piombo when the second Medicean pope, Clement VII., nominated him keeper of the *piombi*, or seals of the Roman chancery. Having obtained a good income through an office which was really a sinecure, by a favor which the popes usually granted rather to their own friends than to artists, Sebastian only thought of enjoying himself, and ceased working. He had however received lessons from Giorgione at Venice and from Michael Angelo at Rome, that is to say, from the greatest masters of coloring and drawing. He had also succeeded in uniting the style of his two masters. But idleness, carelessness, and good living, gained the day over love of glory and even love of gain. For this reason the works of Sebastian del Piombo are still rarer than those of Giorgione himself. The Pitti palace possesses a large and fine composition, the *Martyrdom of St. Agatha*, in which may be seen, in equal degrees, a style at once noble and severe, and the vigorous effects of chiaroscuro, those two qualities which so seldom are found together, and whose union forms the distinctive merit of an artist who was half Venetian and half Florentine in his style. The museum of Naples is more fortunate in possessing excellent portraits of the pope Alexander Farnese and Anne Boleyn, wife of Henry VIII., and also a *Holy Family*, in which the young St. John completes the group of the Madonna and Child. It has it is true been placed in the hall of the *Capi d'opera*; but it should have been placed

opposite the other *Holy Family* signed by Raphael. It fully deserves the honor of this contest, for more vigorous coloring could not have been united to more correct drawing or a grander style. Mary is a type of masculine and severe beauty, which it would be difficult to equal. This picture must fill with admiration all those who are not led away by brilliant colors or a mannered grace.

In London also may be seen portraits and a large composition by Sebastian del Piombo. One of the portraits is thought to be that of the beautiful and holy Giulia Gonzaga, but the forms are rather thick, and the proportions are probably larger than nature. In another frame are the portraits of the cardinal Ippolito de Medici, the patron of the artist, and of Sebastian himself, holding in his hand the *piombo* or seal of his office. The composition is the *Raising of Lazarus*. This last picture enjoys a great celebrity. Having come from the collection of the dukes of Orleans, it was sold in 1792, by Philippe Egalité. In the catalogue of the National Gallery it is marked No. 1, as it was in some degree the foundation stone of the collection. Its history alone would be sufficient to give it a high importance. We know that the *Transfiguration* was ordered of Raphael by the cardinal Giulio de Medici, afterwards Clement VII., for the high altar in the cathedral at Narbonne, of which he was archbishop. But, not wishing to deprive Rome of the painter's masterpiece, Giulio de Medici ordered of Sebastian del Piombo another picture of

equal dimensions to replace it at Narbonne: it was this *Raising of Lazarus*. It is said that Michael Angelo, charmed to see another rival to Raphael arise, not only encouraged Sebastian in the contest, but traced the whole composition and even painted the figure of Lazarus. "I thank Michael Angelo," wrote Raphael, "for the honor he has done me in considering me worthy to strive with him, and not with Sebastian alone." These historical circumstances give much interest to the work of the Venetian; but on the other hand they provoke a formidable comparison, which he could not sustain, and which perhaps lessens his real value. It is not when we are still agitated with enthusiasm at the remembrance of that work, which is considered the finest work of painting, that we are able to appreciate justly one that pretends to equal it. In the *Raising of Lazarus* we see a rather confused scene, and without desiring all the theatrical arrangements of a picture by Jouvenet, we may wish that it possessed rather more clearness and vivacity. The details are finer than the ensemble, the attitudes are rather varied than combined with a view to the whole subject; in short, it is a collection of admirable parts rather than an admirable composition. The firm drawing of Michael Angelo is abused in it, as well as the violent chiaroscuro of Giorgione, which really seems to transform all the personages into mulattoes: we might almost believe that the scene took place in Ethiopia. The perspective also is cramped, and treated somewhat in the Chinese fashion, which supposes

the spectator, not to be opposite, but above the subject and looking down upon it. Certainly this work of Sebastian del Piombo is noble, learned, and of a severe and imposing style; but I do not hesitate to prefer to it the *Holy Family*, at Naples, and still more the *Descent into Hades*, at Madrid. It was again the Escorial which gave this fine work to the Museo del Rey. The *Descent into Hades* contains fewer figures than the *Raising of Lazarus*; but there are no faults of coldness in the composition, of exaggeration in the shadows, or of narrowness of perspective. The style is no less severe and imposing, but it has an advantage over the other in the scene being better grouped, more animated, and of powerful coloring, worthy in every respect of Giorgione, and perfectly in accordance with the subject. This magnificent *Christ in Hades* seems to me to present, in its highest expression, the severe and vigorous style of Sebastian del Piombo.

The name of Bassano, a small town in the north of Italy, has been given to a numerous family of painters, who were natives of the place: first Francesco da Ponte, il Vecchio, then his son Jacopo, then his four grandsons, Francesco, Leandro, Giam-Battista, and Girolamo. But Jacopo da Ponte (1510-1592), the most celebrated of the six, the pupil of Titian through Bonifazio, he who was the founder of a small school, and who obtained the honor of being the first genre painter in Italy, is the one usually termed THE BAS-
SANO.

He cannot be known or appreciated well in Italy

or in France ; it is at Madrid we must seek him, for Titian sent his best works to Charles V. and Philip II. There are from eight to ten in the Museo del Rey, most of them of the large size he principally adopted, and on subjects which suit wonderfully the habit he had of introducing animals everywhere, so as to turn a drawing-room or a temple into a farmyard. With him animals constitute the principal part of the composition. One of these subjects chosen by him is the *Entrance into the Ark*, in which all kinds of living creatures on the earth, in the air, and in the water, advance in couples towards the floating dwelling of Noah, like an army marching in double file, in a thousand uniforms. Another is the *Leaving the Ark*, which is only a pendant of the other, though its subject is of smaller dimensions and of less importance. We might also mention a *View of Eden*, in which the Almighty reproaches our first parents with their disobedience, the subject being a mere pretext for assembling around them all the animal races ; on *Orpheus* attracting even wild beasts by the sounds of his lyre ; a *Journey of Jacob*, a picture of beasts of burden, camels, horses, asses and mules, etc. The style of Bassano is more elevated in his *Moses and the Hebrews*, which represents the people resuming their march after the miracle of the water gushing from the rock ; but he attained the highest grandeur in the painting of *Christ driving the Money-Changers from the Temple*. This picture, taken from the Escorial, and in which his much-loved animals come in quite naturally, is

perhaps the finest of all the works of Bassano. Never has he shown himself more ingenious and animated in the composition, more natural and brilliant in the coloring ; and never has he displayed more fully the various qualities of the painter who first introduced into Italy the worship of simple nature and painted scenes of real life. He was the forerunner of the Dutch school.

We must now pass by all the painters of the time of the Venetian decadence, including even Tiepolo and his warm sketches, to come to another genre-painter, Antonio Canale (1697-1768), usually called CANALETTO, or Canaletti. He constituted himself portrait-painter, not of the Venetians, but of Venice. He confined himself to painting the exterior of Venice, its squares, churches, palaces, bridges, and the canals which form the streets. He never leads the spectator into the interior of the buildings, or into the life of the inhabitants. But he has left different views of his native town under every aspect, with so much truth, talent, and love, that if ever the discrowned queen of the Adriatic were to be engulfed in the marshes, she might yet be known by his pictures.

It is strange that the native country of Canaletto has not preserved any of his works, not even the two *Views*, which were seen there in 1739 by the president de Brosses, and whose author he calls Carnavaletto. There is no doubt that, having Venice itself before them, the Venetians thought it useless to have views of it. We must go as far as Naples to find a

valuable series of twelve *Views of Venice*, all of the same size, and treated with that fulness and delicacy for which their author is known. His works are dispersed over all Europe, and are often to be found in the cabinets of amateurs, for which they are especially adapted by the smallness of the canvas, the beauty of the subjects, and the perfection of the execution. Fifty years ago there were none of them to be found in the Louvre. It was in 1818 that this museum acquired one of Canaletto's masterpieces: *A View of the Church of the Madonna della Salute*, built from the designs of the architect Longheno, on the cessation of the plague in 1630. There are few pictures by this master so large as this, and still fewer as beautiful; perhaps no other can equal this admirable view of La Salute. It is alone sufficient to secure a right estimation of this master.

Under the common name of Canaletto, the nephew of Antonio Canale, Bernardo Belotto, is usually confounded with him. But Belotto did not remain stationary at Venice; he travelled much, and has left numerous works in England, at Munich, Vienna, Dresden, St. Petersburg, and at Warsaw, where he died in 1780. The school of Antonio Canale is completed by the distinguished and elegant works of his pupil Francesco Guardi (1712-1793), who, even while imitating his master, is yet original and celebrated. Guardi far surpassed him in variety and movement; he was, perhaps, the greater painter, if Canaletto was the greater architect. With

him, in his limited but charming speciality, terminated the great school inaugurated by Bellini, and rendered celebrated by Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, and Sebastian del Piombo.

BOLOGNESE SCHOOL.

If in the Bolognese School we follow the same method as in the Venetian, passing by rapidly the essays in painting, and the precursors of the great masters, we must ascribe the foundation of this school to Francesco Raibolini, usually called FRANCIA (about 1451 to 1517). At first a goldsmith, engraver of medals and director of the mint, Francia, who studied secretly under the old Marco Zoppo, suddenly produced before the astonished eyes of his contemporaries an excellent painting, which he had modestly signed *Franciscus Francia aurifex*. This was in 1490, and the new artist was almost forty years of age. The well-merited praises he received for this picture induced him to add the profession of a painter to that of a goldsmith, which, nevertheless, he still carried on, signing his works in gold by the name of *Francia pictor*. He became also a master, and the two or three generations of artists who succeeded him, make up the Bolognese school. But his style, as we shall see, was completely changed by the Carracci. There is not yet a single certain work of Francia in the Louvre; and hence this old painter has not received in France all the consideration to

which he is entitled. In order to make him better known and appreciated, I do not think I could do better than quote the opinion of Raphael, who, in a letter written in 1508, compares Francia to his master, Perugino, and the Venetian Giovanni Bellini. He is indeed their equal, both from the merit of his works and also from having founded a great school. Raphael had the highest opinion of Francia; he loved him, consulted him, and often wrote to him, and when he sent his *St. Cecilia* to Bologna, modestly begged Francia to correct any defects he might find in it. It is not known on what Vasari founded his assertion that the old man died of grief and jealousy on seeing the superiority of the young man's work. Vasari was mistaken. Francia lived for several years after the arrival of the *St. Cecilia* in his native town, as the Bolognese Malvasia, the author of the *Felsina pittrice*, has proved, thus vindicating his illustrious fellow-citizen from the careless accusation of the Florentine.

The Pinacotheca (this Greek name was given to the Museum of Bologna long before the king of Bavaria, Ludwig I., gave it to the Museum of Munich) contains six important works by Francia. We must mention in particular a *Nativity*, in the manger at Bethlehem, where there are grouped around the Virgin-mother not only several angels, and some saints who lived long after the event, but also Antonio Galea Bentivoglio, the son of John II., who ordered the picture, and the poet Pandolfi de Casio, crowned

with laurels, who, perhaps, had sung of him in his poems. We must also mention a *Glorified Madonna*, whose throne is surrounded by St. Augustine, St. Francis of Assisi, St. John the Baptist, St. Proculus the warrior, St. Sebastian, St. Monica, and a certain Bartolomeo Felicini, who had ordered the picture. This last work is signed *Opus Franciæ aurificis*. It speaks more in favor of its author than the others, for it is easy to make the comparison suggested by Raphael. Near this picture is one by Perugino, on the same subject, a *Madonna* worshipped by St. Catherine, the Archangel Michael, John the Baptist, and St. Apollonius. It is one of the finest works of the much-loved master of Raphael, and was as such selected to be brought to the Louvre, when Italy was a province of the French empire, and conquest gave the right or the power to take from it the masterpieces of all ages. Let any one take the pains to compare attentively these two analogous works, and it will be soon allowed that Francia deserves the high renown which he has attained. According to Raphael, he formed an intermediate school between those of Florence and Venice, between Perugino and Bellini, by uniting form and color.

The National Gallery has not only one of those *Glorified Madonnas*, which were a favorite subject with the old master, and indeed with painters of every time; it also possesses a second work which, although of small dimensions and ungraceful form, seems to me at least equal to the other, because it is

a less common subject for Francia. This is a *Dead Christ*, whose body, extended the whole length of the frame, rests on the knees of His mother, who is in the centre. Two kneeling angels fill the corners. In this picture the style and expression are admirable. And what gives it the greatest merit is, I believe, the powerful coloring, rare even in this master, who was more of a colorist than his contemporaries. At Munich also there are several fine Madonnas by Francia, and at Dresden, among several other pictures, may be noticed a *Baptism of Christ*, dated 1508. Jesus only places His feet on the water, as He did later when calling St. Peter to Him in order to prove his faith. His figure is long and thin, as is also that of St. John, like the figures of Perugino, Bellini, Cima, and all the masters of that time. But this *Baptism*, a great and lofty composition, may be considered one of the best works of Raphael's old friend. In the Louvre the half-length portrait of a young man clothed in black, which until lately was ascribed to Raphael, is now thought to have been the work of Francia. Some of those who had the arrangement of the museum thought that there was a certain seeking after effect, and strength of chiaroscuro, approaching to the energetic style of Giorgione and Sebastian del Piombo, which did not allow this painting to be attributed to Raphael. But why ascribe it to Francia? Born more than thirty years before Raphael, and dying three years before him, Francia, far from affecting great effects of chiaroscuro, always

remained more simple in his style than the author of the *Madonna della Sedia* and of the *Transfiguration*. After having seen the authentic works of Francia in all the galleries of Europe, and learnt his particular characteristics, it is scarcely possible to accept him as the author of the portrait in question ; and if the Louvre had possessed any other of his works with which this might have been compared, no one would probably have dreamed of ascribing this to him.

Francia, as Raphael says, resembles both Perugino and Bellini. It was not he, then, who founded the true Bolognese school, such as it is understood in the history of art, and which was really a renovation of the whole of Italian art. The Carracci founded it a century later. We may take up the question so many times asked, " Was this a decay or a progress in art ? " To reply with truth and justice, we must first understand how the question is put, and also how it is to be decided. Certainly, if we compare the period of the Carracci with the great age of painting which extends from the beginning of the artistic career of Leonardo da Vinci to the close of the life of Titian, and of which Raphael is the centre ; if we notice that the disciples of this school substituted for simple unstudied inspiration mere calculation and acquired talent ; that they abandoned the simple and perhaps somewhat uniform style of the Florentine school, to which Francia and his immediate disciples belonged, to adopt the eclectic style,



THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.—BY ANIBAL CARRACCI

that of universal imitation ; that in lieu of purity of form and power of expression, they aimed at grand and picturesque effect—we should have to reply, that it was a decay. But if we compare this time of the Carracci with that which had immediately preceded it ; if we remember, on the one hand, the abuses of that free and hasty manner which, succeeding to the grand fulness of the great Venetians, neglected every serious study to give attention only to the handling of the brush ; on the other hand the still more deplorable abuse of the startling innovations of Michael Angelo into which all his imitators fell, who, recalling the ancient Etruscans, saw in nature nothing but exaggerated force, foreshortenings, contortions, and who represented the nude as said Leonardo da Vinci, “ more like a bag of walnuts or a bunch of radishes than like human nature ; ” then we must reply that it was indeed progress. It was at all events a sensible, if not a complete, return to the really beautiful ; it was a revival in art. Is it necessary to support this opinion by a regular demonstration ? It will suffice to quote as proofs the works which issued from the school of the Carracci, the works both of the masters and of disciples still greater than their masters.

LUDOVICO CARRACCI (1555–1619) was the real founder of this school, for he directed the studies of his two cousins, Agostino and Annibal, before calling on them to help in the direction of his Academy *degli Desiderosi* (“ Those who regret the past, despise

the present, and aspire to a better future"). It is a striking proof how, even in the arts, assiduous labor and a strong and persevering will may serve in place of natural gifts and instinctive facility. The two masters whom he had chosen, Fontana of Bologna and Tintoretto of Venice, counselled him to abandon the career of an artist, considering him incapable of ever succeeding in it; and his fellow-students called him *the Ox*, not because he was the son of a butcher, but on account of the slowness and heaviness of his mind, and also-because of his continual determined and indefatigable application. I cannot resist reminding my readers here that Thomas Aquinas was called the *silent Ox* before becoming the *Angel of the School*; and that Bossuet in his youth received the same surname from his companions; he was also called, by a play on his name, *Bos suetus aratro*. That ox accustomed to the plough became the Eagle of Meaux, and all three, Carracci, Thomas Aquinas, and Bossuet, proved beforehand the correctness of the definition which Buffon has given of genius: "A great power of attention."

The painters of the Bolognese school have now declined much from their celebrity, which was not only contemporary with them, but lasted until the beginning of the present century. They had been raised too high; perhaps now they are too much depreciated. It reminds us of the just and profound saying of Horace Walpole: "The bad taste which precedes good taste is better than the bad taste which

follows it ; ” and we prefer the simple old masters of the first, the true Renaissance, to the Bolognese. Whether just or too severe, this opinion will shorten our labor, and enable us to dispense with long and minute details.

We shall find works of all the Bolognese school in the Museum of Bologna. There are as many as twelve works by Ludovico Carracci in his native town, such as a *Glorified Madonna* surrounded by the Bargellini family, etc. In general they are of larger proportions than life, according to his constant custom for church pictures, and do not show to advantage when taken from the height for which they were destined and ranged against walls. In the place of real genius we find in them great and solid qualities, and, if not a complete return to the simple and severe style of the great period, at least the happy abandonment of the excesses, the abuses, and egregious faults in taste which, in the intermediate period, had marked a precocious decay. The eldest of his cousins, AGOSTINO CARRACCI (1557-1602), is represented by two great compositions, an *Assumption* and a *Communion of St. Jerome*, which were both brought for a time to Paris. These are perhaps the finest works of this learned and conscientious artist, at first a goldsmith, like Francia, then an engraver under the lessons of Cornelius Cort, and afterwards a professor in the academy of his cousin Ludovico. Death too soon removed him from the study and teaching of an art of which he would have been

a worthy interpreter. It was from his *Communion of St. Jerome* that Domenichino took the idea and even the details for his well-known work, the pendant for the *Transfiguration* in the Vatican and (in mosaic) in St. Peter's at Rome. If Domenichino surpassed the young Carracci, it was by making use of the subject and ideas chosen by him; he only vanquished by imitating him.

As for the fertile ANNIBAL CARRACCI (1560–1609) he was the boldest of the three, the most original in a style that imitated every one, and during a life less than fifty years in length his works were very numerous. There are twenty-six of his works in the Louvre alone. This is much—too much, and we cannot even name them all. It is enough that among the sacred subjects we recommend a large *Appearance of the Virgin to St. Luke and St. Catherine*, in the form, manner, and colossal proportions of the pictures of Ludovico Carracci, though, perhaps, in a grander style and more vigorous execution; then a charming Madonna, called the *Vierge aux Cerises*; then another Madonna still more charming, called the *Silence of Carracci*, because Mary watches over her sleeping child; then a *Resurrection*, half the size of life; and a *Martyrdom of St. Stephen* in small figures; so that every possible proportion is represented, and each with the execution required. We may also recommend to the attention of our readers two animated landscapes, and two pendants called *La Chasse* and *La Pêche*. They are valuable works although very



THE THREE MARYS.—BY ANNIBAL CARRACCI.
At Castle Howard.

dark, because, in their style, their form, and their treatment, they recall the six celebrated *Lunettes* in the Doria palace at Rome, and because they also prove that it was indeed Annibale Carracci, who imparted, first to Domenichino, and through him to Poussin, the idea and example of historical landscape. We owe him then, in this particular, gratitude as well as admiration.

To find the best works of the pupils of the Carracci, we must return to Bologna. The first of these is DOMENICHINO (Domenico Zampieri, 1581-1641). As it was first rendered celebrated by a family of goldsmiths, that of the Francia (Raibolini), the Bolognese school seems to have been kept up by artizans. Ludovico Carracci was the son of a butcher; Agostino and Annibal were, like Andrea del Sarto, the sons of a tailor; their best pupil was, like Massaccio, the son of a shoemaker. It would seem that his humble origin left him an unconquerable timidity, which betrays itself in the general character of his works as well as in his own character and the actions of his life. It is loftiness of style as well as of character that is wanting in Domenichino. This loftiness of style is scarcely found in any of his works, except in those which do not entirely belong to him, but which he copied from his predecessors, such as the *Murder of St. Peter of Verona*, taken from Titian, and merely altered; and the *Communion of St. Jerome*, after Agostino Carracci. We need not speak of the former painting, which is at Bologna,

and is placed near two other large works, the *Martyrdom of St. Agnes* and the *Madonna of the Rosary*, both brought to Paris under the Empire. It is well known to what comparative perfection this master, patient, laborious, thoughtful, yet often unequal and always dissatisfied with himself, carried the art of composition, correctness of drawing, strength of coloring, grace of attitude, and even nobility of expression. Raphael Mengs considered that he only required a little more elegance to place him in the foremost rank of painters ; but we must confess that Mengs had a decisive reason for placing Domenichino so high : his own style resembled that of this master. The *Martyrdom of St. Agnes* contains in the highest degree all the qualities for which Domenichino is noted. One of these is not common even among masters. It frequently happens that the principal personage in a composition is not sufficiently superior to the others, but is almost effaced by accessory figures ; in short, the painter becomes weakest exactly where he should have been strongest. Here St. Agnes is in every way the principal figure in the picture.

The *Madonna of the Rosary* is also superior in the finished beauty of the details ; for example, the old man in chains in the foreground is a masterpiece of true, pathetic, and deep feeling. This allegorical, I had almost said affected composition, is perhaps wanting in good sense and in clearness ; but it should be said in excuse for Domenichino that its subject



THE LAST COMMUNION OF SAINT JEROME.—BY DOMENICHINO.

In the Vatican, Rome.

was chosen, and in some degree commanded of him by the mystical Cardinal Agucchi, his only protector, his friend, to whom he could not refuse this mark of deference and gratitude. In Rome we shall find the beautiful fresco paintings by Domenichino, on the life of St. Cecilia, in a chapel belonging to the church of San Luigi de Francesi. When Raphael's *Transfiguration* still hung in the nave of St. Peter's it had as a pendant Domenichino's *Last Communion of St. Jerome*. The mosaics which replaced them are still on either side of the high altar, and the two pictures having been together at Paris, are now placed in the same room in the Vatican. They may be said to share the throne of art. This would appear too great an honor for the work of Domenichino, produced in a time when the decay in art, already manifest, was on the eve of becoming complete; and yet in some respect the honor is not unmerited, for Domenichino, who preserved a purer taste than his contemporaries, knew also how to avail himself skilfully of those material aids recently introduced by his school.

We have already mentioned that the subject of the *Last Communion of St. Jerome* was taken from Agostino Carracci, perhaps by the advice of Annibal. Domenichino has done little more than reproduce the scene, giving it, however, more of amplitude, and above all a greater charm. The just reproach of plagiarism would alone be sufficient to place his work much below that of Raphael. We might also criticise the rather singular nudity of the old saint,

crouching under a portico in the open air, whilst all those around him are fully clothed ; and also the resigned, angelic mildness, which the painter has given to the fiery doctor of the Latin church, one of the most *militant* of all the fathers ; but these criticisms would be rather those of an historian than of an artist. To the latter it would be a more just ground of astonishment that the little angels flying to the top of the portico are as firm and real as the actors in the scene. Domenichino might have endeavored to give them that airy, impalpable delicacy with which Murillo knew so well how to surround allegorical figures and messengers from heaven. But with these restrictions, we must allow that there are few pictures to be found in the world in which may be seen an equal amount of wisdom in the composition, grandeur in the arrangement, complete unity of action, and, but for a little heaviness always to be found in Domenichino's works, great perfection in the execution. It was some time before justice was rendered to this magnificent work. Raphael received for the *Transfiguration* a sum equivalent to about 320*l.* of our money, and it was not too much. More than a century later, when a king of Portugal offered forty thousand sequins for the *St. Jerome* of Correggio, the poor shoemaker's son of Bologna, always unfortunate and oppressed, only received fifty Roman scudi (about ten guineas) for his *St. Jerome*, and a little later he had the mortification of seeing double this sum paid for a very inferior copy of his paint-

ing. It was Poussin who first understood this picture, drew it from the convent of San Girolamo della Carita, and assigned it the eminent position it now occupies.

It appears to me that the other illustrious disciple of the Carracci, GUIDO RENI (1575-1642), notwithstanding his pride and boastfulness, did not attain the same greatness as his fellow-disciple, the modest Domenichino. But in a longer, more peaceful, and more honored life, Guido was more fertile. Perhaps, also, his works were more uniform—at all events, during the first part of his career as an artist, before he adopted the pale, chalky style he used afterwards, believing doubtless that he thus approached nearer to Paul Veronese, whom he admired passionately. This manner, which was much more rapid, furnished him with more resources to feed the frantic passion for gambling, which, in his old age, brought him to misery, abandonment, and contempt. The most important of all his works is the *Madonna della Pietà* in the museum of Bologna. This singular and immense composition was ordered of him as an *ex-voto*, by the senate of his native town, who rewarded him by adding to the price agreed on a gold chain and medal. This picture is divided into two distinct parts, which might easily be separated. In the upper compartment the body of Christ is represented, lying over the sepulchre, between two weeping angels; Mary is opposite, looking down on the scene: from this arises the name of the picture. In the lower compartment

five saints are kneeling in a sort of ecstasy ; these are St. Petronius, patron of Bologna, St. Proculus, St. Dominic, and the saint then most recently canonized, St. Charles Borromeo. The variety of their costumes, united to that of their attitudes, takes away the monotony that a group thus arranged might otherwise have produced. At the bottom of the picture may be perceived, between four little angels, a view of Bologna, flanked with bastions and walls that no longer exist, amongst which rise the tower of the Asinelli and the leaning tower, still to be seen. This great work contains in the highest degree the distinctive qualities of Guido—nobility and elegance of composition, delicacy of coloring, harmonious distribution of lights, in short, every merit of an eminently graceful style, which was the opposite to and as it were a criticism of that adopted by the dark and passionate Caravaggio. Guido, besides, here shows a rare vigor, which, by bringing his style nearer to that of his rival, makes his superiority more apparent.

This great work is dated 1616. Fourteen years later, when the plague was raging at Bologna, Guido repeated almost the same composition by painting a *Glorified Madonna*, below whom a group of saints, the protectors of his native town, are kneeling in prayer. This second picture, which was painted on silk and called the *Pallium*, was carried in procession during the plague. It is an excellent specimen of the pale coloring which Guido had adopted. But the most celebrated of his works, after the *Madonna*



BEATRICE CENCI.—BY GUIDO.

In the Barberini Palace, Rome.

della Pietà, is the *Massacre of the Innocents*, well known through engravings. Both these pictures were taken to Paris. The only fault to be found in the latter is a grace in the figures so unsuited to the subject as to incur the charge of affectation. The children who are being murdered, the women trampled under foot or dragged along by the hair, are theatrical and studied in their attitudes. It reminds one too much of what is said of Guido, that he painted figures fed on roses. But the details are admirable, and setting aside this defect, which arises from the style of the artist being ill adapted for such a subject, the work is of rare beauty. We can understand why, when Guido came to Rome after having finished it, the pope Paul V. and the cardinals sent their carriages as far as the Ponte Molle to meet him, according to the ceremonial observed on the reception of ambassadors. This anecdote will not surprise us if we remember how much vanity and haughtiness Guido showed at the period of his greatest fame; how he established a ceremonial to be observed for the routine of his studio, for his pupils' functions, and for the reception of visitors. In the Louvre there are many works by Guido, amongst others, four immense compositions on the history of Hercules, the proportions larger than nature; one of these, the *Rape of Dejanira by the Centaur Nessus*, has been made popular by the fine engraving of Bervic.

His rival in celebrity was GUERCINO (Giovanni Francesco Barbieri di Cento, 1591-1666, surnamed

Guercino, or Guercio, the Squinter, because, while still in the cradle, a great fright caused a nervous convulsion which deranged the globe of his left eye). In the works of Guercino we can admire neither the sublimity of the thought, nor the nobility of the forms: these qualities are not to be looked for in the son of a poor ox-driver; but we cannot but admire the exact and skilful imitation of nature which he attained at once by correctness in drawing, harmony in color, and the wonderful use he made of chiaroscuro. It is to the latter quality that he owes his too ambitious surname of "The Magician" of painting. He has been charged with giving his shadows a degree of exaggerated force, as did Caravaggio and Ribera; but in those dark shades no one could have put more transparency and lightness than Guercino. Others have with justice made the observation that to see how, in his pictures, the light descends and illuminates every object, seeming to color, surround, and even to penetrate them, one would think that he painted in a cavern lighted from above by an aperture. This light falling from above is indeed the characteristic feature of Guercino's style, and the excellent use he made of it his greatest title to glory. Probably he took the idea and the practice of this characteristic peculiarity from his dreams of ardent piety. A mystic even to ecstasy, Guercino believed that the angels came to visit and sustain him in his labor; he sometimes imagined that he saw Jesus appear to him in His glory, and that he even heard Him conversing with him.



AURORA.—BY GUIDO RENI
In the Rospigliosi Palace, Rome

The greatest works of Guercino are not to be found in Paris, nor even at Bologna. One is in London, in the Duke of Sutherland's gallery at Stafford House. This is the apotheosis or canonization of a beatified pope, either St. Leo or St. Sixtus. The other, which is no less vast in composition and grand in its style, is the *St. Petronilla* in the Capitol at Rome. It does honor alike to the museum and to the artist. This work, which is of singular beauty, is divided, like so many other pictures, into two parts, heaven and earth. Quite at the bottom, some grave-diggers are opening a sepulchre in order to take out the body of the daughter of the apostle Peter, who, if I remember her legend aright, was thrown into it alive as a forsworn vestal. This exhumation takes place in the presence of several persons, amongst others, of the betrothed of Petronilla, a young man, dressed in the fashion of the sixteenth century, who does not seem very deeply affected at seeing the corpse of his beloved appear above the edge of the grave. As for the saint herself, free for ever from the passions of the lower world, radiant with glory, and with her head encircled by a crown, she ascends on the clouds towards heaven, where the Eternal Father awaits her with outstretched arms. We may find the same fault with this large work of Guercino, although in a less degree, as we have just noticed in the St. Jerome of Domenichino. The scene in heaven is not sufficiently mysterious or emblematic; it has too much of earthly reality. But by correct and

bold drawing, and lively and effective coloring, Guercino scarcely allows this reflection to occur to the mind. The spectator is really dazzled by the "Magician of painting," who here deserves his flattering surname. This is because no one could have put that knowledge of chiaroscuro, which was so dear to the Bolognese, to better use, nor have more completely put into practice the precept of Michael Angelo, who wrote to Varchi, "The best painting in my idea is that which produces the best relief." The copy of this *St. Petronilla* is considered the finest of the mosaics in St. Peter's—a double honor for one work.

Guercino was a disciple of the Carracci, not exactly from having received lessons from them, but from having learnt art, and made for himself a style by imitating their works. Another direct pupil of this school like Domenichino and Guido, was FRANCESCO ALBANI (1578–1660). It is well known how much this master, whose style was so soft and harmonious, and who was called the "Anacreon of painting," loved to paint in small proportions mythological subjects, in which he might introduce as many groups as he pleased, of loves, genii, nymphs, and goddesses: these he painted extremely well, always placing them in charming Arcadian landscapes, under a Grecian sky, in the shade of great trees, which stand out against a misty background ornamented with architectural structures. But what is not generally known is that Albani painted works on sacred history with the figures of life size. There are four of them in



SANTA PETRONILLA.—BY GUERCINO.

In the Capitol, Rome.

the Pinacotheca of Bologna, one of which is a *Baptism of Christ*, and another a *Glorified Madonna*, dated 1599. Albani, who was then twenty-one years of age, had not long begun to paint. These four pictures at Bologna reveal a nobler and more truly religious style than he would be given credit for. They are also a positive refutation of the studio saying, that Albani, having a very beautiful wife, and twelve children, equally beautiful, took his models entirely from his own family. Here, instead of nymphs and cupids, are men, both young and old, saints, and even the Eternal Father.

At the Louvre there are merely specimens of the usual works of Albani. Every one seems to be a repetition of another already known, and the reputation of which, long exaggerated by fashion, is now turned almost to contempt, carrying the injustice to the other extreme. The *Toilette*, and the *Repos de Vénus*, the *Amours désarmés*, *Adonis conduit à Venus par les Amours*, etc., etc. Albani may be seen there with all the graceful qualities which his name promises. But why should there be three *Actéons métamorphosés en cerfs*? Of what use can they be except to prove the sterile fertility of an artist, who, laboring on to extreme old age, ever repeating himself, had the misfortune to survive his talent and his fame. And why should there be twenty-two pictures by the "peintre des petits Amours?" Is not this excessive richness almost as much to be lamented as the extreme poverty of

which we have to complain when speaking of more illustrious names, more worthy to be offered as models? Sixty-eight pictures in the Louvre for Annibal Carracci, Guido, and Albani, do not really represent sixty-eight articles of a catalogue, but merely three painters of the same school—a very different thing! If the Louvre could only make exchanges, with what joy would true lovers of art agree to such contracts, and how much young artists would gain for their instruction! But they have these pictures and keep them: they make up a number for a list, as paste-board dishes at a theatrical feast. Happily the directors of the museum, sharing our opinion on these useless and barren riches, have wisely taken from the public gallery and sent to the storerooms not a few of the too numerous productions of the Bolognese School.

THE NEAPOLITAN SCHOOL.

Most of the great painters who have settled in, or sojourned at Naples, from the Florentine Giotto to the Spaniard Ribera—have been foreigners. It is, however, fair to recognize a Neapolitan school, as ancient as that of Florence, whose first masters, going back as far as the first appearance of the Renaissance, approach the unknown painters of the primitive Greco-Italian School. They are called *trecentisti*, to show that they belonged to the fourteenth century. Such is, first of all, Tommaso de Stefani, who, born

in the kingdom of Naples, in 1324, was surnamed Giotto, as one of the most happy imitators of the great Giotto. Such are again, at the beginning of the following century, the Neapolitan Nicol Antonio del Fiore, and his son-in-law, Antonio Salario, surnamed the Zingaro. In the museum of the Studi, there is a celebrated picture by the former, *St. Jerome extracting a Thorn from the Lion's paw*, quite in the style of the Flemings of this period, Lucas van Leyden, or the blacksmith of Antwerp. As to Zingaro, his *Glorified Virgin worshipped by a Group of Saints*, has justly been placed in the hall of *capì d'opera*. This important work is of particular interest, because it gives the whole life of the painter. Antonio Salario, who belonged, doubtless, to that nomade tribe called, according to the country they inhabit, zingari, gitanos, gipsies, zigellner, tzigani, bohemians, was at first a tinker. At twenty-seven years of age he fell in love with the daughter of Antonio del Fiore, who absolutely refused to give her to him, wishing her to marry none but an artist of his own profession. Love made Zingaro a painter; he studied, travelled, and ten years after married the object of his affection. It is she, they say, whom he has represented as the Madonna; he has placed himself behind the young bishop, St. Aspremus, and it is believed that an ugly little old man, cowering in a corner, is the portrait of his father-in-law.

We will pass rapidly over the two Donzelli (Ippolito and Pietro); over Andrea da Salerno (Sabbatini),

although he brought from Rome to Naples the lessons and the style of his master Raphael ; over the Calabrian (Matia Preti), in whom we recognize a skilful imitator of Guercino ; and even over Giuseppe Cesari, surnamed Josepin, or il Cavaliere d'Arpino, whose superabundant works are all in that delicate, affected style, in that style without character, which Caravaggio detested ; and we will stop for a moment at three compositions, all Neapolitan, of Domenico Gargiuli, commonly called Micco Spadara. One represents the *Plague of Naples in 1656*, another *The Friars of the Carthusian Monastery imploring their patron, St. Martin, to deliver them from the Scourge*, rather a selfish prayer, for it would not have cost the pious monks anything to have extended their entreaty, and taken in the whole town ; the third, *The Revolution of 1647 under Masaniello*. This last work is very curious, because in one moderate-sized frame, filled with a crowd of small figures, one sees all the particulars of this strange episode in the history of Naples, related as it were by an impartial eye-witness.

When we come to SALVATOR ROSA (1615-1673), we are disappointed to find in his native country only incomplete specimens of the talents of this original and fertile artist, who was not merely a painter, but also a poet, musician, and actor. In three charming lines he gives an account of his careless life :

“L'estate all' ombra, il pigro verno al foco,
Tra modesti deai, l'anno mi vide
Pinger per gloria e poetar per gioco.”

(*Satira della Pittura.*)

But Salvator never made long stays at Naples; he was three times driven from it; the first time by want; then by the disdain and hatred of his fellow-artists, whom he did not conciliate; and lastly by the fall of the popular and patriotic party of Masaniello, which he had embraced ardently under his master, Aniello Falcone, the chief of the "Company of Death," in which the greater number of artists had enrolled themselves. We shall find most of his works at Florence, Madrid, Paris, Munich, and London.

The most celebrated of Salvator Rosa's pictures is doubtless the *Conspiracy of Catiline*, in the Pitti palace. This is the name given to a picture which contains several half-length figures of Romans. But it cannot be called a masterpiece. In fact it only confirms the opinion that half-length figures are never sufficient to render a rather complicated subject clear. The want of clearness is indeed the principal defect in this composition, which cannot be redeemed by the rare and brilliant execution. No, Salvator Rosa is not a great historical painter; he excels in battles, and still more in landscapes and sea-pieces. This is proved by two fine sea-pieces in the Pitti palace, the largest and perhaps the finest that he ever painted, and also by the large landscape in Madrid, in which St. Jerome is introduced at study and prayer. Such a subject as this—an uncultivated, desert country, where brambles grow by the side of sheets of water, and where the only ornaments are a barren rock, and

a trunk blasted by lightning, suits well with the wild, dark imaginings, and the bold and capricious pencil of Salvator Rosa. At Paris we shall form the same opinion. Before the *Apparition of the Spirit of Samuel to Saul*, it must be confessed that, notwithstanding the high opinion he had of himself, Salvator has wholly failed, and once more through this fault of confusion in high historical subjects; at the same time we must acknowledge that he fully makes up for it in a simple *Landscape*, animated by a few figures. Salvator feels himself at his ease, and displays his real qualities in depicting a den of robbers, wild nature, precipitous rocks, foamy torrents, and trees bent beneath the tempest.

If we restore, as is just, Ribera to Spain, the most complete and celebrated of the Neapolitan painters is certainly LUCA GIORDANO (1632–1705). He enjoyed both in Italy and Spain the fatal honor of marking the extreme limit between the art, of which he was the last representative, and the decadence which his example hastened. His father, one of the numerous painters who rendered the masters the same services as marble-cutters render to sculptors, lived at Naples next door to Ribera. Showing from his earliest age a decided inclination for painting, the little Luca passed his days in the studio of Lo Spagnoletto. At seven years of age he painted small works, which excited the admiration of the whole town. At sixteen he fled to Rome, where he was joined by his father, and afterwards travelled through Italy, visiting Florence,

Bologna, Parma, Venice, studying under nearly every master, and in every style, becoming a universal imitator, and whilst thus fortifying his natural talent by such various studies, he enriched his father, who sold for a good price the copies from the old masters, which the young man took with wonderful perfection. Excited by this double advantage, the father constantly urged his son to labor, repeating from morning to evening, "Luca, fa presto." This saying, which became well-known among artists, has since been employed to designate Giordano, and with much justice, as, while it recalls the manner in which he studied, it also expresses his highest quality and his greatest defect.

Luca Giordano has left two large compositions in Italy, which show clearly that, with more taste and conscientious work, he might have equalled the greatest masters. These are the *Consecration of Monte Casino*, at Naples, and the *Descent from the Cross*, at Venice. In all his other works there are found traces of wit, originality, and sometimes of genius, a fresh and transparent coloring, much fertility, and an equal amount of boldness—all the resources, in fact, of a powerful and well-practised pencil; but with all these merits, his style is commonplace, wanting in nobility as much as in simplicity, his composition is unnatural and forced, containing an absurd mixture of history and mythology, the abuse of allegories carried to confusion and puerility. His attitudes are forced, foreshortening is introduced needlessly, there

are useless lights, incorrect shadows; inharmonious tints, and as the consequence of all this, false and labored effects, which form a fashion in the arts as short-lived as that in vestments, without having the excuse of a variety not allowed by unchangeable nature.

When, after having passed nine years in Spain, where he had been sent for by the imbecile Charles II., who had been persuaded that the greatest of painters should serve the greatest of kings, Luca Giordano returned to Italy. He was received with the greatest distinction by the grand-duke of Tuscany, and the pope Clement XI., who allowed him to enter the Vatican "with his sword, cloak, and spectacles." At Naples a similar reception awaited him, besides so many orders, that Giordano, rich and old, had no time to enjoy before his death that *otium cum dignitate*, the last happiness of an illustrious man during his life. It was at this period that one of his friends, persuading him to paint with reflection and leisure some great work, for the glory of his name: "I only desire glory," said Giordano, "in Paradise." "Where," says Cean Bermudez, "we hope that he entered on the 4th January, 1705, the day on which he died, at seventy-three years of age."

Luca Giordano, so to say, flooded Italy with his works; he did the same in Spain. We could scarcely count, much less describe, the enormous ornamental works which he painted in the Escorial, at Buen Retiro, in the Cathedral of Toledo, and in the chapel

of the palace at Madrid. To give an idea of the prodigious rapidity of his execution, it suffices to say that the queen having come one day to visit Giordano in his studio, she asked after his family. The painter replied with his pencil by immediately tracing his wife and children on the canvas before him. The delighted queen threw round his neck her pearl necklace. To show what such facility may produce when it is seconded by assiduous labor, it suffices to mention merely the number of pictures which Giordano executed during his residence in Spain. Besides the great works ordered for the king, the book of Cean Bermudez gives a list of one hundred and ninety-six pictures in the churches and palaces of Madrid, la Granja, the Pardo, Seville, Cordova, Grenada, Xeres, etc. To this must be added the pictures, impossible to enumerate, bought by private amateurs.

Similar to Lope de Vega in fertility of invention and wonderful facility of execution, Luca Giordano painted a picture in a day, as the poet wrote a comedy, and each counted his works by hundreds. But both deserve to be quoted as examples of the abuse of natural powers, and of the faults this abuse entails. In both, these powers were, as it were, stifled by their own excess; in both we feel the absence of conscientious work and pure taste, the forgetfulness of that salutary fear of the public, and that severity of self-control without which there can be no perfection.

What was in reality the result of such fine quali-

ties and such great labor? Lope de Vega, satisfied with honors and riches, whose fame was so great that his name alone was employed to personify excellence in everything, must have appeared very severe towards himself, when, at the close of his life, passing in review more than two thousand dramatic works, he condemned all except six; and yet posterity, still more severe, has not even allowed this exception; none of his innumerable works have been considered worthy to be selected as models. It is the same with Luca Giordano. He also was rich, honored, and celebrated; but posterity has not treated him with less severity than Lope de Vega, and all the glory he enjoyed during his life may now be summed up by the nickname given him in his childhood: to us he is always *Luca, fa presto*.

In other respects a radical difference separates the poet from the painter. Lope de Vega created or at least settled the drama in Spain; he opened a vast road, in which he was followed and surpassed by Calderon, Moreto, Rojas, Alarcon, Tirso de Molina, and his influence extended even to Corneille and Molière. Luca Giordano, on the contrary, was the last of that magnificent generation of painters who had succeeded each other in Italy since the masters of Raphael; in Spain since his disciples. He had a number of pupils, dazzled by his easy success; none were able to follow him in the perilous path he had chosen; they all lost their way. And the most celebrated among them, Mattei, Simonelli, Rossi, Pacelli

and even Solimena, were only imitators of an imitator. Luca Giordano had destroyed, as if for his own pleasure, for the sake of a fatal agility of mind and hand, all the last remaining protecting rules of good taste, the last entrenchments of art. He left behind him merely a void, and his name will remain as the most solemn demonstration of the truth that, besides natural gifts, an artist requires two qualities of head and heart ; reflection and dignity.

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